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HISTORIETTES,

OR

TALES

OF

C O N T I N E N T A L L I F E .

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1827.

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THE HISTORY

OF

THE CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION

TO THE PRESENT

STATE

OF THE CITY

Printed by J. F. Dove, St. John's Square.

INTRODUCTION.

“WHAT is a man to do, who has travelled over the whole of Europe *en poste*?” demanded a disconsolate voyager, who, somewhere this side of Kamschatka, wept, like another Alexander, that the earth contained no new realms to be conquered by his chariot-wheels. “Go over the same ground on foot. Each country, I promise you, will be new enough.” Such was the reply; and full it was both of sense and justice. The pleasure felt in enjoying travel by wholesale, if I may so say, and traversing empires with a courier’s speed, is, whatever the world may say, a very high pleasure, even independent of vanity: it is an ex-

citement, of four-horse-power, to say the least of it, so great, as to sink almost below consideration the minor and common pleasures of travelling. Impelled by it, the varied leagues of Italy, and the dreary wersts of Russia, pass our chariot to the right and left with almost equal delight to us, and the spirit of adventure that fills the breast of the wanderer over Tartarean snows in his sledge, compensates for his privations, and renders the sum of his enjoyment fully equal to that of him, who drives listlessly from city to city, and from inn to inn, in devotion by the luxuries and the clime of the genial South.

But as in love, war, wine, ambition, and all possible phases of excitement, so in travel, men soon lose that young and happy faculty of being easily and simply pleased. Locomotion, mere locomotion, loses its charms, and pleasures of a more stationary kind, even in moving, must be sought. Britons, well supplied as they take care to set forth with all the com-

forts of hard-ware, soft-ware, and nicknackery, are here sadly at a loss. They are famous marchers, or rather wheelers by the way-side, but know not how to pitch their tents for ever so short a season, or to be happy therein. Their exploring voyages for the most part resemble that of the dove from the ark—they find no dry ground for a resting-place, till they return to the little floating-ark of an isle, whence they set forth.

Once forced, however, to become a citizen of the world, none becomes more fully so than a Briton; and as none are more eager and greedy after the gross pleasure of galloping across a continent, than they are at first, so none, after some years of foreign life, become better adapted for enjoying travel in detail. The man of what nation will, so readily as an Englishman, fling himself alone among strangers, or isolate himself in solitary scenery? Who ever saw a single Frenchman, with all the love of that nation for the picturesque,

wending his way alone through the defiles of the Alps? The Germans, with all their enthusiasm, travel in hordes. This may be accounted for by the fact that in that frank and simple country, feeling, be it ever so marked, ever so wrought up, has no need of either secrecy or modesty. But in England, where the enthusiastic feeling of the German is united with that prevalence of ridicule and morbid dread of it, generally considered characteristic of French society, sentiment must necessarily be cherished, and enjoyed in solitude. This is the true reason, that in travel so many individuals of our nation contradict the national character, by throwing themselves amongst strangers, losing themselves in foreign life, and spending their days, staff in hand, along the mountain-paths, and in the cottages and chalets of Switzerland. It is a paradox, I have often heard foreigners wonder at, and wonder at moreover not only as a paradox, in being opposed to national character, but being con-

trary to received opinion, that an Englishman is always an Englishman, his tongue, his feelings, and even his least habits indefeasible.

There is truth, however, in both observations—in the vulgar one, and in its contradiction. At our first setting forth, we are all the insular, prejudiced, proud, shy, selfish-seeming beings, that the ridicule of continental envy can depict us. Nay, if we return immediately, we return little better. But let us tarry abroad. Let the novelty of mere travel wear off; let us be unconnected with home by family or profession, deprived of the hopes of any such connexion, even as I, who write, by having attained a certain age without having made such provisions, and scorning to turn back for them. To such a man, the wide world is the only home, for there he enjoys all the advantages of his freedom, and is not reminded, as every object in his native home, did he dwell there, would not fail to bring to his recollection, that his is a life *manqué*, wanting in fact—

or that he has let pass the streams of love, of ambition, of all the ways of worldly happiness, beyond recal, and that while his contemporaries are winning or have won the noblest prizes in the lottery of life, he sate down content with an anticipated blank. To such a man, his native land is a huge, staring, unanswerable, and never-dying reproach, far beyond my enduring at least; and here, therefore, in this foreign land, I have become most at home. Every thing, that should be strange, is familiar, and all that should be familiar, strange. If I hear but an English voice, it has to me the wildest, most outlandish sound, and jars upon my ear.

I am not a singular being, and therefore my egotism may be allowed, yon egoistic vowel being a numeral that stands for a whole species—we are simply the wandering and the disappointed. We are exiles, not romantic or pretentious ones, not favoured or exalted by any peculiar or dreadful visitation of Provi-

dence. Crossed in love, we may have been, in friendship must have been often, wronged no doubt somewhat, but not enough to make verse withal, with every propensity to complain bitterly of the world, at least when in the spleen, but in truth with little reason, for the neglect has been on our side; would-be misanthropes, but in fact nothing more than hip-pish, indifferently gay, and seasonably unhappy—he, that would know more of one individual of the species, may accompany me upon my rambles. Though an Englishman, I have divested myself of all that pertaineth to one so born, except the core: my foregoing introduction I intended as an argumentative proof that such might be the case, but, like myself, it has proved garrulous and errant. In the mean time, take these pretensions as granted, and allow me to be your guide. My object is to amuse you with narrative, as oft as fit and worthy objects for such cross our path, and

in the default and during the intervals of such, to utter most unpremeditatedly the crotchets of a warm and somewhat whimsical fancy.

THE
REGICIDE'S FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

A VISIT to Motiers Travers and the Lake of Biemme, with a concomitant perusal of some of the later and egoistical productions of Rousseau, excited in me a more than usual desire for solitude and pedestrianism. Both were favourites of my fancy, until that period, indeed, more often meditated than put in practice; for the Continent had not then been very many months open to the incursions of Englishmen, and my own dear country, with its boors, its high roads, its landlords so very acute in their perceptions of rank and wealth, I had

ever found most agreeable to traverse with the greatest number of wheels and horses procurable. From Yverdun I set forth in obedience to the irresistible whim of the moment, visited the field of Grandson, the valley of the Orbe, and all the places around, famed either for association or the picturesque. The reader shall not be troubled with a description of these well-known scenes, in which neither interesting personage nor adventure crossed my path, or occurred to enhance the enjoyment of them. Indeed, it is to be doubted, if these *chefs d'œuvre* of Nature's arrangement or caprice are most productive of pleasurable sensations: their effect is too overpowering, too absorbing, too exclusive of that accompanying train of thought, which oft heightens the charm of less romantic spots far above that of places more famed and sought. "You cannot both eat your cake, and have it," saith the proverb; and so can you not enjoy aught in anticipation without diminishing the sum of final plea-

sure, and converting a portion of it into disappointment. This perhaps is the secret of the frequent failure of Nature's choicest scenes in producing their effect. Or perhaps it is, that chance, that queen of adventure, is jealous of shedding needless interest upon a spot so well supplied from sources foreign to her, and selects in preference for her freaks and incidents an insignificant by-road, or not o'er romantic vale, where she may introduce a way-farer like myself to some mysterious personage, or indulge his curiosity with the clue to some interesting story.

I have ever found that one of the best guides to scenic and sequestered beauty is a river. Having followed for some days the current of the Orbe, repaid for no small difficulties and fatigue by the splendid and ever varying points of view which it offered, I resolved to trace in a similar manner towards the north the course of the Doubs, especially as it would conduct me by a more novel path

than the high road, towards Bienne and Soleure, whither my steps were bent. Beautiful as was the deep valley of the Jura, through which the current ran, it certainly rivalled not the banks and sources of the Orbe; and my thoughts, as I journeyed on, were freer perhaps, and more buoyant on that very account. The mind gave its spirit to, not took its impressions from, the scene; my imagination when excited, seemed to lord it o'er the prospect, instead of being awed in mere and submissive admiration; whilst reverie might steal my perceptions from it, without meeting reproaches for being forgetful of surrounding beauty.

Such were the feelings with which I traced the course of the Doubs for several days, now traversing with it a dreary and elevated tableland, now descending the steep ravine, down which it roared, and compelled by the impracticability of accompanying its immediate current, to seek a distant way, aloft, from whence

I beheld the silvery line of spray that marked its descent, breaking through the dark-green foliage of the pines that overhung and at length concealed it. Farther on I succeeded in regaining its banks, of which, although that opposite was the craggy base of some young Alp of the Jura, the one which I traversed was a deep and luxuriant meadow shaded by young plantations, and tenanted by the tinkling herd of a *vacherie*. White houses scattered at intervals, some pitched upon the ledge of a declivity, others upon the brink of the stream, with the patches of cultivation that surrounded each, imparted that resemblance to Welsh scenery, which Simond has remarked.

Absorbed in contemplating and hoarding up the impressions here preserved, I wandered on, abstracting myself at moments from the objects round to pursue some butterfly of the brain, and recurring to the prospect as oft as a sufficient distance past presented it under a

new appearance. Twice or thrice in these glances did the figure of an old man meet my view, before it attracted my full attention. His being well clad was a circumstance not so unusual in these manufacturing and wealthy vales, as to promise superior rank or information. His occupation, however, which became evident upon nearer approach—he was herbalizing on the mountain-side—was such as to command instantly not only the respect, but the interest of a *rêveur*, of one just risen from the perusal of Jean Jaques. I drew near to him, whilst he, regardless of my approach, allowed me full leisure for scrutiny. He seemed of most diminutive form and stature, his insignificant person nevertheless surmounted by a large head and countenance, the eyes indeed lustreless, but the face itself beaming with placidity and benevolence—such a one as Mari-vaux has described as having an air *plus ancienne* *vieux*. His hair, which he chose not to cover, his hat being whimsically appended to

the button of his coat, was of silver gray, and parted o'er a brow and cheeks, notwithstanding his age, of juvenile contour. This gave him to me a Miltonic appearance, that not a little increased my interest.

I accosted him. He replied, as one to whom converse with a stranger was welcome : and I in a little time abandoned the Doubs for the more social company of the gray-haired unknown. He was at first somewhat too much of a botanist for me, and expatiated upon the gender, number, and person of a specimen of *Cerastium Aquaticum* which he had gathered, in that mortifying tone of communication, which supposes and takes quietly for granted, one's knowledge of a science, utterly unknown to one. I was at length obliged to confess the little interest I took in the culling of simples, professing myself at the same time a worshipper of Nature in the mass, rather than in her minute specimens.

"Your admiration, then," replied he, "is that merely of an amateur for an art, the produce and enjoyment of a leisure hour. Nature is my only companion, my sole study, and were I to confine my attention to its general appearance and effects, I should lack occupation often both for mind and body."

"That seems strange to me," quoth I; "can yon prospect be less interesting than this tiny flower?"

"To you, young man, far more so, who have a well of feeling springing in your breast, which you can pour forth upon its fair extent. But I, who am old and narrowed in my sympathies, as well as a frequent sojourner amongst these scenes, cannot afford, unless at rare-occurring intervals, such an outlay of sentiment, as scenic enjoyment demands. The mere sunshine is enough to cheer my listless dreams, and a greater object of interest than a flower would mar the even tenor of my pulse and thoughts."

Being a younger man then than now, I scarcely understood what a few years' progress in apathy has since rendered perfectly intelligible to me. I left the argument there.

"You are proceeding to Locle?" said my companion.

I answered in the affirmative.

"We may be companions so far," added he stretching forth his staff towards the village, the red roofs and tin-capped steeple of which were seen in the extremity of the valley, tinged with the ray of the declining sun.

We walked along for some time in silence, which in any other situation might to such new acquaintances have been embarrassing. But the lovely scene was excuse sufficient for abstraction; and both of us looked and listened to the brawling Doubs, and towards the picturesque banks which overhung it on the opposite side, if not with similar thoughts, at least with countenances similarly expressive.

"Those banks are France," observed I, inquiringly, "and these meads are Switzerland?"

"Even so," replied my companion.

"What a scene for an exile, to wander near and behold the limits of his country, yon soil that he must not tread, yon barrier that he dare not pass?"

"Are you an exile, Sir?" demanded the old man.

"At best but a voluntary one."

"It is pity that your isle is not blessed with revolutions, political convulsions, and all the sublime consequences of parties struggling for life as well as power; for exile seems to appear to Englishmen the very sublime of their sad and romantic pleasures. All that ye, insular pilgrims, seem to want of happiness, is a fair excuse for being unhappy."

I could not but smile at this unexpected sally.

"Now I *am* an exile, and from that land you contemplate," continued the old Frenchman;

"and yet neither bank nor stream inspire the sentiments which you would lend me as an imaginative being."

"At first, however, you must have experienced such, though habit since has worn away the feeling."

"There you are wrong. 'Tis one of those that habit and indulgence would increase. But I am a cosmopolite, and know no country; and what I lose thereby in romance and in your respect, I gain in quiet."

"And has banishment filled you with no regrets?"

"A few—my evening's *sorbet*, and my journal—my sunny walk in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and my solitary chamber *au quatrième* overlooking the bustle of the Faubourg St. Antoine—an old friend's conversation too—my children, they may suffer, they have—but the young may bear their own sorrows."

The conversation seemed to press upon his confidence, so that I discontinued it, and in a

few moments we entered the little street of Locle.

"Know you, if there is an inn in this village?" asked I of my companion.

"A wretched *auberge*, if there be one."

"I must then find out the mansion of the *curé*."

"That will not be difficult, for thither in fact am I at this moment bound."

I accordingly followed his steps through the village, in which our appearance seemed to excite little attention. The genius of mechanical industry, more pressing, less curious and idle, than that of agriculture, presided there, and neither loom nor hammer rested to allow of scanning the traveller more closely. Man, the machine, laboured on as regularly and incessantly as the wheels which the stream of the Doubs was turning, and with no trifling roar.

We clambered up the declivous street. The church surmounted an eminence above the village, and beyond this, contiguous to his place

of worship, stood the comfortable and spacious mansion of the *curé*. He himself stood in his vine-crowned porch, and immediately greeted his brother elder with a cordial salutation. I too went not without my welcome; and we three sat down in the porch, overlooking Locle, the Doubs, and its beautiful valley, thus spending the first moments in contemplating the scene, while the evening's repast was brought forth and spread before us.

"Welcome to our valley, Monsieur La Versière," said the *curé*, "but you would have been more welcome, had you brought Mademoiselle Cornélie with you."

"I had no thoughts of wandering so far when I set forth this morning," replied La Versière, "but my favourite *chasse aux fleurs*, my botanising mind, led me on even to the brink of my Rubicon yonder, where, by the by, I met Monsieur," turning to me, "and gained from him a lecture upon my want of sentiment."

"'Tis a commodity that the youths of his country abound in, almost as much as in the superfluous wealth, that might dispense with it."

"That rather is its cause and food," observed La Versière.

"You may easily exaggerate our stock both of wealth and sentiment," observed I; "they overflow in a Swiss valley perhaps, while the sources are often dry enough with us at home."

"But you promised often to bring Mademoiselle Cornélie to see me. The ride would do her good. Our valley at least rivals yours. And the conversation, though but of an old *curé*, would enliven her."

"'Tis true, my reverend friend; and, what your delicacy forbears to urge, we should take advantage of the only house, the only society, to which we have admission."

"Nay, nay," said the old *curé*, "you are strangers in these parts."

"Strangers still more to our age and gene-

ration," rejoined La Versière; "so fortune has willed it."

"What else can we expect, if we commence by being strangers to the truth?"

La Versière smiled. And I, somewhat interested, though uncalled to join in a conversation not a little enigmatical to me, devoted my attention to the pastoral fare before me, viz. kid for viand, herbs of every kind, and white wine not of the sweetest. Grapes and *gruyère* terminated the repast.

"Ossian, however, is often with you," said M. La Versière.

"Yes, that son of thine would recompense for the churlishness of a whole family. And yet, I fear, even he is selfish in his visits. The rogue loves my library far better than he loves me. Except his stock of volumes be exhausted, I never see him."

"Perhaps you have been endeavouring to convert him," said La Versière with a smile, "if so, Ossian is proud."

"A sound reason that for his retaining his own opinion."

"An efficacious and not a dishonourable one, when that opinion is scouted and persecuted."

The *curé* passed his hand over his fine forehead, and smoothed with hard and trembling fingers his thin white locks. He seemed to have the subject, on which he was about to speak, at heart. He was, perhaps, too full of its importance, too agitated, to succeed, if aught it was that he wished to impress upon his tranquil companion: for feeling, though it be the strength of man, appears but weakness to the merely reasoning and the cold.

"I do not wish, that is, I do not seek, to win you to the truth, La Versière; you are over-old, overwise, and too much versed in the ways and wisdom of men, to listen even with patience to the arguments of a rustic and unworthy minister of a creed that you disown. But come, I will make a pact with you,—descend, thou from thy apathy and sneers, I will waive,

if possible, my faith and confidence in revelation—we will put ourselves altogether aside—and take into consideration the young and the rising generation, your children; *La Versière*.”—

“I understand you.”

“Will you send them forth into the world without a stay, without guide, without consolation,” continued the pastor, straight losing sight of his stipulation.

“Nay, now I understand you not,” said *La Versière*.

“I mean, that even calling in question the truth of the Great Truth, would it not be wise to arm young minds with a knowledge and conviction of its principles, ere they be sent forth to combat with the world and all its temptations to vice and to wrong?”

“What arm them with a lie?”

“Be decorous, or our pact vanishes. The greatest of your sophists never succeeded or even attempted to degrade Christianity lower than the rank of a probability.”

"Shall I teach it to my children then as a probability?"

"I fear, that were vain."

"I will not stoop to deceive them, were the remote good even proved to me, which it has not been."

"What then shall be their guide through life?"

"*La Morale.*"

"Whose system?"

"I scarcely can determine."

The *curé* smiled, and La Versière smiling too, added, "In the face of an argumentative antagonist to name a master were not wise."

"No truly. But I hope, that the system of morals, whose founder you hold so wisely secret, and which is to be your children's creed and guide, is at least more than a probability, since with such you have professed yourself discontented."

"The system, if it can be called one, is merely composed of simple truths, and chal-

lenges no authority but what reason allows. It makes no promises, and can therefore not deceive."

"How are its precepts to be enforced, deprived thus of the agency of hope or fear?"

"May not a generous mind act without reference to either—worship good as good and beautiful—shun evil as disgraceful—"

"There!" interrupted the *curé*.

"Not as disgraceful then," continued La Versière; "since you will say, that hope and fear would mingle in the motive, and that the opinion of our fellow men would in that case be our arbitrary guides—say, evil is to be shunned as ugly, as offending upright consciousness, as marring the ideal of virtue in the mind."

"Specious and sad," exclaimed the pastor,—"what a frail prop to support one through the world."

"Ye recluses," said La Versière smiling, "seem alway to look upon the world as a kind

of lion's den, or mortal *melée*, where nothing less than to be armed *cap-a-pie*, the vizor drawn down over the eyes even to blindness, can preserve one from destruction."

"And you, La Versière," said the *curé* solemnly, and regarding fixedly the person whom he addressed, "can you, a Frenchman, who have been both witness and actor in your country's revolution—you, a Conventionalist, who have been proscribed and proscribing, who have seen the blood of the best flowing like water, in those times when philosophy reigned and Christianity was a crime in your land—can you demur to this life's being called a lion's den? Can you, who have seen foes and friends hurried to the scaffold, and have seen them too in the more awful act of despatching other victims thither, can you call life aught but a mortal *melée*? You have seen the fruit of the very principles you now profess. Sown long since, they seemed harmless, nay salutary in their growth, and *your* parent might not

have feared them for *you*. But you have seen them in full effect, in flower and in harvest, and can now choose to sow in *your* children's minds either the germ of fresh horrors, similar to what you have seen, or in its place a surer seed—"

Here the nerves of the old man failed his zeal; and moved by his own excitement as well as by the revolutionary horrors which his fancy brought to his view, his voice faltered, and the tears of emotion trickled down the furrows of his cheek.

"This was not in our pact," said La Versière, sharing his friend's emotion.

A silence of some moments ensued, during which the ruffled feelings of, indeed, us three, settled into a far deeper and sweeter calm, than that which preceded our momentary excitement. When it was resumed, it was with calmer and more harmonious views of the subject. The disputants had learned to respect one another, and minor points touching the

great subject of dispute were brought forward and discussed, not without interest, but still with forbearance and amenity.

I shall not follow all the windings of their desultory argument, rendered so delightful to me by the character of La Versière. He was a personage, whom I had become acquainted with in history, had esteemed dead (for the revolution, although but thirty years are upon computation found to have elapsed since it raged, is far more than half a century old in the chronology of those, beyond whose actual recollection it dates)—and now to find him before me, re-arguing the old *philosophy*, and freshly too—it was interesting as a scene of future remembrance. His very impiety, so disgusting at second-hand from the mouths of my compatriots and cotemporaries, seemed to come well from the ancient. It struck me, but as any other idle superstition, in which races of mankind have been educated ; and greedy as I was of information and novelty, his so-

phisms were as delightful to me, as would have been the traditions of the Hindoo—far more delightful truly, as both more rational, and more demanding the exercise of reason to appreciate and detect them.

At length they came to speak of the latter ends of the irreligious, of Montesquieu, of Hume. The *curé* reluctantly allowed that the deaths of these men were as calm, as happy, as those of the most resigned and saintly; and that in the last scene, as well as in the conduct of life, none could have done more honour to humanity.

I here observed that, "Although certainly the most striking proof of religion was the complete and satisfactory manner in which it solved the great enigma of humanity; the universal fitness of it to all men, and to all conditions of men, so that human nature and it seemed, when brought in contact, mutually to correspond: yet that to this law, as to all others, there were exceptions, for instance, passionless

characters, cold and prudent, and therefore removed from most of the uneasinesses and anxieties of life; of that even flow of blood and temper, as to be easily ruled and guided by the voice of reason, without vice, without sorrow, without temptation, exempt from the chief pains and pleasures of their fellows, without the pale of humanity, and therefore scarcely amenable to its laws. If to all this be added an acute and reasoning mind, made contented by competence and fame, we shall have the great exceptions we have spoken of, may perceive at the same time how much and truly they are exceptions, and how from individuals such as these no conclusion can be drawn against the laws and aids requisite for the rest of mankind. With a view to this world only, it may be said of such a man, of many a person,—he may do without religion, he will prove an honest, moral, worthy member of society without its precepts,—but can this be said of men in general, can it be said of nations?"

"Even *I* fear not," said La Versière candidly.

"Can it be said even of all the members of a family?" urged I; "is it in the nature of chance that they should be all passionless, reasonable, and exempt from that common proneness to ill, which nought but religion can counteract?"

"That is home," said the *curé*; "I should have preached for years without coming to the point."

La Versière pondered, but still shook his head.

"To push this gentleman's argument farther," continued the *curé*, "with examples that he cannot supply, there is Ossian La Versière, your eldest son, mild, studious, reasonable, and contemplative, who, young as he is, has worked out for himself a moral system, on which he stands, cold and proud; who metes his smallest actions by a reasoning rule, and who is honourable from self-taught principle, not from the prejudices of men—why him I should

have no fear of, in the most trying scenes of life (it is our pact to put futurity out of the question). But Oscar, your younger boy, the wild, impetuous, weak, passionate Oscar, what system devoid of hope or fear, or without hold upon a thoughtless mind, will uphold him through the life on which he already enters. And Cornelië too, your lovely daughter, sage as she is, if she want not a guide, yet she may want consolation, for is she secure from the ills of life, from ingratitude, injustice, disappointment—"

"This part of your argument I *can* answer," said La Versière; "consolation she will find in her own breast against the bitterest stroke of adversity."

"I doubt it," said the *curé*.

"To be frank in my turn," said I, "I scarcely do. The pride of philosophy consoles the strong mind, almost as much as religion. And it is as moral truth, more than as consolation, that I value the latter."

"You are over-yielding for a believer," said the *curé* to me.

"Nay," replied I, "I have too much faith in the strength and truth of religion, to think it needs all the accessories that men bolster it up withal."

"Let us not afford sport and speculation to this common foe of ours here. Rather let us unite our powers to persuade him to give up his family, ere it be too late, to my tuition, that I may give them to drink living water."

"It is too late, my good friend," said La Versière. "You know, I have never forbidden or debarred you what you now ask. My family are within your reach."

"But without your aid, your open approbation, I should not be listened to."

"That I cannot remedy. I have taught them their father's creed; if they would change, they are welcome."

The good *curé* cast up his eyes in hopelessness, he shook my hand cordially, as we retired separately to rest; and the parting salutation of La Versière was scarce less friendly.

CHAPTER II.

DEEPER thoughts occupied me upon my couch, than those which generally haunt the idle wanderer. Solitude has been praised, as favouring serious reflection, I never found it so : having seldom been thoughtful to less purpose, than when abandoned altogether to myself. Nothings become then absorbing. The body, wearied, gives the mind excuse for repose; and the greatest intellectual feat of many a solitary journey, undertaken for the wisest and gravest of contemplation, turns out to be some high-piled castle in the air.

The sun rose not long before me on the following morning. The venerable *curé* was in

his garden, wearing the same anxious, benevolent look that I had observed the evening before. It seemed as if sleep had neither lulled nor interrupted the train of his ideas. It had not done so.

"I am rejoiced at your coming," said he, after the first salutations, "and at your meeting with my neighbour. Especially if, as I take you to be, you are both generous and idle."

"One of the two at least," was my reply.

"Your society cannot but be of good effect to La Versière and his interesting family—far more than mine, for I am old, and crabbed, and crazy—moreover they have a prejudice against my garb—the word *prêtre* sounds to them, as it doth to every French ear, like execration."

"But me—how know you that my advances——"

"Nay, if you have but the charity, it is sufficient. They are shunned here by every re-

sident, nay, the very peasant dreads to meet or hold converse with La Versière or any of his family. And were it not that my ministry sanctions my acquaintance, even I should suffer from the contact in the opinions of my virtuous but simple flock. Now you are a stranger, and above prejudice—”

“ Good God ! but why all this ? what has been their crime ? ”

“ You have heard me allude to it,” said the pastor. “ La Versière was of the Convention, one of its fiercest Jacobins.”

“ Impossible !—those gray hairs, that mild benevolent countenance, that voice of benignant sound—”

“ Alas ! in troublous times, chance more than man’s nature makes him what he is.”

“ True, and this man was a Jacobin, say you, the friend of Robespierre mayhap—”

“ No, not exactly—he even aided in that monster’s fall.”

“ I breathe, but what then, honourable men

sate in the Convention, nay, might have sate with upright motives amongst the very Jacobins. Is this all his crime?"

"He was one of the regicides," said the *curé*, in an under voice, "and as such is shunned by all, even by many, whom I have heard to uphold the crime itself as just."

"Free as you suppose me from prejudice, he is not the man I should select for a friend."

"Nay, but he is a curiosity to a wandering moralizer. And how fate moreover assigned to him such a part, is beyond conjecture, for he is, even as he looks, mild, benignant, harmless, the weak instrument of the fierce popular cry perhaps, or of some crafty associate, swept along with a torrent, in which *his* principles and creed proved but a sorry stay. I earnestly desire better for his children."

"If you destine me to be their instructor," replied I, "you will be disappointed. I hold teaching in horror—and independent of that, could not endure the thought of cultivating

any one's friendship with a design. No, on my faith, I am no Quixote, spiritual or chivalric—and if the world wants mending, another individual must be found to undertake the task."

"Nay, I made no such proposal," said the *curé*, "at least no farther than your pleasure may accord with my design. Oscar La Versière is spirited, Ossian well-informed, romantic, and inquisitive, the father himself a living volume of history and memoir—his daughter Cornélie lovely—"

"Say not another word, my reverend friend."

"Your free, natural, unmeditated conversation is all I reckoned upon to further my design."

"You over-value its influence."

"Not at least the pleasure you will find in exercising it, should the name of regicide not deter you."

"I own, I like not the sound. But the

family have not shared in the crime, and are to be commiserated in suffering for it."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of the subject of it, who had just risen, and now joined us.

During the repast, of which we immediately partook, the *curé* took an opportunity to question me respecting my route and intentions. Receiving for answer that they were even then uncertain, to see picturesque beauty and follow up adventure being my only plan, La Versière observed, that perhaps I would have no objection to accompany him home. The invitation was coolly given, and arranged; of this, however, understanding the cause, I did not allow it to stand betwixt me and my curiosity, if I should call the interest I felt by so impertinent a name. His offer was therefore frankly and instantly accepted. And soon bidding adieu to the venerable *curé*, we two bent our steps together eastward, leaving behind us Locle and the Doubs.

How beautiful was our path, here winding through a cultivated valley, rich in herds and pastures, and tenanted by the immense wooden establishment of a *vacherie*; and farther on climbing and surmounting some bleak summit, of which however the bareness and aridity was recompensed by the view that it of a sudden opened into an hundred vales. This is not the region of the loftier Alps, where the view is always barred, either by some peak loftier still than that which one has climbed, or, if a day's labour enable the traveller to gain the higher eminences, by the indistinguishable distance to which the plains are then sunk below. Here, as we stood upon a height, mountain and valley undulated before us, like the waves of a tempestuous sea, sinking onward to an extended plain as it approached the horizon, the far surface specked with shining lakes,—whilst nearer and to our right, that of Neufchatel interrupted the succession of ridges and ravines, and lay, its

farther shore almost the boundary of our prospect.

La Versière pointed out to me each place remarkable for either its beauty or recollections, and this not with the vanity of a man vaunting his native haunts, which is the besetting sin of all *cicerones*, whether peasants or proprietors, but with imagination pleasingly unoccupied with the all-importance of the scene. It was not merely *look here*, and *look there*; but each name suggested to his tongue some character, or anecdote, or opinion, whimsical or sound, in hearing and discussing which, the intervals betwixt my raptures and admiration of the scene were delightfully passed. He, it is true, did not join in these raptures, but culled his specimen of wild flower or of heath in the mean while. Not that he was dead to rural beauty, but that a little patch of meadow pleased him more than the most far-stretched view.

"This prospect now, if I allowed it," said

he, "would bring me back to past times, would place me again on the eminences of youth and hope, from whence I looked down upon the world, and began my career through it with ardour. I like not this, it embitters my spirit, and makes me misanthropic, which I would not be. The retrospect over such a vain, cruel, blind, and ungrateful world hardens me. I am like Lot's wife," continued the old man smiling, and quoting a volume that he was not unfamiliar with, "if I look back, I become indurated."

In the nook of a far distant vale, La Versière pointed out to me the place of his retreat, surrounded by dark pine groves, and separated by them from a village or hamlet of a few shepherds' huts. The ridge of the hill above was crowned with fir, of which its rugged, serrated, but highly picturesque outline here and there displayed a gap, through which some impetuous gust had forced itself a passage. The same wood but partially covered

the side of the hill, and where the axe had made inroads, bright pastures and chalets appeared, pleasingly contrasted with the dark groves above and around. It was a beautiful situation, but over-retired, and even in summer led one to think upon its dreariness, when snows and winter winds prevailed.

Little more than an hour's farther walk brought us to the gate of the little mansion—in England it would have been called a cottage, in France a *chateau*. And whatever seemed dreary in its distant appearance, vanished altogether upon nearer approach. The hand of taste and care appeared in all its *alentours*: vineyard and orchard, fruits and flowers appeared, tended by more active hands than that of my old companion. Climbing shrubs seemed almost to weigh down the rustic porch; and the wide windows widely open (one charm of the south) displayed all the apartments of the house.

There was more fragrance than furniture

within—but what of that?—Cornélie bounded forth to welcome her father, and me as a stranger afterward, with some surprise but with no embarrassment, not even using the art, as she approached me, of divesting her countenance of the glad smile, which the sight of her father had called up. Her look and presence shed a feeling of happiness instantly around me. Alas! that smile, and the flush which accompanied it, soon vanished, and I saw, that such was not her habitual mien, that joy dwelt not with her, nor even visited her breast, except upon such brief occasions as that I first witnessed.

The countenance of Cornélie La Versière, one from a hurried glance would describe as that of a Minerva. It was that however of a French Minerva, differing little in outline from the Grecian, except perhaps that the nose was longer, and somewhat compressed. Her large dark eye was also far too expressive for that of a mere abstraction or fabulous

personage; and there was a melancholy in it, that would have ill befitted Olympus. It was the gravity of her gait and demeanour, probably, that afterwards suggested to me the resemblance, heightened by an antique mode of coiffure, that she had adopted more in obedience to her father's taste than to her own. He had been guided by classical and republican associations in the selection of her name; the same feelings, to which his exile and misfortunes still more attached him, for La Versière considered himself as a martyr to the cause of liberty, made him delight to look upon his daughter as a Roman or a Grecian maiden. He regretted indeed, that he had not named her Portia—but that would have been arrogance.

Thus much of Cornélie's character had been acquired and put upon her. Much however had been natural. And now all was nature and unaffected in her. If aught of the grave or the antique had been superinduced upon her simple character, it had been grafted so

young, that the grown plant betrayed no sign of bearing other than its own fruit.

Her brother Ossian—it strikes the reader no doubt, as it did me, how absurd and in how little keeping it was to have two members of a family, the one named from Livy, the other from Macpherson. But in the early days of the French revolution, the mania for Celtic antiquity rivalled, in poetic taste at least, even that for classic. Buonaparte himself was a declared admirer and patron of the son of Fingal, and previous to that general's celebrity, Ossian was no less a favourite with the Directory and the leaders of the Convention. Obedient to the whim of the day, and compelled indeed to some such choice, since Christian saints and names were out of fashion, La Versière called his two sons Ossian and Oscar, as their elder sister had been doomed by the antecedent taste, to bear the name of the mother of the Gracchi.

Her brother Ossian soon made his appear-

ance, armed with a volume of Bernardin St. Pierre, and Oscar, soon after, clad in a chamois hunter's garb, having just returned from an expedition of the kind amongst the Alps. The elder brother was slight of form, mild of countenance, and dark, in features somewhat resembling Cornélie; Oscar was fair-haired, ruddy, huge of limb, and of a monstrous hand, in appearance well befitting his name, notwithstanding his southern birth.

It is a delightful scene to see parents and children meet, when they are all in all to each other. Let me add, this is much more and oftener the case in France than it is with us. There may be the same affection perhaps, but it is more sombre and tacit; such ties with us want the tenderness and devotedness, which they possess on the continent. We are more animal in this department of our domestic affections; we rear with love, with attention, but no sooner find our offspring independent of us in reason and strength, than we

turn them forth to form other affections, and a domestic circle for themselves. The child of a French parent may be said to be never weaned.

They lose no doubt by this much of our boldness, originality, and independence of character: but to a moral contemplatist, like myself, they gain far more in the interest which they excite.

His children gathered around old La Versière, questioned him of his stay, its cause, of M. Thouin, the venerable pastor, of me, of a thousand trifles moreover, and all, including the rough Oscar himself, with a tenderness, that was touching. It affected me. It was new.

La Versière perceived what I felt, and said, "You see, the affections of the lonely, undissipated abroad, are concentrated at home. They overflow with us; indeed, we have some little that we could spare," continued he, shaking off both Ossian and his sister.

"And I am sure," said Ossian, "we do bestow affection and attention elsewhere. I have your old friend St. Pierre here, Oscar has his gun. And Cornélie"—here the youth checked himself, as if he was approaching a forbidden or delicate subject.

And his father, interrupting him, said, "Come, I beg you to employ some of your surplus friendship in welcoming this English gentleman. His coming deserves it as an era, for except Monsieur Thouin, he is truly the first, friend or stranger, that has ever crossed our threshold, since we came."

"What friends or visitors could we possibly have in this lone region, and in a land which does not produce gentry?" said Oscar proudly, seeking to indicate his rank in society before a stranger.

"An Englishman!" ejaculated Ossian at the same time that his brother spoke. Cornélie, without the ejaculation, directed her eyes towards me with the same expression of cu-

riosity. Oscar too caught the information of what country I was of from the mouth of Ossian, and looked too, but without any of that friendly feeling in his countenance, which his father had invoked in my favour.

"Your look, Oscar, seems to say, that an Englishman was the last person you expected to behold here."

"It was my thought," replied the young man.

"Have Frenchmen, then, been so good, so grateful to us," asked the father.

"I have no wish," said Oscar bitterly, "but to see both countries expire in the gripe of each other."

"Fie, brother," said Ossian.

"That, I think, is a specimen of our superfluous affections," added the old man, nowise moved by his son's bitterness.

"Monsieur has been most kind to accompany you, father," said Cornélie, "especially to this dull and retired corner, the amusements of which you surely did not exaggerate."

"Not I in truth," said La Versière; "I did not make mention of even any one of you, holding out as an inducement merely an old hermit's converse."

I said something complimentary, as may be supposed.

"Monsieur shall not lack amusements," said Ossian, who evidently warmed to the stranger more than either his brother or sister, "I have walks, and books, and curiosity to employ him, father has recollections, and Oscar's gun or Cornélie's harp will surely come in at intervals to ward off ennui."

"If Monsieur is fond of sport," cried Oscar, kindling up, and becoming friendly at the thought.

"I shall be delighted to accompany you to the mountains," said I.

"Will you," cried Oscar, coming forward, and grasping my hand.

Cordiality was infectious, and as its smile was lit up in every countenance, Cornélie

swept the chords of her harp, and sung to a little air of Gretry's a song, of which the following is a translation :

When cold from me the world hath turned,
And fortune fled away,
When dim the lamp of friendship burned,
And love withheld its ray:
Oh then, the wild rose on the thorn,
The bird upon the tree,
The sweet and lonely breath of morn,
Were friends enough for me.

When solitude my soul oppressed,
When recollection broke
At times on mine oblivious rest,
And all the past awoke :
Oh then, the brawling of the stream,
The music of the bee,
The motes that people the sunbeam,
Were soothing friends to me.

When even the face of nature shed
A gloom upon my heart,
And when that fiend, despair, I bade
In vain, and oft, depart :
Oh then, the noisy crowd beneath,
The dance, or, it may be,
The wayfarer upon the heath,
Were welcome friends to me.

CHAPTER III.

HOURS and days glided on so happily for me, that whether their sum would have formed weeks or months, my memory neither could then nor can now determine. Out of doors, Ossian was my constant companion: wood and fell, lake, ravine, and torrent, we explored together, never weary of the scene, never weary of each other. A mixture of curiosity and reverence first attached him to me as an Englishman; and as the former became gratified and allayed upon acquaintance, the latter settled into that firm and tender friendship, which a youth may inspire, and entertain for a man some ten or twelve years his senior.

Like all young Frenchmen, Ossian La Verrière had had no education whatsoever, none, at least, of what *we* should call education. He had acquired a smattering of Latin, and what he knew of the classic writers of that language was gathered more from hearsay than perusal. At the university, he had listened to a course or two of philosophical lectures, in which inefficient mode of teaching no sort of philosophy had been taught. There had been no textbook or standard work set down for either teaching or learning, each professor being left to his whim, his pedantry, or his ignorance to preach what, and from what master he pleased. As his school was not confined to the students of the university alone, but was also fashionably attended, he consulted his own vanity in his declamations, rather than the advantage of his pupils; and the eloquent mysticism and paradoxes which he ambitiously uttered *ex cathedrâ*, were merely calculated to raise the lecturer's own character with the world as a man

of talent, instead of producing either advantage or instruction to the young. In the college, where Ossian had followed his studies, one professor regularly lectured upon revolutions and government and the history of his country, thus plunging the young mind into the labyrinth of politics, ere it had been provided with the clue of moral principle. Another taught philosophy forsooth, that is, uttered critical commentaries on Condillac and Kant, replete with that epigrammatic truth, that is at once so very piquant and so little instructive, that would convey pleasure perhaps to the idle readers of a periodical work, but which to young students was worse than mummery. Think merely of making a class of youths, of boys, go through a course of German philosophy, the German philosophy of yesterday, philosophy that even Dugald Stewart declares is either nonsense or *caviare* to him. This one absurdity is sufficient to give an idea of the state of public education in

France, where, appended to this enlightened, novel, and unprejudiced mode of teaching philosophy, in contradistinction to our Gothic modes at Cambridge and Oxford, is such a scholastic winding up of study, as that of *doing one's Rhetoric*.

Ossian listened attentively to the political lecturer of his college, to the philosophical lecturer of the same, both of which instructors supplied him with zeal at least, if not with ideas; and finally he *did his Rhetoric*, as the cant of the *Pays Latin* has it; in other words, wrote a theme or two, with credit to his industry and talents.

When, however, young Ossian hoped to follow up his career by studying for the French bar, or, as they say, attempted to *faire son droit*, he found, poor youth, that he had "fallen on evil days, and evil times." There was a secret, but not the less virulent reaction on the part of the restored government, not against its old enemies, for they were extinct or in obli-

vion tantamount, but against the innocent offspring of those revolutionary characters. Ossian La Versière was denied the permission of inscribing his name to become an advocate. He demanded a reason for his exclusion: meanness was added to malice in the dictation of the answer, which was, that they could admit or recognize no student with the *Heathen Christian* name of Ossian.

Oscar, who had been at the Ecole Polytechnique previous to the restoration, and who, then but a youth, had been wounded in eighteen hundred and fourteen, on the heights of Mont Martre, defending with his school-fellows the capital of their country against the Russians—Oscar too found himself debarred of a profession upon the restoration of the Bourbons. He quitted the school, but could never make his way into the ranks of the army.

Long had old La Versière consoled himself upon the failure of his own schemes of ambi-

tion, upon his ill success in life, and consequent narrowness of fortune, by the thought that his children would commence the world with better prospects, and in better times; when a government at once settled and free would preclude for his offspring the possibilities of the crimes and misfortunes into which he had himself fallen; and would at the same time open to them legitimate paths of ambition, in which their own talent, joined to their father's experience, might enable them to advance. Whatever acts he had joined in, whatever virulence he had seemingly partaken of, he hoped that his age and a quarter of a century's lapse would sink such recollections in oblivion, especially under the reign of the descendants of the generous Henry the Fourth. At worst, thought he, what are exile or torture to these old limbs, surely they cannot visit the father's principles upon his children?

They did so, nevertheless. Not that the

restored Louis was either vengeful or despotic ; but that in France so closely woven was and still remains its population in the spider web of tyranny and servility, that were the Prince himself a Trajan, we should find his government carried on, in his despite, by a body of Sejani.

Exiled himself by name, LaVersière retired to Switzerland. Shut out from every profession, from every means of earning their bread, his sons had no inducement to remain behind. And Cornélie, but more of her hereafter.

Seeking to banish disaffection from the minds of its subjects, the French government largely created it. Oscar, bred to war, yet denied enrolment in the armies of his country, became one of those discontented, martial spirits, ready to join the standard of revolt wherever it was raised. Ossian, instead of being allowed to merge his enthusiasm in the Pandects and the Code, was turned adrift to read Rousseau, Condillac, Condorcet ; and as

letters seemed the only career open to him—that one of which misfortune so often points out the path to genius,—he was turned forth to become, as far as his talent would enable him, a *publiciste* and an apostle of liberty, instead of directing his peaceable course towards the bar, and treading in the illustrious steps of Isambert or Dupin.

To what moral guide the brothers were abandoned, I have before hinted at. The last stroke of fortune had deprived their parent's mind of energy, as well as of hope. Thoughtless of, even if not denying, the very existence of a Providence, he ceased to deliver the precepts of morality, which he had been wont to impress upon his children, and, save now and then an advice or a word respecting their personal safety or worldly prudence, La Versière abandoned them altogether to their dispositions and their fate. He still loved them, but it was with a mute, sad love, conscious of its want of power to impart or bequeath aught to

the objects of it, not even a hope in immortality or a belief in virtue. He was a most unhappy father, whenever he thought, whenever his spirits were low, or his mood contemplative.

“Good God!” thought I to myself, “place a Christian in this state of exile, surrounded by such a family, and what a picture of happiness would it present? Every deprivation would be converted into a source of happiness, and every misfortune, like the bee with its sting drawn, would yield nothing but sweet.”

I repeated this to La Versière, he smiled—to Ossian, and the youth stared without comprehending me.

Ossian was my chief and constant companion. Indeed it was through friendship to him, and the continued acceding to his entreaties, that I remained so long with the family. The old Conventionalist himself was friendly and entertaining; but it was at few periods of the day, and then but for a short

time, that he could support society or conversation—the lethargy of age was creeping fast upon him. Oscar was abroad amongst the hills; and even more domestic hours, which he could not have employed in the pursuit of game, I perceived that he spent elsewhere than at home. The lovely Cornélie was sad and cold to me, absorbed, it seemed, in grief, of which I was restrained by delicacy from inquiring the cause. Her eyes, indeed, never betrayed tears, even though past; but her pale cheek, abstracted thoughts, or attention, when she deigned such, constrained, alienated, as well as interested me. She was often about to be amiable, when recollection checked the propensity of her nature—the smile subsided, the look of confidence died away:—and I was compelled to shun a society, which put me to pain and made me ill at ease. Yet I overheard her solitude at times, when her harp spoke, and her voice with it, in tones so pathetic and feeling, that

I was sure some latent cause must exist, that marred the harmony of her temper, and made it jangle, "like sweet bells out of tune," so as to fret and sadden all around, whom she was born to charm.

Ossian, however, was never-failing as a companion, in the ready mood, either to listen or talk, to trifle or be serious, with amiable deference and sufficient pride. He was, indeed, somewhat too indefatigable in his pursuit of argument or opinion : and I have started to find him at my bed-side ere sun-rise, ready to commence the moment I opened my eyes, with, "What you said is very true, but then I cannot but think—"

"Pray, when did I say any such thing?"

"Last night before we separated."

The hours of sleep had brought to his young mind no anxious thought to interrupt or chase away the thread of his speculations. This was at times troublesome, but in sum delightful to me. It made me feel an interest

in many subjects, well worthy interest the most profound, which in the world or alone I had lightly considered or cursorily glanced at. Our elders, or our contemporaries and equals in talents and acquirements, may in general prove the best society for improvement. And yet to listen to superiors, or come into collision with rivals, will often have less effect in strengthening the intellect, in making it fathom and comprehend itself, than simply bringing it in contact with that of a junior or a child.

For whole days would he question me respecting England, whose institutions and character he had learned to venerate; though it was late ere he could do so—ere he could shake off the atrocious idea which he had been first taught to entertain of our island—ere he could see the falsehood as well as the malignity of the cuckoo-song of Le Brun,

“*Avare et perfide Angleterre,*” &c.

Like most of his generous and enthusiastic young countrymen, Ossian now flew from one extreme to the other ; and from believing England to be the mother of treachery and avarice in the political world, as well as that of barbarism in taste and civilization, he was ready to fall down and worship her supremacy in all things. This, no doubt, was the great link betwixt us.

Literary arguments we had in abundance ; and my opinions on this score shocked him as much, and appeared as great heresies to him, as did the opinions in more serious matters, which he had been taught and of course professed, appear to me. When I considered Voltaire's *Tales* to be inferior imitations of the style of Swift,* he was aghast ; and when I called his beloved Bernardin St. Pierre's description of the physical effects of puberty upon ' *Virginie*,' to be worse than indecorous, to be beastly, Ossian did not speak to me for

* ' *Micromegas* ' and the ' *Quinze-Vingts* ' perhaps excepted.

four-and-twenty hours, so indignant and hurt was he at the remark.

A conversation of this kind took place one afternoon. The argument turned upon passionate novels, and was, if I remember right, suggested by a volume of "Delphine" happening to lie upon the table, a work that Ossian had lately borrowed and perused. After some critical discussions, that would be here out of place, Ossian said, that "it had cost him a world of tears."

"What work has not, my dear Ossian?" said Cornélie: "Your tears are so near to your eyes, that the sorriest ballad causes them to overflow."

"They are the dew of the spirit," observed the poetic Ossian, "sweet and refreshing after the long, garish, overpowering day-light of worldliness."

"It is unmanly," said Cornélie.

"I know not what their appearance may be. But I should esteem them more likely to nerve

the arm, than to make it falter, in the hour when courage is required."

"But the characteristics, the outward appearance of courage is useful, as often superseding the necessity of putting it to the proof," said the old man.

"That may be true," replied Ossian, "but of what value is the mere mask of manhood, compared with the precious gift of sensibility, which, as my friend here describes religion to do, in causing us to sympathize with the sorrows of our brethren, extracts the bitterness from our own."

"I do believe, Ossian, thou wert born to be a devotee."

Ossian blushed at a taunt, which accused him of deserting the philosophic creed of his father, and of being unable to support the dignity of free thought.

"And have I never seen you to weep, Cornélie," said her brother.

"Not over ideal woes."

"Not even when they happened to resemble your own—when they were the counterpart of what troubled your own heart?"

"My heart, me!" said Cornélie, blushing in her turn.

"Nay, sister, we all have feelings, as well as sorrows. Your taunt called the blood to my cheeks; and I have had my revenge,—more than my revenge," added he, as he perceived the abjured tears roll down Cornélie's cheek.

He stepped forward to take her by the hand, when she abruptly quitted the room.

"How absurd and contradictory," said Ossian, turning to me, for his father was by this time dosing asleep, "are all our little vanities. Here I, whom the enmity of fortune has merely chased from a crowded city and troublesome hopes to sweet retirement and study, and who am truly happy in all moods, pride myself upon my capabilities of gratuitous suffering and sorrow; whilst Cornélie, whose heart has been wrung by ingratitude, prides

herself on being hardened, and proof against grief."

"Not absurd, but natural," observed I, "that we should welcome that degree of sensibility which affords us pleasure, and turn against and defy the feeling when it swells to bitterness and anguish. But Cornélie—her melancholy has long inspired me with interest and curiosity, dare I inquire of you the cause?"

"I had purposed to tell you," said Ossian, "and will at once relate it. But the pine-grove will be the fittest scene for the story. We will step forth."

CHAPTER IV.

CORNÉLIE's story may be briefly told. An officer of gallantry and merit under Napoleon had become attached to her ; and she, an admirer of heroism, soon returned his affection two-fold. Unfortunately for both, his career had begun late, and fell upon those disastrous times when the military glory of France was in the wane. The expedition to Russia had called him off from their meditated nuptials ; and, although he returned from the North with honour and rank increased, still the invasion now imminent on France, and the perils that menaced his Sovereign, allowed Colonel Girouette no leisure for private happiness. Cornélie

herself was as much interested in public events as her lover, and would have scorned, even more than he, to proceed with her own private plans of felicity, during the great struggle between contending principles and nations. Little attached previously to Napoleon, whom she looked upon as the Gallic Cæsar, the conqueror of his country's foes, but still the destroyer of its liberty, hers, with many another heart, that beat with patriotism and a love of freedom, rallied in the despot's favour, when they beheld, what they deemed, a more pernicious cause about to triumph over him. She forgot his tyranny, his crimes, his ambition; and considering him but as the glorious representative of that revolution, in which her parent had acted so proud a part, and of which she might call herself a child, she felt every wish and vow of her breast rise in his behalf. In this indeed, however unjust as a lover of liberty—for Louis *must* evidently reign constitutionally, and Napoleon as evidently *could* not—she was

not unreasonable, as the triumph of royalty over revolution in the persons of their ostensible chiefs, would infallibly degrade her parent and his family from the consideration in which hitherto they had been held, nay, might drive the old Conventionalist into exile, or place his very head in peril.

Great as was the abyss of misfortune into which the family seemed about to plunge, Cornélie did not fathom it altogether: the worst came unexpectedly upon her. The allies entered Paris: there ensued for her half a year of humiliation and despair, for Girouette did not blush to retain his epaulettes under the new regime. Napoleon came from Elba; Cornélie breathed again, and to her joy, her lover re-drew his sword for his old master, and marched to the field of Waterloo. The sword of the Colonel was drawn in vain, and was left upon the field of battle. Being, however, not one of the most conspicuous traitors, and having the requisite audacity

and suppleness to shew himself once more at the Thuilleries on the king's return, the Colonel obtained another sword, made the bee on his accoutrements give place once more to the lily, the imperial crown to the regal, and the *N* to the two interlaced *LL*'s of his new master Louis.

The high-minded Cornélie was greatly shocked at this fickleness, this apparent want of all firmness and principle on the part of her lover. It answered ill to her lofty ideal of heroism and patriotism; and for several weeks her consequent contempt of Girouette was supreme. But the Colonel, in despite of all this fickleness, was gallant and good-hearted; and, moreover, pleaded his cause with a frankness, a good-humour, and with such vivacity, that his frequent change of parties would have seemed, at least to the eyes of any other lady than Cornélie La Versière, to become this *esprit volage*, as much as fickleness in affairs of the heart was con-

sidered to become the gay gallant of the last age. Then Girouette's was not a singular case: if he had sinned, some hundred thousand of his comrades had sinned with him; and such numbers, we know, can be brought before no tribunal—'tis madness to accuse them—"*c'est quereller avec le genre humain*," as De Stael says, and seems to think an absurdity.

La Versière too,—and if one feeling predominated over another in the breast of Cornélie, it was that of love and devotion towards her parent—came with his worldly views and reasonings to the aid of Girouette. Much he argued upon human nature, and the way of the world, much on the trying circumstances of the times, which those, he said, who were above in fortune, might be above in conduct. The Duke of T——, retired upon his property, acquired during a long and glorious career, and as secure to him as his fame in history, may keep aloof from either party, and care

not much which wins, but Girouette, who has nought but his commission—

“Nay but, dear father,” would Cornélie interrupt, “consider ourselves in ancient Rome, or put such excuses for a hero into the mouth of Plutarch, and how should we exclaim?”

“Were we in Rome, dear Cornélie, we should do as Romans. But here we are in Paris.”

“Why then was I given a Roman name?”

“We were fools enough in those days to believe that a name bestowed heroism, as well as virtue and freedom. We have found since, that names are but names.”

“I would at least act up to mine.”

“Cornelia,” said La Versière, “was known but as the mother of the Gracchi. She herself lived in the times this aristocracy triumphed, and was contented to live in, nay wed in such adverse times, that she might rear up children to be the assertors of her country's liberty. If you wed not this honourable suitor, who in

this new reign will not fear to woo, or even approach, the daughter of a regicide?"

Cornélie felt the force of her father's arguments, nay, she felt even more than he urged in behalf of Colonel Girouette: and this was, that, tainted as she must allow his patriotism and public honour to be in some degree, his private honour remained whole and untouched. Were he not actuated by such, and by a lively attachment moreover, would he continue his addresses to the daughter of a regicide, and still be eager to conclude a connexion, which must so hurt his prospects, and stand as a mighty obstacle betwixt him and the patronage of the now reigning family. This argued disinterestedness. This demanded gratitude. And in consequence of such reflections, still sighing and regretting, nevertheless, that her love had fallen from her ideal of heroic perfection, Cornélie rendered to Girouette the heart that she had half withdrawn.

The soldier was again happy. Cornélie had

not been deceived, when she reckoned in him a heart devoted to her. But both she and her father had considerably over-rated his discernment. A son of the revolution himself, altogether unacquainted with the principles and prejudices of the once ancient and now restored government, he formed no idea of the depth in which it still held its old hatreds rooted, of the vengeance and re-action which it meditated. He entertained no fear, that an aged ex-conventionalist, so insignificant and forgotten as La Versière was now, could excite the attention or resentment of the government. And in the connexion he was about to form, the soldier at first saw no obstacle, no bar whatever in the way of his advancement.

Others, however, had the discernment which he wanted. And the whisper that buzzed around the court, some conversations with his comrades in the *Salle des Marechaur*, soon informed him, that it would be prudent to delay

a little at least the completion of his marriage with the daughter of La Versière.

Cornélie saw this delay, and arrived at the comprehension of its cause with indignation ill-stifled. Her parent, however, wary and prudential, rather prized his future son-in-law the more for his caution. The ambition, too, of the old man had of late become awakened by the free government, which Louis thought either proper or prudent to *octroy* to his people. There was about to be an election of representatives for the lower legislative chamber, and La Versière, after more than twenty years' retirement from public cares or business, eagerly plunged once more into the vortex of intrigue. His object was one of nicety and difficulty; and at length he promised himself success, through the medium of a princely and sacerdotal personage to whose party, in case of his election, he promised to attach himself. One would think, that the preliminary sacri-

fice of independence might have disgusted the veteran statesman:—but no, he was resolved to fish in troubled waters at any price.

His ambition hastened his ruin and disgrace. He was elected, and no sooner returned to the chamber, than he was expelled, and voted ineligible. But for the notoriety which this (for his expulsion had not passed without a fierce debate) drew around him, the old Conventionalist might perhaps have been permitted to linger out his days in his beloved Paris. But now he was obliged to fly; and thus by a last, weak, listening to ambition, the old man not only expatriated himself, but ruined the hopes of his family.

Cornélie alone seemed to rise superior to misfortune, and rejoice in the political martyrdom, which she considered her parent to suffer. It shed also around his decline a blaze of notoriety, which her filial love mistook for fame. And she was not sorry, that

there was now an opportunity of putting to the proof the depth of her lover's attachment, and the true temper of his mind.

If she wished for this, fortune had been ungraciously kind in granting her desire. For it did indeed put Col. Girouette's attachment to the proof. Not that it abated his love; for his, though a soul of alloy, was not altogether of baser metal. But it certainly put other and weighty considerations into the opposite scale, which balanced and kept most indecisive his resolutions respecting his mistress.

When the La Versières, however, departed for Switzerland, he took leave of her with every symptom of true and desperate attachment. Cornélie's grief still partook of contempt. Ossian looked on and believed the Colonel's sincerity; whilst Oscar, boy as he was, was with difficulty restrained from defying him to mortal combat, or running him through without waiting for such preliminary.

Two or three years had since elapsed. Sentiments on all sides seemed to have remained much the same, save that the secretly-conveyed threats of Oscar, had tended more than even Girouette's worldliness totally to break off the affair.

Cornélie too, though she had loved, might be said to have ceased to love. Visions of hope no longer made part of her dreams, or came to cheer the sorrows of her waking solitude. Thoughts of ingratitude and disappointment seemed alone to possess her. A hatred and distrust of the world was the sentiment evident throughout her conversation, unless at times, when her woman's heart reluctantly betrayed itself. Her affections were thrown back upon her, and were only prevented from rankling into utter misanthropy by the love which she bore her parent. To that they turned. For all impulses of affection spring from the same source, and from the same want: if disappointed in one ob-

ject, or shut from one exit, they make their escape and rush towards another.

Yet it is in vain that one seeks to concentrate or contain the many and mighty impulses of a great passion within the scope of a smaller one. Cornélie loved, and when she found that she had bestowed her affections upon an unworthy object, it was not with complete success that her stoicism endeavoured to transfer her feelings and emotions from love to filial affection. A surplus remained within her breast, and turned to gall. In vain she attempted and affected to condemn the world and her lover: her misanthropy was too bitter for her apathy to be complete; and the outward semblance of tranquillity and coldness, which she wore, covered restlessness and anguish. The struggle undermined her health, even more than an abandonment to despair could have done; for here her spirits would have fathomed the depths of sorrow, and rebounded. Whereas she struggled for

life near the surface, sunk slowly, and to rise no more.

Ossian wept, as he recounted to me the causes of his sister's sorrow. "It draws, however, now to a crisis," said he; "Colonel Girouette has been ordered to Strasbourg, from whence the distance hither is not great. And we shall soon know what his real intentions are and have been. If he fail——" The young man's look bespoke his intentions, and both seemed not less resolute for the natural mildness of his character.

CHAPTER V.

A LITTLE matter occurred some time after, which it is of no consequence to set down here, and of as little to allude to, save that as I was of some use, and proved myself friendly to the La Versières, more indeed from the betrayal of my sentiments, than from any actual benefit that was in my power, our intimacy came to be more closely established. The old man spoke to me as a senior, Oscar no longer shrunk from including me in the reproaches which he frequently cast on Ossian for being a sentimentalist and a moper over volumes, whilst Cornélie began to feel herself as free and alone

in my company, as if I was either nobody or one of the family.

This many may consider as no kind of compliment. To me, however, it was the greatest ; being inexorably love-proof, and that for the best of reasons, having fallen in and out of that said predicament one dozen times at least ere I was twenty, and almost as often since, amongst which the first at thirteen years, and the last at three-and-twenty, I may note down as the most remarkable and serious. Thus the world is to me, nay, the very world of romance is, what the stage was to a thorough-bred critic of the last century, when critics actually went to play-houses, viz. a subject for dissection, not emotion. Hence Cornélie's indifference to my presence was the most welcome, as well as the most flattering of compliments.

She soon understood, moreover, that Ossian had disclosed to me the story of at once her misanthropy and sorrow. She was neither pleased nor wroth on perceiving this ;—her

feelings were alike above vain disclosure, or the dread of it :

“ For there are griefs, my friend, that sufferers hide,
And there are griefs, that men display with pride ;
But there are other griefs, that, so we feel,
We care not to display them nor conceal.”

One morning Monsieur Thouin, the *curé* already introduced to the reader, made his appearance at our *dejeuné*. He was welcomed cordially by old La Versière and his daughter, with delight by Ossian, but with scowls and sullenness by Oscar. I thought at first that this conduct on the part of the youth was mere ill-humour and ill-breeding ; but I soon perceived from the sternness of the *curé's* looks, that there did exist some cause, some recent cause yet undiscussed, of displeasure on the *curé's* part against Oscar, and a consequent fear and sullenness in the latter. The clergyman's visit was probably occasioned by this very circumstance, whatever it might be ; as he was evidently unexpected, and bespoke in

his countenance more serious thoughts than became a visit of friendship.

The *curé*, however, kept those thoughts in reserve, he brightened up in a little time, joined in the conversation, assented to the proposal of his spending the day, and to all eyes, save those of Oscar and myself, society and friendship appeared the sole motive of his coming.

"You here yet, Sir," said he, addressing me, "did I not prophesy your amusement?"

"It is but a small compliment to such a family, to say they have interested and detained with them the idlest of all wanderers."

"Not altogether idle and fruitlessly employed since he has been here," rejoined Thouin, significantly.

"Altogether," said I. "You remember my declaration."

"Nay, that cannot be. For the very existence of a rationally religious man amongst infidels goes far, without a single argument, to

shake their blindness and obstinacy, which consists more in contempt for what they call superstition, than in any solid-laid disbelief. A zealot, like myself, who cannot keep himself from preaching, offers infallibly the ridiculous side, and thus hardens them. But a sober, cool believer, who neither meditates their conversion, nor deigns to argue, but simply professes belief, and shews the rational man of sense on all other points, verily, he is the sort of apostle that shakes these *philosophers* in their negative principles, and ignorant self-satisfaction."

I shook my head, but the *curé* gave a counter-shake, which meant to say, "I know better."

Numerous good-humoured and light topics occupied the morning. It was not, until he found the family collected after their early dinner, that Thouin asked La Versière, "whether he had since thought on the request he had made of him, when last at Locle?"

"Truly I have not," said the father of the family. "I spoke then a ready and a conclusive answer, unless you have since lit upon some argument yet unurged and of sovereign weight."

"That perhaps I have."

"I thought so, my dear friend, by the all-importance of your countenance. Well—here are the persons concerned—My children, M. Thouin would make Christians of you all."

Oscar smiled contemptuously.

"Nay, sir," said Thouin to the youth, "until you prove yourself an upright, moral man, according to the principles you profess, I will allow of no sneers against what you do not understand."

Oscar's blood rose.

"I hope, he will never be found other," said the father.

"You are a minister of peace, not dissension," said Cornélie imploringly. The *curé* understood her, and remained silent, while Oscar departed.

"Indeed, Sir," continued Cornélie, "your zeal is thrown away. We will abide by the opinions of our father."

"What! you too, my daughter," said the pastor, "whom I thought to have long since convinced—who listened, and allowed the fairness and cogency of my reasoning."

"'Tis true, Sir. But I cannot recall that chain of argument at need, and even if I could, it would not supply that philosophic pride, that makes me condemn the ills of life."

"That is, because you have not advanced far enough in religion to have a *feeling* of it. You heard but its rational proofs. The feeling comes later, is of far more sweetness, tenacity, and force. Persevere, and you will find it."

"Do, my child," said old La Versière; "the pleasures and consolations of enthusiasm are more powerful than those of reason. And you will need the most powerful."

"Truly, though insidiously spoken," said Thouin; "but see that the basis of enthusiasm be truth, then you may taste its pleasures, and receive its consolations with safety."

"And who will lay that basis?"

"Neither the idle, nor the ignorant, nor the self-satisfied," replied the pastor.

Ossian here interposed to interrupt rising warmth, by breaking his lance with the *curé*. "On me too, M. Thouin, your arguments have had some influence, and my conversation with the friend here, whom you procured us, has made them sink deeper. What have been nations without religion, urge you, but still degenerating races of men? And you are right. The mob must have their creed, which may be symbolically true for them, as that of the Jews was for the superstitious rabble of their nation. But allow me to think, that reason and philosophy may furnish higher intellects with a faith purer and more befitting them."

"And where is to be found a society of those higher intellects?"

"In history—in Pliny's letters, which I have been just perusing, and which have done more, I promise you, than Voltaire to turn me from your counsels. When I contemplate in those pages the higher order of Romans of that day, their nice honour, their generosity, courage, and contempt of death, their Platonic loftiness of sentiment—when I contemplate all this, I own, I cannot see the necessity of revelation to mankind."

The eyes of Cornélie brightened with delight at what she considered the eloquence of Ossian.

"It is but an outwork of religion that you attack," said Thouin, "an insignificant outwork, but still as it is one, through which the thoughtless unbeliever, when he recurs to religion, generally directs his retreat, I will defend it—and that simply by asserting that Pliny was a romancer, his heroes, including

himself, slaves and adulators as public men, as well as debauched and sunk below all the laws of morality as private men—they might preach eloquent Platonism from the midst of their boys and baths, and with as much justice as they extolled fortitude and public virtue in their adulations of the despot who ruled them. But why recur so far back to times of scant or uncertain records for the reign of philosophy. We have seen it in our own days. We have seen its effects both on things and on men.”

“We have,” said old La Versière, proudly.

“Not to pursue exactly that path of argument,” interrupted Cornélie, “doth not philosophy ally better with the heroic virtues than religion, which is so exclusive and contemptuous in principle, as to consider every thing as light and supererogatory that doth not make part of itself. Patriotism, I remember, is not once mentioned in its code—”

The curate smiled—

"—Nay, all the heroism recorded in Plutarch would be but vanity in its eyes."

"And all the heroism of France, from Roland to Bayard, from Henri Quatre to Turenne, not to mention the civilian virtues of De Thou, of D'Aguesseur, De l'Hopital, names that might—will rank with Plutarch's best—on what was it founded, but religion?"

"The French character," said Ossian proudly, "made the greater part of their heroism."

"And then what made that character, my young, patriotic friend,—but it is useless to argue these points. I care not whether truth or untruth allies best with heroism. There is a phenomenon in the world, called religion, to the existence of which we can no more shut our eyes than against the light; its truth stands based on simple, rational proofs, and it should be first seen, whether these proofs can possibly be set aside or slighted, ere we proceed to argue the needlessness of what

forces itself upon us, or the seeming absurdity of its rites and objects. For me to go over those proofs to you were vain, for it is the characteristic of all moral demonstration to lose its force, the instant it loses its novelty. Hence we are obliged to enforce the truth on some by their fears, on others by their hopes—”

La Versière smiled.

“—To you, cold reasoners, I can only urge it by arguments of expediency.”

“And how will those apply at present? Are we not passing happy, contented at least, suffering no ills, not at least that religion can cure, unless you mean that an hypocritical affectation of it would recommend us to the mercy of our enemies.”

“Suspect me of no such thought. Mine are far wide of such, considering merely that your children are entering on the world, that they touch the age of the passions, at which hour the seeds of life's happiness or unhappi-

ness are sown, and that they are without a moral guide to conduct them safely through."

"They have their judgments, and if that fail, their hearts and consciences."

"False as a guide perhaps, and most certainly frail as a support."

"Indeed, M. Thouin, you alarm yourself causelessly in our behalf."

"Would you keep your sons from blood," said Thouin.

La Versière made no reply.

"If you would," continued the pastor, "I warn you, that that morality which can teach no forgiveness of injuries, will not do so, placed as they are, at least, in estrangement and enmity with their brethren."

"Whither doth all this tend?"

"I have given one great argument for the expediency of instilling religion into your offspring, La Versière; and I rejoice to see, it has made its impression. Another I would shew you by asking in what manner you in-

tend your children to gratify their natural passions, and be happy?"

"They are too poor to marry," said the Conventionalist, "and, I hope, too proud to raise up a progeny of beggars."

"Your prudence therefore exposes them to a life of temptation, though with what charm you have armed them against falling into the ways of vice, I cannot conjecture."

"Come, come, we must leave those things to chance."

"Why not say to nature?"

"Well, I will say, to nature."

"The hallowed link of marriage is superstition in your eyes; you have made your enthusiastic son, Ossian, here, condemn that rite, for example, or esteem it necessary but in obedience to the world's prejudice."

"You are not much in the wrong," said the Conventionalist.

"Then you have embittered for him even the sweetest dream of a poet's life."

"May not a pure mind hallow its own conceptions and visions?" asked Ossian.

"Suppose, La Versière, this son of yours had corrupted one of our mountain maidens."

"An unlikely supposition, for the population shun us, even the soft-hearted Ossian included, as vipers."

"Revenge and despite for such injustice might drive him to meditate such an act, as the wolf would snatch a lamb from the jealously guarded sheepfold."

"You injure Ossian by such impossible suppositions."

Ossian turned somewhat pale. It was, however, for Oscar.

The *curé* took M. La Versière aside, and they walked together for the space of nearly an hour. But the subject of their conversation the reader will hereafter be enabled to conjecture.

CHAPTER VI.

ALTHOUGH imagining the cause that had brought the *curé* from Locle, and had given rise to some trouble, reproof, and exhortation, in the family, it was some days ere I exactly learned it. During that interval indeed I formed the resolution of resuming my peregrinations, but in addition to the usual solicitations of Ossian and his father, Oscar reproached me with having never yet kept my promise of accompanying him upon an expedition amongst the higher Alps in chase of the chamois.

I was desirous of enjoying the novelty of this famed sport, as also of exploring the re-

gion of eternal snows in fuller and more agreeable company than that of a guide, and with some more inspiriting motive and excitement than that of beholding the sublime and picturesque. The beauties of Nature are never so gratifying as when they seem to present themselves by chance.—To go absolutely and with pleasure prepense in search of a prospect, makes the feeling which it excites cold and artificial,—it limits the enjoyment to the eye merely, and shuts out that noble accompaniment of thought, which, had one stumbled by chance upon such a scene, could not have been wanting.

Ossian agreed to accompany us. The expedition and the absence of his sons pleased old La Versière, who had reason to expect a visit from Girouette, and who did not wish the fiery spirit of Oscar, nor the sensitive Ossian, to meet the fickle soldier, whom they both looked on with so much suspicion.

We set out, the three of us, for the sons

of the regicide had found it impossible to attach to them even a peasant follower—armed with guns, poles, cords, and cord-ladder, hatchets, provision too, all which formed a burden for each back, that by no means agreed with the breadth or habits of mine.

It was more than a day's journey to the scene of our intended sport, and the brothers spoke frequently, and with some mystery at first, of a chalet where we were to stop and equip ourselves more lightly for the actual fatigue of the chase. As I was bound for the same chalet with them, it became necessary, sooner or later, to let me into the secret of this mystery.

"I dare say, you have conjectured what brought old Thouin amongst us the other day," said Oscar to me, "or perhaps he told you."

"Not a word did he mention to me: nor did I allow myself to form conjectures with

respect to what you all seemed to think best concealed."

"Nothing in it to hide—merely a pretty parishioner of M. Thouin's, whom I thought proper to carry away, and he to come to complain of."

"Then he had some reason, methinks."

"Bah! priests have always reason."

"And the mystery of the chalet consists in its containing this young lady."

"Precisely," replied Oscar; "and therefore at this moment dare I not visit it alone. The brother is vigilant and suspects. He hates me, as I do him, and though he durst not cross my path, for if he durst," and Oscar ground his teeth, "but did he know the place of my treasures, he would come by night or in my absence, and steal her from me."

"But how will our company aid you to deceive his vigilance?"

"He will not suspect me of bringing a stranger thither. And three of us, with a

watched. If I can espy him lurking, my gun
is found without a chamois."

"Oscar," said Ossian, "I will leave
here, if you talk so. I know it is but
But yet, how bring yourself to say that
would fire upon a fellow man."

"Rather our natural enemy, Ossian.
we not shunned like beasts of prey—de
friendship, denied approach to the fair one
our race, whose minds are poisoned against
whilst these chains subdue and pain us—
we be marked out like Parrias from our
as your favourite book describes*—and
not we have our revenge?"

"Better to live like that Parria, Oscar.

"Ah! you may, Ossian. But I have
in my veins, feelings, passions."

"And nothing to restrain them, Oscar

"Nothing—what should there be to restrain them?"

"Reason, justice, Oscar."

"And have I not spoken both? Are we not put out of the pale of human kind, and for no crime? Are we not at war with it?"

"Nay, but ours is a peculiar, unnatural situation—we should forgive, and be resigned."

"And I am to let Paul seize Marie, and bear her from me?"

"Nay, I would defend her without vindictiveness against him, who rightfully seeks to free her."

"Rightfully—is she not mine—doth she not love me—"

But I must acquaint the reader with the story of Marie more briefly, than the dialogue of the brothers would allow.

She was the daughter of a wealthy landed proprietor, such as in any other country would have assumed the bearing and title of

soared above the rank of a peasant, ex-
perhaps the ambitious burgesses of the p-
cipal towns. The father of Marie had
flocks and herds, which he tended, his m-
tain-side, domain sufficient for the noble
more flat and fertile country, his house
corated externally with paintings, inside
white-wash, his *vacherie*, a score of ch-
and of shepherds—a son too, and sev-
daughters, amongst whom he had an
wealth to divide.

Paul, the son, had upon the first coming
the La Versières to the country been the c-
panion of Oscar, whom he led through
Alpine paths around, and initiated in the
ing sports of those lofty regions. In t-
exercises the Swiss youth was soon surpa-
by his scholar, and this did not ten-

—they were rude, mountain beauties—but love, headstrong as it is after choice, is before it possessed of a very flexible spirit of conformity, and Oscar, to whom the sight or society of Parisian grace was henceforth denied, yielded his heart to the simple fascinations of a Swiss girl. Marie was the object of his choice, nor could she resist the first glance, that bespoke preference and homage, from a youth of Oscar's person and carriage, from one too who wore the manners, and boasted being a native, of the metropolis of France.

What were Oscar's views I know not, nor perhaps did he himself—when a monk from no very distant convent entered one day the house of poor Marie's father. He craved a meal, and repayed the hospitality he received by a full or rather over-full history of the newcomers, or La Versières, who had settled in this part of their country. Revolution, republicanism, regicide, are themes that few talkers at any time can resist expatiating upon ;

the monk with materials for the homily of the hour. Other reports at fair and market respecting the Conventionalist and his fanatical mendicant. Oscar in consequence found the gates of the farm shut against him, and forbidden attempting any future intrusion. The proprietor himself, who, not without some horror at the mere presence of the youth, rebuked him, as it were, from his domicile. When he expostulated, the names of Judas, assassin, impious brood, and cursed seed, struck first upon his ear, as applied to him, and but that the indignation that swelled within him was merged and mingled in a greater degree of astonishment, he would have been prompted at the instant to some extravagant or fatal act.

sentment, that his affections were overwhelmed by the more powerful passion. True, he still loved Marie, but that was no longer the predominating idea—the thoughts of her beauty, her tenderness, her sufferings, occurred—but not so often as did his own humiliation, her father's insults, her brother's neglect. Had not the pursuit of his love agreed so well with that of vengeance, there is no doubt which he would have sacrificed. As it was, scorning or deeming impracticable the seeking of honourable satisfaction from any of a family, whom he now looked down upon as peasants, how muchsoever in imagination he had been before inclined to consider them above that rank, he resolved to gratify his passion for Marie, and to procure that gratification in a baser way than he at first meditated, in order to take vengeance upon her family.

He succeeded but too well in his selfish project, and at length was compelled to bear

tuation might reveal their connexion, and
pose her to all the fury of her parent. So
as his motives were, they were not unmin
especially of late, with purer feelings, as
evident from his consulting her safety in
ference to the vengeance which he had inte
to inflict by her shame upon her family.
he held such a resolution as this, he w
have been a demon indeed.—But he w
youth of strong passions, abandoned to
and to himself, the sport of circumstances
of his own mind, incapable of masterin
guiding either—thus, like the higher ord
beasts of prey, of mingled tenderness and
ocity, generosity and cruelty, not wit
seeds of nobleness in a disposition, w
seemed formed for its own destruction, as
as for that of all around it, whether friend
fear

equal value, and when even the equitable Ossian assented to the character, I could not entertain a high opinion, more especially considering, that although suspecting Oscar La Versière, he had yet sought or demanded no open vengeance. But what vengeance could a peasant seek, especially of one unrivalled in agility and strength? M. Thouin had heard the circumstance, and immediately placing his suspicions right, had come to relate the affair to old La Versière, and to expostulate with his son. But all he obtained by his coming was another version of the story, with assurance from the old man, that vengeance could not have been his son's motive, and that when the anger of the family was allayed, Marie should be forthcoming.

"As one of your family," urged Thouin.

"You must speak to Oscar on that subject," was the only answer of La Versière.

As the greater part of these circumstances were either revealed to me, or penetrated, dur-

began to abate. “ But such,” said I, ‘
world, shaded characters and mingled r
compose it—to look too close at any
of life, is to convert the over-curious pry
**a misanthrope. All this may not be so
I think it. At any rate, Ossian is pure-
and noble—and Cornélie, these circum:
will put to the proof what she is.”**

CHAPTER VII.

WE proceeded on our mountain path in the mean time, abandoning the pine-crowned summit and ridges of the lesser Alps, and directing our course to where the many tops of their mightier brethren reared themselves above the clouds. It was in the neighbourhood of these, and in a retired valley, or rather, high up on one of the mountains which inclosed the valley, that we found the chalet. It was completely concealed by a projecting rock from the view, and was only reached and discovered on the wide waste of the Alp-side, by a speck of pale-green pasture above it. A wild and

shrank however considerably from its width, course, which we could perceive, as by help of poles and stones we crossed it, from wreck of fir-trunks and crumbling rocks, which marked the line of its high-water. Above the chalet far, arose a bald granite brow, seemingly bare to the sky as now, and beyond were descried the ever-during snows of a loftier Alp.

I had thought the day's toil concluded, when we had reached the mountain-base, and the spot which marked the chalet within which seemed an insignificant distance above us. More than an hour elapsed, and the sun sinking behind the distant Jura, ere we reached our resting-place.

Marie proved to be a more interesting than I had augured. She had a beautiful simple mountain face not the less level

sprung to welcome Oscar, as woman's love alone can welcome; and cried and laughed and sighed upon his bosom with momentary and frantic happiness. Even after a time Oscar vainly chid her forgetfulness of his brother and his friend—she acknowledged no one's presence but his,—would not be calmed, nor could be brought to prepare repast, to think or speak of aught, except his being with her.

The tears started to Ossian's eyes. I turned to look with dry ones down the vale already darkling below with the first gray of night.

The tender fondness of poor Marie, connected with what I knew of Oscar, touched me. Some minutes did I moralize on woman's love and man's unworthiness; yet was not sorry, on awaking from my reflections, to find that an old woman, not so oblivious or absorbed as poor Marie, was spreading cheese and milk and bread upon the rude table of the hut. A portion of kid too appeared soon after invitingly. And in despite of sentiment, we were all,

Marie included, much better and happier after supper than before it.

"What can be Oscar's intentions respecting this poor girl?" asked I of Ossian, as we walked forth a moment, previous to our retiring for repose.

"He knows not himself," said Ossian; "my father says, he has acted wrong, and says no more. Cornélie wants to bring her home, and make her one of the family instantly, and it was with difficulty that my father could prevent her setting forth to come here the other day."

"And why have prevented her?" said I.

"Why, indeed! But we still hold to a world that shakes us off."

The next morn we rose to prosecute our sport, and quitted the chalet before sun-rise, directing our course over the summit of the mountain. Surmounting it and descending into a bleak valley, if valley a hollow too high even for vegetation can be called, we

reached a glaicer at the foot of the Alp which we intended to climb. The summer's sun had attacked it on every side, and was now beaming on its solid mass, which seemed, like glass, to reflect without being subdued by the powerful ray. Its circumference, however, irregular and elevated from the ground, was dripping on all sides; whilst a full stream emerged from under it, and rolled towards a neighbouring cleft.

A mist, considered most fortunate by Oscar, was shading the lofty peaks and snowy regions above us. It would enable us, he said, to come amidst the game unperceived. Accordingly we still ascended by a weary and awful path, penetrating the chill cloud, which excluded all view of the precipices that might overhang, or undermine us. The experienced eye of Oscar alone prevented us at times from stumbling into huge *crevasses* or clefts in the snow, which at half a foot depth became ice, and which extended down, perfect abysses,

awfully deep and blue. Even when discovered, and when the danger was obviated of thus falling into them unawares, it was no easy task to imitate Oscar's mode of clearing them by a leap upon his pole. Though sometimes they were of breadth so considerable, that we were compelled to follow their brink, until we reached either their termination or a snow-bridge, which might enable us to cross them. One of these we encountered, which proved a very ravine of ice; and we descended into its depths and ascended in the same manner by steps, which the hatchet of Oscar instantaneously formed. It was a novel and no agreeable situation, to find oneself in its depth, chill, blue barriers rising up on each side, and the murky cloud shutting out sky and sun, a fit vaulting for such dungeon.

As we regained the snowy surface of the mountain's side, we emerged from the cloud, which rolled in white voluminous folds beneath us, illuminated by the bright rays of the

morning sun. The valleys below were hidden from our view, whilst the heights of the snowy Alps above lifted themselves up in awful solitude. We could now descry, and we felt awe in doing so, the particular appearance of these unseen and unapproachable summits, the bleached granite peaks, against which the scarcely whiter snow-drifts lay couched—the wide, irregular summit, which to the eye below had seemed a peak, and which now appeared a broad round scalp, with a roll of snow around its ridge, like a fillet or a crown. The sky was no longer of that light, transparent blue, which cheers the upturned looks of men—it was of a deep, blackening, awful hue, and seemed repulsive of the audacious glance, that dared to scan its depths so near. The utter solitude was the most awful of the sensations awakened by the scene, for our steps upon the “crumping snows,” were but those of insects intruding upon such vastness—the elements above were rulers here—the

slightest breath of wind, that shook from their places of rest the light balls of snow and ice, precipitating them down the mountain's side, caused an uproar in our ears,—but still it was slight in such a scene, nor more than was proportioned to the majestic and unechoing stillness of the Alpine realm.

“Nature,” said I, “that has filled each cranny of the globe with life, seems not to have (this momentary intrusion on our part excepted) a solitary representative here.”

“Hush,” said Oscar, “you forget on what errand we came. Look yonder—”

I was answered, on directing my view to a distant, though not one of the most lofty peaks, by descrying an animal upon its very point.

“There,” exclaimed Ossian, “your reflection is twice belied.” A majestic eagle shot down the mountains, not checking his straight, headlong career, till he had passed not many yards above our heads, and then whirling

around us, he screamed and lay hidden behind some projecting point.

"I never was more strongly tempted to forfeit a day's sport for a bird of prey," said Oscar, bringing down his gun, that he had pointed at the eagle.

"Nor I, i'faith," said Ossian; "I never thought they ventured so near the hunter."

"It is a child-devourer, the most savage of the tribe. It is considered ominous, when they do approach so near."

"Hunters and fishermen are always superstitious," said Ossian; "the danger attendant on their pursuit, as well as chance being the chief regulator of their success, furnishes them with omens, vows, and a legion of saints peculiar to them."

Oscar, I thought, looked more angry at the cool remark of his brother than became one professing the philosophic creed of the La Versières.—"Brother," said he, "books and libraries have their laws and influences—the

also."

As Ossian smiled, Oscar grew still angry.

"Come," said I, "Ossian, one of your and poetic temper might afford more ground to superstition, especially when she is a certain deity. I for my part admire and follow her myself, whilst she is a deity of the hills, inspiring the wild and untamed poor with caution at times, and at times consolation. There she is a beneficent, a good spirit. It is only when haunting the places of the civilized, the crowded towns of the age, and working upon the mean fears of daily life, that she becomes, by a union of ignorance and power, metamorphosed into a demon."

"And I tell thee, Ossian, to mock no

"I hope, that it does bode harm, at least to a couple of chamois," said Ossian.

As we marched in pursuit of the game, a sudden gust from below rushed upwards, and penetrating the cloud that still rolled beneath us, made a rent in it, as it were, and opened for us a vista to the valley. This is one of the most lovely phenomena of Alpine scenery. Deep through the vapoury cloud, which rolled and closed gradually round the breach made in its mass, we descried the gay fields and groves, and with some difficulty the torrent below, the sun shining on the depth of the valley, as upon us, whilst the pent of the mountain side that we descried beneath lay under the shadow of the cloud, except where the slanting rays penetrated through the breach.

"Well," said Ossian, "if ever nature presented a phenomenon that might be construed into an omen, and into a fair omen, that is one."

without entering into a disquisition
said Oscar.

“ I have nothing either to hope or f
therefore look for no omens.—But,
thou art very splenetic and churlis
morning.”

“ And thou, Ossian, wouldst argue t
avalanche, even at the risk of making
move down to confute you. And I
you, our voices, insignificant as th
Heaven knows, might aid this south
bringing down one of these excresce
snow that overhang us.”

He had scarcely spoken, when a qua
snow detached itself from on high,
somewhat in advance of us. It appea
fling at first, but as it gathered and
down other masses in its descent, it fe

of avalanche, would have sufficed, I have no doubt, to sweep us from our path and from this life together. I would have retreated, but Oscar pointed forward, and we accordingly wended on in a hurried and stealthy pace, silent ourselves as the grave, and breathless as our speed permitted, whilst the fragments of the young avalanche rolled with pattering and awful sound beneath us.

For folks, who are neither soldiers nor adventurers, and therefore unused to these things, it is a disagreeable feeling to know one's life in jeopardy. And this is not in the least abated by its having been the sober, serious reflection of the half hour previous, that there is really nothing in life worth living for. I would recommend as the best antidote to misanthropy, ten minutes' hurried walk beneath the white brows of an impending avalanche. I for my part never felt more philanthropic than after such a trial, more reconciled to human nature, to life, and to all its ills.

We had not long passed, and were sheltered beneath an *aiguille* or lesser peak, when down the monster came. The enormous mass slid a space, perhaps a furlong, sending down before it a shower of loose snow—then like a huge wave, that strikes the shore and leaps into a surge, the avalanche turned over, split, dashed and rolled its mighty volume down. I could not describe it, no more than I could my own sensations, as I saw it strike the path we just had trodden. It swept the very cloud before it into a shower; and the only impediment it encountered was the pine-grove, already shattered by many a fall. The stout firs fell like grass before a mower—the foremost uprooted borne below, and the rest flung prostrate one upon the other, and buried instantly beneath the ruin. The time of its descent allowed me to form an idea of the distance, for it was many, many minutes, ere the fall subsided in the vale, scattering fragments far in its farthest shock—we could perceive the white masses

on the green meads, among the rocks, and on the torrent's brink, the course of which was completely stopped. From above, subsidiary falls took place from time to time, keeping up the mountain thunder so long, that I began to fear that the Alp itself would crumble. It was nearly an hour before we could recover presence of mind to pursue our journey.

We did at length, Ossian saying no more of omens, myself pondering on the past mixture of the awful and sublime, and Oscar, bent on the capture of a chamois, as if naught had happened.

The reader is perhaps aware, that he, with us, is not engaged in the chase of this romantic little animal, after the orthodox, Alpine fashion, which requires dogs, a number of *chasseurs*, and other requisites. But the brothers could command no gathering or suite, and therefore went alone, as we described it, to the chase, a mode both difficult and perilous.

Oscar, however, had seen the game, a prin-

the place, which was certainly as inaccessible and cunning a spot as a chamois could trench himself in, and as hazardous to the approaches of his enemy. The peak on which the deer had been at first descried hung over an angle, which was the point of junction between two lines of mountains, both precipitous where they met. Here the deer, with his wonted cunning, placing himself on the summit of the precipice, and fearing his enemy on that side, directs his watch in other directions from whence he may be approached. A number of hunters would surround and force the deer in its flight, but at the least some of their party a shot, and the solitary *chasseur* must draw near on the more accessible side. Although Oscar was by himself together solitary, he considered himself

Consequently ordering Ossian round to the far side, and leaving me at this, Oscar took upon himself to ascend the very face of the precipice, where, with some miles of depth beneath him.—I shudder at this moment to think upon it.

Allowing sufficient time for Ossian to have accomplished his circuitous path, Oscar commenced his perilous clambering, in which a false step would have precipitated him to certain death, and in which even a loosened and falling fragment would have scared the game. Trembling myself far more than he did, I watched his progress, gathering confidence from the caution, activity, and presence of mind which he evinced, more intent indeed upon him than upon the deer, which I was set to watch. I turned my eyes at times, however, to my duty, and could perceive the chamois browsing, most probably on the mountain moss that could alone grow in that wintry region, its side discovered towards the precipice,

At length I saw the youth pause
jecting piece of rock, not more than
enough for his feet, whilst not a step
there to allow his hand to stay his foot
thought of the precipice beneath he
again shuddered. How can he resist
position the repercussion of the gun
velled it, however, and fired. The
fell. Another shot was heard—no doubt
Ossian's. And still another followed.
pieces were single-barrelled. The shot
all too loud for an echo. I looked at
'twas yet undischarged—I turned
Oscar. He slid from his position,
my sight at the same time; and when
a voluntary movement on his part,
dizziness or stun occasioned by the

not a shriek, or sound of fright; and I felt reassured, as I rushed towards the precipice. On looking down, Oscar was upright, bounding from rock to rock, and ledge to ledge, with the force and impetuosity of a supernatural being. Another figure fled from him. This no doubt was the person who had fired the third shot, and perhaps as an intruder, he had excited the vengeance of Oscar.—But Heavens, what a path for flight!—What, for pursuit!—Each step taken with safety was a miracle for each.

Oscar gained upon his prey, for such the fugitive seemed, they both approached the last ledge or shelf of rock, the summit of a kind of natural abutment, past which a step was inevitable destruction, for thence downward the rock sunk precipitating, and left not a resting-place for a straw. The fugitive reached it, and paused an instant,—I could not help clasping the cliff, on which I leaned, with intense anxiety: I felt as if I had been my-

Oscar seemed to have no such thought of himself, no such commiseration for himself. As the latter turned in suspense, reached the same ledge, and, either by the impulse of his coming, or by deliberate violence (the will at any rate did not appear to be wanting), the hapless fugitive was precipitated over the fatal ledge. A commenced shriek, for the break seemed wanting to complete it, came with the first plunge from the body—for it was more. It fell shattered and mangled, rolling in the snow in its descent, down, down. Oh! that a lake had closed upon it, and saved my imagination the horrid sight that haunts it, of that hapless form rolling, rolling, and finally separating, till the fragments were lost in the fearful depth and distance.

"All, all," whispered he, "the fearful sight. But we must save my brother."

"Who is it? what is it?" demanded I.

"It must have been Paul," replied he.

"Paul—what! Marie's brother?"

"The same. No other would have fired at Oscar."

"Ha! and his was the third shot, and at Oscar."

"I saw him level—he waited for Oscar to discharge his piece, that he might 'scape, and then fired."

"Is Oscar wounded?"

"'Tis what we must see. He must be, he must be so. Look, he lies motionless upon the ledge—my brother, he is dead."

Ossian cast aside his gun, as he spoke, and rushed down the precipice with the same supernatural fearlessness, though from a very different cause, as that which had impelled Oscar. I dared not follow, able to do naught save gaze after him. In the same security,

wounded, and bled profusely. The
then called to me, to throw down-rope
otherwise assist in raising up the w
Oscar to the summit of the precipice.
a task of difficulty and fear. The yo
almost unable to help himself; we
him, I may say, unaided, and at times
suspended over the same precipice
which the unfortunate Paul had fallen
struction, supported only by a fraye
and the doubtful strength of Ossian
self.

At length we had safely drawn hi
the snowy surface above, and upon ex
tion we found that he had been shot
right shoulder, not dangerously. Th
of the wound rejoiced me—he, who

We asked Oscar, who it had been. He confirmed Ossian's conjecture, and answered, "That villain, Paul."

"Oscar, he is no more."

"By a coward's and an assassin's fate."

"Ah! brother, may we never have such cause for vengeance."

Oscar looked with an angry frown, but could no longer reply.

We bore him, before evening-fall, to the chalet of Marie.

CHAPTER VIII.

I KNOW not what account of the adventure they gave to Marie—it was not, however, the truth. She, poor girl, was agitated and distracted much by even what she beheld, by the blood of Oscar, his weakness, and our anxious looks. To this we delayed to add the overwhelming tidings of her brother's fate.

My first words in private to Ossian were of the necessity of procuring some medical aid. But he pleaded the utter impossibility of procuring any, as well as the needlessness, he hoped, of having recourse to it. There were other points of consideration of greater mo-

ment, but all thoughts we deferred for the night.

Betaking ourselves to a few hours' repose, Ossian and myself started at the early dawn to return home. Oscar slept, and betrayed no dangerous symptoms; and we descended the mountains, leaving him to the care of Marie and her attendant.

We spoke little during our rapid journey; and scarcely alluded either of us to the catastrophe of the preceding day. Remarks upon our path, upon the rapidity with which we had traversed what part of it was past, and in what time we might accomplish the remainder, formed our only, interrupted conversation. It was not more than three at noon, when Ossian approached his home. None came to welcome him; our return was not so soon expected. And when Cornélie espied us, her mind instantly augured a misfortune.

La Versière came too. Ossian unburdened himself of the circumstances of the story.

The old man seemed more moved than his daughter. She was not hardened to the melancholy fate of Paul, nor blind to the wrong that had given rise to his vengeance, but she deemed the catastrophe not unmerited by the base means which he adopted of wreaking that vengeance. She contemplated the deed and the misfortune. But her father eyed at once the consequences, was less moved perhaps than any of us, but far more alarmed.

He shut himself up for some time, and left us to our melancholy debate, or as melancholy silence. At length he came forth, having decided that it was best to hush up the circumstance, say nought of it to any, and bury even the remembrance of it, if that were possible.

This determination, on the part of their father, astonished and displeased both Cornélie and Ossian—to me it was still more unwelcome. Paul would be missing, on whom would the suspicion fall, save upon his only

known enemy? But the old man upheld, that shame for his sister's *enlevement* and disgrace was cause sufficient for his disappearance; and that for a long time he must be considered absent principally in search of her. The remains might be found, 'twas urged. This he declared unlikely in that wild region, where moreover many hunters, strangers even to the country, yearly perished, and to identify the remains of one precipitated such a depth, would prove as impossible, as to light on them was improbable.

But what were the advantages of concealment?—That, were it disclosed, none would credit the whole truth—that it would be infallibly believed, that with or without a struggle Oscar had overcome the youth who rightfully sought vengeance, and that he had sacrificed him to his evil passions. Marked out for destruction by the rulers of a neighbouring country, whose known hatred could not fail to influence the local government, within whose

jurisdiction the region lay, it was impossible that either in the court of justice, or in that of public opinion, one of the Regicide's family would be judged fairly or impartially.

"Let us, as well as Oscar, trust to an upright conscience," said Cornélie proudly, "speak all, and fear nothing."

Ossian seconded her proposal. But the old Conventionalist had been too much accustomed to the wily ways of the revolution, and depended so totally on that address and cunning, which the men of that epoch always did, and do still continue to pride themselves in, that he closed our mouths, and forbade all utterance of the fatal subject. Thus the fact, which, if told openly, had lost much of the suspicious and the horrible, gathered for all of us in the foul closeness of secrecy the taint and odour of crime.

I myself did not fail to expostulate; but to take upon me the consequences of open confession I could not, fatal as they might prove to

this hospitable family. To abandon them and the country also occurred to me—but I found myself unable to make what they must consider as so selfish and ungenerous a proposal at such a moment. Poor Cornélie! her noble and generous spirit shone forth in that hour of trial—*her* reasonings dissuaded us from any rash resolution—*her* countenance inspired all, even her father, with firmness—her anxiety was preserved for her hours of solitude. I thought how displaced she was on this low and degraded state of existence. Her breast should have supported the head of some drooping hero or despairing statesman. Man would have gathered fortitude in gazing upon her, and lessons of virtue were written on her brow. Had she been in the place of a Roland, or De Stael, cast upon those times, when an overthrow of prejudice and a fresh spring of enthusiasm had levelled all rank, save that of talent, in society, and allowed even women to appear on the stage of history, then would her

influence and agency, and her fate, whether of pride or of misfortune, had then been such became her nature. As it was, cursed with unworthy lover, a parent whom she adored but all whose disappointments had nature risen from petty, selfish, and mistaken ambitions, with brothers for whom no prospects opened, except such troubles as their idleness and passions promised, her high enthusiasm served to weigh upon her, instead of bearing up,—her large-mindedness obstructed her happiness and content in the narrow space allowed for its developement, and every nobler instinct of her nature proved a source of sorrow and disappointment.

Ossian and his father had returned almost immediately to the chalet, with such medicines and necessaries, as were deemed requisite. It was with much difficulty that Corné

fatigue. And thus the daughter of the mansion, and myself its guest, were left to each other's company, an awkward circumstance even in that region where etiquette had little penetrated. In the distraction and hurry of the moment, however, this circumstance was contemplated by no one, not even by Cornélie and myself, I believe, until we met with mournful faces in the solitary salon.

With my English ideas of propriety clinging to me, I felt somewhat embarrassed at my situation, and was even meditating a visit to the *curé*, when Cornélie, too full of serious thought to dwell for a moment on such trifles, at once burst forth on the subject that absorbed her.

"Poor Marie!" exclaimed she, "I wish I had gone—a female, even though a stranger, would have comforted her—and yet 'tis of no use, till Oscar can bear removal, then will I go and bring her here, to ours, to Oscar's home. I will overcome my father's prejudices—they are unworthy of him."

Conscience, that weighs with your father,

"And why? Is not the union between
and Marie as sacred, as if the little
maker, the mayor of the neighbouring
had given it his sanction."

"Quite so to me, who am no adm
marriage as a civil contract."

"Why be dissatisfied with it as such

"For such reasons as our present co
tion suggests, that it does not sufficientl
the difference betwixt the connexions
tuous love, and those of vice, of vani
momentary passion."

"Methinks, however, that it does so
against society are thus marked by so
probation. I see no need of enforcing
laws by the denunciations and menaces
gion?"

"Are not these more powerful?"

tries where the threats and promises of religion are construed and believed according to the letter, they are the most dissolute in Europe. In those others, as in your own, where, if I am rightly informed, although religion is mildly professed, honour is allowed to be the universal motive of action, and guide in principle, virtue pervades private life. No, Sir, the ceremony is nothing, it needs neither pomp nor superstition. The social respect with which it is regarded, hallows it sufficiently."

"I regret," said I, "that you always look at religion on the unamiable side. Setting its proofs apart, I cannot conceive, how a woman should fail to prefer it to all systems of ethics; its distinguishing characteristic being to suit the wants and weaknesses of the heart, to ally with the feelings, to be capable of being identified with them, so as to elevate, to purify, to follow them. A cold and finely-reasoned system of morality may conduct a man through many trying scenes of life, may direct his steps and bear him upright through moments

for a woman, and a woman's heart, for passion
for affection, for love, there is but one creature
one thought that can hallow and console.—

Cornélie looked impatient.

“Think only of the state of woman,” urged
I, “in classic and heathen times?”

“Nay,” said she, “tempt not Cornélie
that topic of discussion. I should be vexed
and warm, and should allow too much advantage
to a sophist like yourself.”

“A sophist?”

“I know of one charm at least, independent
of that recommended and preached by you,
which consoles the heart, and hallows at least
its misplaced or unfortunate affections.—
that is self-denial, self-oblivion.” Cornélie
leaned her head upon her hand, evidently weighing
this very self-oblivion, the effects of which
she boasted.

take, by self-oblivion I meant not forgetfulness. That I do not wish for. With a bleak future, what should one do without a past to dwell on, let that have been ever so sad."

"We can make the future what we will."

"We cannot make it sun shine, if the past o'ershadow it."

"But we have wandered from our argument."

"So let us. The pleasure of society is to converse, not argue."

There was here a pause in our dialogue, from which we were further and finally diverted by the unusual sound of horse's steps upon the little avenue. We had not heard the gates unclosed, and the noise had scarcely reached our ears, when horse and horseman crossed the window in our view.

Cornélie grew very red, and straight after as pale.

The Cavalier's was a handsome, martial figure. He entered, Cornélie hesitated. A

within her mind, and paralyzed an hour.
But the frank soldier seized his welcome, kissed both the pale cheeks of Cornélie, and lay down beside her, masked his own emotion, and he felt any, and dissipated hers with questions, tidings, gay remarks, ejaculations. In a few moments he had set all present at ease except himself, as I knew by the glance which he cast at me, as soon as our recovery from astonishment and dumbness gave respite to his volubility.

This was Colonel Girouette.

It is extremely unpleasant to be the body or third person between a pair of lovers, but it is doubly absurd and disagreeable for a careless, heart-whole, decided bachelor to find himself, in addition to the above awkwardness, the innocent object of jealousy and suspicion to the hot-brained suitor. To be suspected

pected in order merely to be maltreated, and to obtain the subsequent character of a silly pretender discarded, is the very acme of torment and vexation. What is a man to do? If he looks grave, there seems to be reason in the thing, and the affair becomes tragic. If he smiles—it is the natural *ruse*, and exasperation is pre-excited. If he expostulates, he is disbelieved—if he good-humouredly and ironically assents, he is believed.—In short, jealousy excited must have an object to vent itself upon, and even when convinced of its own vanity, must still rage for the sake of consistency, and to preserve its own character as a rational passion. I knew not what to do. The spark of suspicion had fallen, the flame was awakened. Each word and gesture, however warily spoken or artfully chosen, would be as likely to fan as to extinguish it. I wished myself, at the chalet—at the *curé's*. I was at sea, and longed for a spot of dry land,—“long heath, brown furze, any thing.”

Ossian and Oscar, where are they?

"Oscar lies hurt in the mountains, to an accident which he met with in his journey. My father and Ossian have gone to look for him."

"And—"

"Monsieur, allow me to introduce, my friend of M. Thouin's—he was with me when the accident happened."

"Pray, Sir, what was it?"

"A shot," said I.

"And a fall," said Cornélie.

There was a pause.

"Two concise causes," said the

"but quite sufficient to lay up one man who is a stranger in these parts?"

"Altogether so, until a visit of mine to my friends here has rendered

me acquainted with its beautiful

do not wonder that its attractions have detained you so long."

"I need not say, that the family of this mansion have been to me its chief attraction."

"Indeed. I begin to regret my abrupt arrival."

"How should that be? I, for my part, was longing for the coming of a third person: Oscar's accident, and my fatigue in assisting him, having, awkwardly enough, left me the task of keeping up the spirits of Mademoiselle Cornélie."

"The task."

"And a troublesome one—she is most sadly given."

"And my English friend," said Cornélie, rallying, "in order to inspire me with mirth, was treating me with a most serious disquisition on——"

"On what, pray," said Girouette, keenly.

"*Ma foi*," replied Cornélie, smiling and

sence of mind by the young lady's frankness, and looked, no doubt, more than a little guilty, as the Colonel observed, there could not be a more interesting opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*, and certainly not one so well calculated to have effect upon the disposition of spirits of a lady."

"There has been too much of this," Cornélie, rising, and quitting the apartment.

I never met a more frank, gay, fascinating fellow than was Girouette. Half an hour in his company solved for me satisfactorily the enigma, which previously I was quite unable to comprehend, of such a woman as Cornélie remaining attached to a man, who had shewn so many signs of fickleness and caprice. But mere man as he was, in the most

good-humoured, and confessed his very worthlessness in a style so generous and noble, that if the hearer believed him guilty of such pettiness, he could not help believing at the same time all men, even the best, capable of the same. He enhanced himself, not by elevating himself above his fellows, but by degrading them to a level with himself. I had observed such heroic characters in fiction, framed upon the same principle—but then they had always a touch of the tragic, and told even of their failings “in Cambyzes’ vein”—whilst Girouette wore all his imperfections in the comic sock, not the buskin—and even when he sported with the feelings which he possessed, and that intensely, it was by no means in ironic derision of them—there was none of the affectation or exaggeration of romance about him.

When Cornélie left us together, he neither *cut* nor insulted me—the least that I might have expected from a dragoon of rank—but merely spoke forth his suspicions in as few

simply. We were very great friends—
so I thought—in ten minutes.

After an absence of little more than
time, Cornélie returned, armed with an
air than she had been able to assume
flurry occasioned by her lover's arrival.

"I am so sorry, Colonel Girouette, to
only one of the family at home to wait
you. But this accident—It is the more
ward, as you gave my father reason to
you."

"Your father—did not I give the fa
nélie reason also?"

"Reasons, Colonel," said Cornélie
"are a supply, which you abound in, to
lavish of. But in truth I had long ce
expect you."

"A soldier's time and motions, fa

"Be not ashamed to mention the name of your royal master, even to a republican's daughter. Under a constitutional King, I too would be a royalist, if he would permit me. And yet, just as is his cause, and equitable as may be his reign, it took me some time, ere I could regard his rule with a subject's fealty."

"You do then at last—you delight me."

"Ay, *at last*, which only differs from *at first* by a certain degree of sincerity."

"Still ferocious" (*farouche*, the word is untranslatable) "on our ancient subject of dispute. It is time that question were at rest. I can assure you, all the world, save yourself, has forgotten it."

"And the great cause also."

"What—Napoleon—ay, truly, he is in the purgatory of heroism, oblivion."

"And, I believe," said I, anticipating any remarks of the kind, which, as an Englishman, I always love better to speak than listen

"I pray you, Sir, not to name that troller of foul linen," said Girouette, "those Saint Helena paragraphs have re-made me a Bonapartist."

"The persecution of the mighty must have refreshed his party."

"Given life to one already extinct. that his fame wanted was martyrdom. I sincerely, those English gentlemen will son him."

"Poison, Colonel Girouette," said fervently hope not."

"——, they *shall* though."

"Shall, how?"

"Simply, that we are determined to them credit for it, whether or not they be enough to attempt it."

"Suppose you could even bribe them

saint, and a potent rallying-word—an acorn, Sir, that might spring up to overshadow the empire. France has grown sadly civilian of a sudden, moustaches are out of fashion—the aproned *negociant* begins to think that he can do without us, so doth the embroidered marquis, that jostles us at court:—the representative supersedes the officer, the tribune the field of battle—and, in short, without the reaction of a party, at least the mock-organization of one, we *militaires* shall soon be nothing.”

The Colonel seemed to pride himself upon the acuteness of his party views, and evidently the character he was most ambitious of was that of an *intriguant*. I thought it pity, that he did not reserve his subtle opinions in political matters for the ex-conventionalist. On me, amusing as they were, they were thrown away. In Cornélie they evidently excited deep disgust. Still Girouette rattled on,

once pausing, as a British gallant would : must have done, to consider lest his conversation should grow too profound for the ears of our fair companion. These are questions, however, that need never interrupt discourse in foreign life, where neither years nor simple clothes are deemed, as with us, requisite to the attainment of political, and other knowledge equally grave.

Girouette had another motive for his present loquacity. This was the sullen humour with which Cornélie received him, and which seemed to tinge every reply and observation of hers with bitterness. Conversation, he knew, carried on in this spirit would infallibly tend to augment the difference, and could only increase exacerbation. He therefore kept altogether in his own hands, left neither C

syllable, and thus by a kind of gay and varied monologue, he contrived to make the evening pass in good-humour and harmony, although of his two companions one was very dull, and the other in the least amiable of tempers.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN I arose the next morning, at a much later hour than usual, owing to the fatigue of the preceding days, I found that Girouette and Cornélie had had a long and stormy *tête-à-tête*. The prudent father's presence, which had in late interviews calmed the indignant pride and moderated the high and hot feelings of his daughter, was now unluckily wanting. And Girouette, accustomed to glide with success through a gay, thoughtless, conforming world, was irritated by reproaches cast upon him for want of that heroism and consistency, which he deemed absurd. His political feelings or conduct were not those certainly which

most excited the lady's indignation and contempt—but it was to those only that she confined her reproaches—she disdained to accuse that fickleness and time-serving spirit in his private feelings, of which her happiness had been the sacrifice.

He had not encountered from her such pertinacity and coldness before—and the chill struck more powerfully upon him for being unexpected. In fact, his coming had been the termination of a long debate and struggle within him, between honour and love pretty equally mingled on the one hand, and ambition on the other. Love had carried the day victoriously, but not without a struggle, and one of the great supports and pleasures attending his final resolution was the consciousness of acting, in despite of certain sacrifices, what was right and honourable. Now, it cut all at once his self-complacency to the quick, to find that he was penetrated, fathomed, the mean workings of his selfish soul

absence he had flattered himself by imagination. In the arrogance of solitary meditations, we are most apt to under-rate our fellow actors in the scene we contemplate. The rouette had looked on Cornélie as a fond and simple creature, whom his address could make to use his own expression,—whom he could make happy by deceit, and with less than his whole heart.

He came in the pride of his cunning, and the strength of his worldly intercourse and knowledge of mankind. And certainly his vivacity was irresistible at first—it silenced Cornélie—it even won somewhat upon her dislike—and perhaps the continued presence of a third person would have afforded him more opportunities and scope to have had his way. But when they met alone—when no v

baffled by simplicity,—the shallow sincerity, which the worst and weakest put on at times under the influence of an excited resolution, was penetrated and exposed by that which knows no change—the little mind of the intriguer lay unmasked and awed before hers, great in its unity of purpose and thought. Defeated, discovered in all his wiles, Girouette retreated to frankness, to confession, covering meanness with mirth, and self with the false heroism of worldliness. But neither did this avail; the trenchant reproof of want of honesty, both in word and thought, went through all such vain guards. The man was humbled. This was all he gained by the interview, the event of which he had looked upon as too certain, to anticipate or think of it as a triumph.

It was one of those lessons, which, if any thing can reclaim a corrupt heart, they will. De Stael says somewhere, "He, whom we love, is the avenger on earth of all the crimes

we commit. The Divinity lends him his power"—and that, she might have added, not only for castigation and vengeance, but also for correction.

In addition to thus punishing and cutting down the meanly-founded pride of her lover, and at the same time gratifying her own more honest portion of the feeling, Cornélie, had she been the most artful of coquettes, could not have chosen a more effectual mode of regaining as well as reclaiming a fickle, though not altogether a false heart. In his first bitter humiliation he retired to solitude with the determination of at once departing and no more reverting thought or step towards the threshold of La Versière, and in the bitter, though not less buoyant gaiety, which disappointment, in common with other excitements, gives birth to, Girouette congratulated himself upon an escape so little hoped for, and an extrication at once from trammels that tortured his heart and crossed his ambition. But as his spirits

subsided, and that sadness followed, which is so favourable to recollection, and when in consequence the images and associations connected with this, his early and first attachment, came over his memory—mortified too, and sick as he had been rendered of the selfishness and cunning, of which he had just seen a proof of the inefficacy, his old impressions recurred in full and irresistible force. He recalled Cornélie, the simple, enthusiastic girl, that had first won his heart—in womanhood her early virtues, as well as her charms, were now perfected—whilst his gleams of high spirit, and ardent patriotism had been obscured and lost, scarcely betraying a glimmer, except in such a moment of roused thought as then, to mark their having ever existed. How should he now recover that pride of spirit, which he once promised himself to hold? How relume that heroism within him, which mingling with the world had quenched, and which burned alone, to his discernment, in the breast

of the old Conventionalist's daughter? It could only be regained by cherishing his affection for that noble female.

Such were the reflections of his morning's walk, such his last conclusion. And he was right in more senses than he thought of—his maxim was just, even in the abstract.—Our first affections, if wisely and worthily bestowed, are the true Palladium of virtue. With them we are impregnable. Ungarrisoned by them, we are open to all baseness. For when love (by which I mean the early, first, and pure) abandons the young heart, self is sure to enter and take possession.

I encountered the Colonel in his walk, flushed by these thoughts. We conversed. I could scarcely believe it was the same man, so changed, so earnest were both his tone and subject.

"Almighty Love," thought I, "thou canst transform," &c.

"You are a happy, serious, thinking people,"

said he to me, "I wish I were an Englishman."

I could not avoid smiling at the ludicrous fickleness and abruptness of the sentiment. Which I may account for by remarking, that in common with other young Frenchmen, Girouette had two modes of knowing England and its national character, both of which, though as contradictory as opposites can well be, he nevertheless had studied, and he believed both, there too, in common with his countrymen, inclining to one or the other according as it was his whim to bless or curse, to envy or to hate us.

One draft of our character, one section of us, as an architect would say, he had seen in the diatribes of the *Moniteur* under the Imperial regime:—in this we were perfidious, machiavelian, avaricious, starving, slaves, narrow, barbarous, &c. And as an exaggerated picture is always supplied in justice with one of another extreme as a contrast, this he had

seau's "Heloise," where, as the reader knows, we are represented very Grandisons, and *l'anthropes par excellence*. Now, Girouette at present very much dissatisfied with himself and with his country, and being in a revolution of mind, the "Heloise," and its excellent Lord with the barbarous name naturally occurred to him, and produced the triotic remark, which I have set down.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," replied "a man must have some time quarrelled with himself, ere his discontent swells into a fever for his country. There is but one degree further, to which bitterness may reach."

"What may that be, pray?"

"Misanthropy."

"Now you mention it," said he, returning into his usual tone of half-serious, half-t
"I think I do feel considerably misanthropic."

manners come to my aid, I should have been almost tempted to quarrel with you."

"You're bilious, my good Colonel; consult a physician."

"Thou shalt be he—what say you to my pulse?" asked he, stretching forth his arm.

"Nay—the physiognomy alone is sufficient to supply the moral physician with symptoms."

"And what saith my countenance. 'Tis a frank one, I have heard, but of few words, for in truth it saith little."

"Much, Sir, on the contrary, much. It telleth at this moment more than I could well collect—love, pride, vexation. The eyes tell one, the brow another, and many a quivering muscle tells the third."

"What more, Sir—you deserve a conjuror's fee?"

"That flush bespeaks a new train of thought—that lip, unnaturally compressed, a resolution not habitual to a fickle humour."

"'Sdeath ! Sir, what necromancer are you ?"

" One of Lavater's followers, even of that Swiss philosopher, whom ye slew at Zurich."

" He perished no doubt like another Archimedes, while studying the physiognomy of Massena. But where's your remedy for this sad complication of ills ?"

" I have been summoned late with my advice. Another and more powerful physician has ministered the proper drug."

" And what may that have been ?"

" Let the physician speak for herself, if you durst question her."

As I spoke, Cornélie appeared.

" What a lovely being, such a queen-like gait—there must be a sublime air amongst these hills, that communicates itself to beauty—she is wonderfully changed and improved, Cornélie La Versière,—is she not ? But you have not known her long."

" Yet you must have seen her, Colonel, in

the rich saloon, in the queen of cities, Paris, rivalling its proudest fair."

"No more to the Cornélie of this Swiss solitude, than Montmartre is to yon Alp."

"True—the lonely bird hath ever the sweetest note, and the solitary star of evening hath a hundred vows and eyes directed towards it, for every one that coldly admires the galaxy of a crowded heaven."

"You put me in mind of Ossian, who pesters one with similes—it is not that—'tis that the mind really expands in solitude, especially of such noble scenes, and acquires, as hers hath done, a wilder and more independent spirit."

The lady now joined us: and the glance of the soldier quailed to that of the maiden.

"We were even speaking of you," said Girouette.

"Indeed—what words had ye to expend?"

"We were comparing the Cornélie of society, of the metropolis, to her who is the exile's daughter."

"I thought, Colonel, that you had some time since discovered the difference."

"Never till this moment, Cornélie."

"I cannot believe your discernment so tardy. Have you never perceived corruption in the exile's blood, or a certain atmosphere around the dwelling of the old revolutionist, most pernicious and blighting to modern ambition. Are we not altogether past, and out of the mode, this coiffure, as well as the dearest feelings of this heart? Changed, say you—you are right indeed."

"He were a cold and selfish wretch, whose thoughts were these."

"Are they not yours?"

"No, by mine honour."

"Answer as frankly, have they never been?"

The soldier hesitated. Her searching eye was upon him. "If they have ever intruded for an instant, more worthy thoughts have soon chased them away."

“Ah! that *instant*, and that *soon*.”—I turned from them, down the garden walk.

“Pardon, then, dear Cornélie,” said the soldier, sinking on one knee, “I have confessed the worst, more even than the truth, in hopes of mitigating your anger. I am repentant and swear eternal truth.”

“Think you then, good Sir, that you have but to swear in order to be believed, or that bringing one knee to earth is punishment sufficient to my vengeance. Or that even if I did believe that for the moment you were sincere, I should promise more than to forgive and to—forget.

“Oh—this is too much—you are cruel, unreasonable—”

I heard no more, until returning, as my steps again brought me near to them.

“My sentiments changed,” said Cornélie, repeating no doubt a question of his; “they are—that is, they are not changed, but obliterated. I care for none beyond my family—

yond that circle, they are yet to be awake

" 'Tis well, Mademoiselle."

" Or re-awakened," said the lady. " But I said, more urgent business presses than arguments."

" Business, of what urgent kind can solitudes afford? The vintage—but that be left to ruder hands."

" 'Tis neither agricultural nor house business, Colonel—but some that require absence upon a distant ride. My father Ossian will be home before evening, and I self ere that.—You cannot lack amusement."

" Surely I can accompany you."

" Impossible—that cannot be."

" You will require some attendant in wild, mountain paths."

" Monsieur," replied Cornélie, turning to who had by that time approached " w

"Am I to consider this as vengeance, Cornélie?"

"As whim, if you so wish it."

"Then I may turn my horse's head towards Strasbourg—."

"You had better tarry to see my father, and repose yourself and steed at least one day."

"Repose, indeed," cried the Colonel in no calm tone, "when woman's hand pours the opiate."

CHAPTER X.

I OBEYED the young lady, silent and obsequious as a mute, and all as ignorant whither her command tended. The jealousy of Girouette was of course re-awakened, and his anger, right well pleased, as such passion always is, to find itself converted into vengeance by having an object offered to it, already vented itself upon me in frowns and scintillating glances. He gave us to understand in parting that he remained for my sake, as much as for the lady's ; and, uninfluenced as I was, by any of the pugnacious passions of love, jealousy, or resentment, I felt the conveyed hint to be no compliment.

Our horses had some time quitted the pine-encircled mansion of the exile, as well as the subjacent village, ere I recovered from my astonishment, and requested of Cornélie some explanation of her conduct, of this journey, and of the necessity of its being unshared by Colonel Girouette.

“You have not guessed then what my purpose is?”

“To visit Oscar.”

“No—I go to speak with the father of Marie.”

“And of Paul.”

“Even so. But of Paul’s fate he cannot yet be certain. And if I can in the mean time reconcile him to Marie, and assure him that she shall make one of our family, the heavy ills, with which misfortune has visited him, will be alleviated.”

“Are you certain that Oscar, that your father will——”

“They must, they shall. In this cause of

we trebly owe to this unhappy father
prevail."

"I thought that little good consequence
ensue from this journey, and interview
exasperated man. "The first preliminary
be to confess your brother guilty of
crime at least," said I, "and who can
the old man will bear the tidings, the
information of what he suspected, coming
your mouth. His passion may vent
some way even hazardous to you. I
least you must expect, and for what
all this hazarded?"

"Nay," said Cornélie, "it is we
first wronged, and must first risk.
throw myself upon the old man, will
him, will beseech him, to forgive his
and her lover."

"But you know not how deep ma

perseverant my entreaties. I am but a woman, and an unhappy one—he cannot see in me a fiend.”

“He may have learned the fate of Paul, and by the hand of whom?”

“Then ’twill be but the one task to appease his resentment on all accounts,—to inform him of the whole truth, which he certainly will not have heard. And my father’s ill-judged plan of concealment will so be done away with.—I am determined—there is no use in your attempts to dissuade. You have hitherto evinced friendship for us, and will not in this instance permit me to be badly insulted.”

“As far as my arm and devotion can serve you, lady, count upon it. Yet I wish Colonel Girouette had been allowed to accompany us, as much for his peace as for our safety.”

“What Girouette knows, Paris knows. And my father would be outrageous, if he thought the Colonel acquainted with this unfortunate

Oscar's. It were impossible to tell his

"Nay, but your cruelty was extreme

"Be not so lavish of your sympathy
bestow it upon Colonel Girouette. I
profoundly selfish, that man, that v
may be his sufferings, he will surely
some gratification from them, either in
of his interest or his vanity. I have
him to evince the keenest sensibility
ment, to boast of his feelings the seco
the third to turn them into derision, an
he was sincere."

I smiled at such depth and penetratio
cially in a character of *great traits*, if I
the expression. For the penetration and
ledge of their fellows, possessed by so
to an eminent degree, springs chiefly fr
self-knowledge, and their similarity

you as the occasion of this, and to transfer the grudge to you."

"He honours me, more than he doth Cornélie La Versière."

"There is the true Englishman, stiff and courteous, as an old Spaniard, when it behoves him to speak gallant."

"Ah! Cornélie—if I were not past the young years of love, and did not the memory of one that is no more, at least to me, deter each tender thought, he might indeed see a rival in me, or more properly I in him."

"At another moment I could be merry on this score," replied she, "and at another I would hear, if you would deign to tell it, the story of her, who reigns the queen of your thoughts—we shall be the better friends for that confession, for there is a free-masonry of passion, which binds the initiated together—but as to his jealousy, heed it not, 'tis like his love, put on."

"I do think, you wrong his sincerity, Cornélie."

“Do you think so?” and she mused, as if the contradiction pleased her. Perhaps she had been thus severe in her character of Girouette, in order to induce me to become his defender—but I am so dull, that these little tricks of woman never reach my perceptions, till it is too late to play in their favour.

Meantime we had made progress on our mountain road, which, though not the same, lay pretty much in the same direction with that, which I had pursued in company with the brothers. It was much more tedious than that straight foot-path, but in company with Cornélie I noted little its descents and ascents, and interminable windings. Although indeed she was too much absorbed in the anxious causes and object of her journey to continue or renew the conversation.

Breque, I remember, was the name of the unhappy father of Paul and Marie. We espied his habitation, high and far, long ere we approached it, and even the first distant sight of

a place, whither we were bound on such a fearful errand, to face the just fury of an agonized parent, was not marked, even by me, without a nervous sensation. Cornélie, who was not without similar misgivings, but hastened her speed on that account, to shorten the painful prelude of anxiety. And in a little time we found ourselves at the outer gate of M. Breque's dwelling.

No sound came from within; not one of the crowd that loiter round a Swiss farm was to be seen:—herds and shepherds had been dispatched far away, that their bustle might not break in upon the gloom of the house of sorrow. We entered, and tied our horses to the gate, menaced rather than welcomed by the howlings of a pair of hounds.

Their warnings, however, did not seem to arouse any of the inmates, for, as we entered the house, Breque himself sate in his arm chair opposite the rude *poele*, or stove, that formed the fire-place of the apartment. It was a chill

day upon these heights, though autumn drew not yet near to its close: and the old man sate with hands stretched forth, as if to gather heat from the stove, that was yet without fire.

He started from his reverie, as he beheld us, but instead of rising, he merely waved his arm, and put it from him, signifying that we should begone, and not intrude upon his solitude. Cornélie, however, continued to advance. The old man struck his hand upon his head as fretfully, as if he had been disturbed in a dream of pleasure; and then in abstraction, more than in anger, for he scarcely looked to note who we were, he seized the arm of Cornélie, to put her gently forth from the door. His countenance seemed to say, I need no idle visits of consolation.

Cornélie seized the arm that forced her along, and hanging from it, said, "Let me stay, and speak with you, Sir; I am the daughter of La Versière."

As if he had discovered that he held a viper,

the old man loosened his grasp, and recoiled ;
"Thou, the daughter of the regicide—have I
within my reach one of that deceitful mur-
derous family?" and after gazing an instant,
he clenched his teeth, and pressed his closed
hands to his eyes, delighted and yet struggling
with the horrid idea of vengeance, that was
present to his mind.

"Go away," cried he, stamping, "quit my
house, my mountains, fly, or I cannot resist—
if it once more were thy brother," and he ran
forward and seized her, whilst I stood betwixt
him and the object of his passion, and com-
pelled him to loose his hold, "I would, I
would—" and disengaged from Cornélie, he
took from the wall a knife, of that vulgar and
horrid kind, which was daily imbrued in the
blood of his flock.

"Would you assassinate a woman, and
within your own walls?" cried I to him, at the
same time vainly endeavouring to urge Cor-
nélie to retire.

"No, no," roared he; "but it is pleasure to think what I might do, and do in justice—'twould be but blood for blood."

"Think it not,—my brother has not been guilty of blood," said Cornélie.

"Where then is Paul, my son?"

"Has he too perished?" asked I, wishing to draw from the old man how much of his misfortunes he knew, and at the same time inciting him to vent his sorrow and resentment in words.

"Hath he, Sir? Ask at home, or of this girl,—look here"—and he displayed the tattered rags of the unfortunate youth's garment—"look here—my son's body, my own flesh—was"—and the old man sunk faint in his chair.

"Oh Heaven!" cried Cornélie, in agony, "that it were no crime to kill me, and that he would, so blotting out his sorrow, his vengeance, and the crimes of Oscar."

The head and pale countenance of the for-

lorn father, rolled on the high chair's back, and he muttered, "The child of my old age, mine only son, and my Marie too—why did they tear me from him" (rousing up) "why was I not let to wreak my vengeance on him, when he was in my power—they gave me my dead child for comfort, two, three, all dead—murdered, and no vengeance—"

Cornélie again seized his hand. "It was Oscar's misfortune," she said, "more than his crime. Paul sought vengeance, there was a struggle for life, and one succumbed."

"Fiend," said Breque, "fiend, beautiful as thou art, is it for this you have come, to increase my anguish by these mock excuses,—or would you tempt me to crime, to murder—me—"

"Will my tears, will any suffering, wash away those crimes?"

"Why have ye come? what brought you?" roared the frantic old man, as the only answer.

"To beseech you, to win you, to forgive Marie—"

"Ha! ha!" Breque gave two sounds of an hideous laugh, "forgive Marie"—and he gazed at her, staring with anger, frenzy, astonishment, and yet with some horrible delight mingled.

"Yes, to forgive her, to forgive us, to know her as one of us, the wife of Oscar, my sister, allied with souls of purity and honour, though the world has blackened our name."

"How fair and soft she speaks, with what a tone and truth, as if—nothing had happened. Gentle as my own child—the regicide's, the atheist's daughter—"

"Do not, Sir, echo back the senseless clamours of the ignorant. My father would not harm a fly."

"No, for a fly's not human—the vulture, that preys on man, disdains to stoop on lesser quarry."

"What shall I say—what plead?" said Cor-

nélie, "he is frantic and inexorable. Will you forgive your daughter?"

"Forgive—the sinless girl—who could have found crime in her—it was her curse, not crime, to listen to that fiend—Heaven knows that I forgive her," exclaimed he, clasping his hands.

"And you will see her?" said Cornélie, forcing herself to smile.

"Have you seen her?" asked Breque.

"No, but I fly this instant to bear your promise to her."

"She is here."

"Who? Marie?"

"Would you see her?"

The expression of Breque's countenance was indescribable, 'twas petrifying—there was a horrid something in its calmness that held Cornélie dumb.

He rose, took hold of her, and passing his hand convulsively across his brow, he moved towards an inner apartment. I followed,

spell-bound ; but had not entered, when a shriek from Cornélie precipitated my steps.

The beautiful form of Marie, that I had last seen clinging round the neck of Oscar, here lay extended, pale in death, her little infant, to which she had since given birth, in her arms, slumbering the same last sleep with its mother.

The father, with rigid countenance, pointed to his child and grandchild, holding up at the same time the wretched tatters, all that remained of his beloved son. Cornélie sunk senseless to the earth ; after an instant's stupor, I bore her from the apartment : and it was many minutes, ere the old man broke from his fixed and silent attitude ; and as I beheld La Versière's daughter slowly recover, I was glad to hear the hapless father fling himself down, and vent his sorrow in a flood of tears.

CHAPTER XI.

I COULD not hope for some time to raise Cornélie upon her steed, and recommence our journey homewards. She lay upon the threshold. Some of the family, the sisters of the unfortunate Marie, had come forth from the hiding and weeping-places, whither the terror of their father, as well as sorrow, had driven them. Monsieur Thouin also soon after made his appearance—to my delight, for I feared some fresh paroxysm or extravagance on the part of the old man.

He was surprised indeed at seeing us. He did all to soothe and restore Cornélie, but she still remained in a state of torpid grief. From

were yet unknown to me, and which
duced the fatal catastrophe.

Some straggling hunter had lit upon
mains of Paul, and had instantly
word to the Breques, as it was known
for a day or two the youth had been
Breque instantly sallied forth, and was
too well convinced of his son's fate.
He climbed the rocks; on the snow
and on the fatal ledge, marks and foot-
prints were discovered—following the track
led them to the hidden chalet. Meeting
there, the crisis of her dangerous
proaching, which the sudden appearance
her angry father hastened, rendered more
dangerous and finally fatal. The wounded
was too weak to defend himself or help
he rose and made the attempt. It

master, more than from humanity, restrained him from taking life for life. In the end, he was flung from the chalet, unpierced by weapon, but not without the expectation that he must perish from neglect and cold. Marie was borne home, where she had scarcely arrived, when she gave birth to a child. The rest I knew—more even than Thouin, who in his humanity was anxious that some one should be dispatched to rescue the unfortunate and imprudent Oscar. I told him, that his father and brother must have found him on the preceding evening, not many hours after the discovery and catastrophe had taken place. This satisfied the pastor, who, after a few words of consolation to Cornélie, entered, and hastened to calm the intemperate grief of Breque.

The old man welcomed and humbled himself before his spiritual guide and friend; and during the remainder of a long interview, the sounds of outrageous grief, of vengeance, or de-

Quiet again reigned in the house of
and Cornélie at length recovered
sufficient to express her wish to me
should depart. With my aid she
lingered in doubt, wishing to speak a
word to some of the family. But the
ters shunned her as a spectre, and al
one or two had been in the apartment
she lay quiescent, she no sooner st
arise, than they fled with one accord.

We turned therefore to depart, when
sieur Thouin and Breque came fr
apartment, in which they had been to
and the latter, with a calm in his dem
that we had not before observed, appr
Cornélie.

"I thank you for your coming," s
checking himself as he was about t

—I knew not what I did. Forgive me”—and the old man seized her hand, and shed tears.

“Forgive you,” replied Cornélie, with a piercing voice, “it is not my part to forgive—alas! it is yours, and, I fear, cannot be hoped from you. It were not just.”

“Forgiveness is a Christian virtue,” said the pastor, “we all require it, and must extend it.”

“Justice must take its course,” said Breque.

“We have no cause to fear that.”

The old man smiled, and shook his head. We departed. We rode for some distance slowly. Cornélie at length said,

“What power Monsieur Thouin seemed to have had over the despair and fury of this unfortunate parent. My entreaties were not less urgent, not less eloquent, for I felt. Yet at my voice his fury raged the more—at his ’twas calm.”

“The power of his ministry,” said I, “of the creed he preaches.”

"I have seen indeed an example of its power in sorrow. But it did not overcome M. Breque's vengeful thoughts, although it brought him to calmness, and to profess forgiveness."

"Even that was much—beyond my expectation."

"Poor Marie!"

We exchanged not another word, till we reached home, which was not for some hours after night had fallen. La Versière was in doubt and fear on account of her absence, which the circumstance of Girouette's presence and surmises increased. He and Ossian had succeeded in bringing home Oscar, who was delirious, but who had nevertheless made known to them the discovery and bearing off of Marie by her parent. Her untimely death was yet to burst on the youth's ear, to crown his misfortunes and despair. Cornélie related to her father the journey we had taken, what we had heard and seen. And now that the

hazard was past, he was not a little pleased that it had taken place—its boldness would contradict any imputation of that plan of concealment, which he had first recommended and had since repented. And the ire of Breque, softened already, must be still more so, when he came to reflect on the way in which La Versière's daughter had flung herself upon him, and had braved his resentment for the sake, as she hoped, of reconciling him to his lost daughter.

There remained, however, still sufficient to keep his fears alive, for Oscar's health, for the criminal process that might be instituted against him, and his own tranquillity, likely to be disturbed, when this fresh cause of notoriety would cause the ex-conventionalist's residence in their territory to be discussed in the senate of Berne. In addition to these, Colonel Girouette's inopportune arrival had made him acquainted with fresh points of the family history, calculated still more to alienate

How little such thoughts allowed I sleep, I could conjecture, from the weariness, in which they kept even me, fatigue comparatively unimplicated, though not undisturbed. The light beamed through my lattice and the fresh morning breeze shook the curtains against it, ere I sunk into slumber. But even this late rest I was not permitted to enjoy—being startled out of it by—no other than my friend Girouette. The Colonel, armed and caparisoned, to my chamber begged, without phrase or circumlocution, that I would descend with him to the garden to satisfy him by defending myself against his sword and sabre. I never was in less humour, even to perform the necessary preliminaries to such a step, getting up in the first instance, and other exertions equally troublesome. The soldier

To begone, I saw, was his intent, and that also an excuse for going was another requisite for him, which an encounter with me, affording flagrant proof of his jealousy, would give him. The circumstances, he had just heard or witnessed, had evidently made impression upon his fickle mind, and had thrown him back into his previous irresolution—to which, moreover, Cornélie's just severity on the preceding day largely contributed. Not that he was resolved to forsake her:—like all weak characters, not resolution, but irresolution was his repose—and he longed to be at a distance, where he might calmly re-consider the state of the case, taking into account the new events, which threw fresh light on the amiability and respectability of La Versière's family.

With these profound and profoundly selfish motives the Colonel awoke me from my slumber by a challenge to single combat, to which I lent a very slumbrous ear. He insisted, I expostulated, and pleaded the idleness of his

courage or rather alacrity, which dowsi
kept down. I therefore did arise, bu
jected *in limine* to sword or sabre, as an in
ment of decision betwixt us, declaring
with truth, that I had never wielded a pi
offensive iron, since and save once a po
the days of my college life. Very vali
however, I promised to acquiesce in an
cies of fire-arms he should select, or i
distance for discharging them not exce
eight paces, for being no experienced s
love that arrangement which sets skill
with simple straight-forwardness.

I do not wish to impute the least w
courage to the Colonel, but in truth he d
seem to relish the arrangement, nor to
the purchase of a good excuse at so e
gant a risk. Luckily, however, for both

his wounded brother. The Colonel had depended on his sword for defence both to his person and honour during his journey—and my neat English pocket-pistols I had many weeks previous presented to Oscar, who had admired them.

Thus disappointed, Colonel Girouette shook me cordially by the hand, and rode off Strasburgh-ward.

At any other moment his abrupt departure would have affected Cornélie, if not grieved her. At present she learned it from me at the breakfast-table with no emotion, save the smile that evinced she knew him. To old La Versière on the contrary, this appeared the most dreadful blow of all; he ardently wished for Cornélie's union with the officer of rank; and, I believe, such wish of his being thwarted, was the only pang Cornélie felt in what she understood to be Girouette's final adieu to her.

But the state and sufferings of Oscar ab-

was wild and dangerous, even before he did, that Marie was safe in the hands of her father. What, if he knew the truth? The ejaculation that we all uttered. I need not say, how affectionately and unremittingly Cornélie tended the bedside of her brother. Oscar's love was, if possible, even more devoted and affectionate. Other considerations than Oscar's actual danger, occurred in the mind of Cornélie, of his possible process of probable revenge and intemperate conduct when he should be recovered, and of the gloomy future that awaited a youth whose rash and ungoverned passions. But her chief interest was for the present altogether absorbed in his brother's health and recovery :—she was not so acquainted with sorrow as he

future ones. For myself I began to feel that I could no longer trespass upon the hospitality of this kind family, or intrude my presence upon their private sorrows, welcome although in truth I believe I was to share both. But other objects called me away, and other purposes, which I had forgotten in my listless wanderings by the Doubs. Even had there not been these reasons for my removal, my restless spirit would not have failed to invent some very cogent ones to effect its everlasting and unwearied whims of locomotion.

I signified my intentions therefore to my sorrowing and anxious friends. They no longer pressed my stay. But the warmth of their farewell, told me that they were weary neither of my company nor friendship. To revisit the family, I promised faithfully both to myself and them: and both Cornélie and Ossian were to correspond with me. I embraced them, as I dare not even a brother in

journey to Coire, did one of my old *poor*
rante thoughts occur to profane my fe
and my friendship.

CHAPTER XII.

'Twas coming winter, and every wanderer, like myself, was scaping, or indeed had scaped, from the snows of Switzerland. I crossed the Splugen, that had the charm to me of being the wildest and most untrodden pass over the higher Alps to Italy. Its greatest charm, however, is the contrast which it affords in its descent—from Mont Cenis, the traveller drops into the plain of Piedmont, as vast and unvaried in its kind as the mountains he has quitted,—from Mont St. Bernard and the Simplon are reached the vallies of Aosta and Domo d'Ossola, lovely and luxuriant, it is true, but still we are introduced by degrees to their peculiar charms, which after all are not unique—from the wild and rugged Splugen,

figuratively speaking, *a la ramasse*, and being launched from its rocks and snows your descent terminate in decidedly the liest and most unrivalled of earth's scenes the Lake of Como.

Methought I had left woe and winter behind, when I embarked upon its li wave, fanned by the mild and luckily ad gale of autumn—for had it been favou 'twould have blown from the chill Alps forced me to exchange my sentiment for a cloak.—Its waters were as clear and spark its palaces as white, its ever-greens as ver as if winter, its very next-door neigh never deigned to visit it. 'Tis sweet, saith Italian poet, when at peace and in happi to recollect the woe that we have witne and that is past. 'Tis sweeter still in

such is the vivifying and inspiriting gaiety that reigns around, the sojourner may give himself to the enjoyment of sensibility and sorrow, without fear of external gloom coming to deepen the shade, and darken pleasure into pain. There did I sit down, and write, fresh from memory, what the reader has perused.

The pens of Ossian and his sister have, for a few pages' further progress in the story, relieved mine. It was from their correspondence, that I myself derived the knowledge of the circumstances that happened during my absence in Italy; and their simple substitution, in lieu of recomposing their contents, may serve to vary the tone of my narrative.

The first letter, from Ossian, I received at Milan, where other, though not more powerful fascinations, than those of the exile's Swiss cottage, detained me some time:

this first, that I may proceed more at my
with this letter.

“ I am used to have few wishes, but one
I have always entertained, was to light
a friend of a foreign country—and that not
Italian or Spaniard, or any native of those
intellectual countries, where friendship only
is mere herding—nor did I fancy a German
intimate, being one of such a disjoined and
scattered nation, is tantamount to being of
When I said to myself *foreign*, I meant not
that uncontinental country, whom from rivalry
we are prepared to respect; in short, I meant
an Englishman, like yourself. And I have
been gratified, certainly at the expense of
little vanities, and the paring away of
few prejudices, the operation of losing
pained me to the quick. How soon a

rests?—how vain and idle he grows in his confidence?—Chance sends another individual to break upon the sameness of this solitude—another mind with a new view of things and another world of ideas. In an instant the charm is broken—the system unhinged—and the fabrics of the solitary's reason and judgment prove as frail and evanescent before the rude arguments of a brother, as the more proverbially frail castles of the imagination are found before a broad gleam of daylight, or an abrupt intrusion.

“What a revolution such an accident as thy visit has wrought in my mind, for example? Let us pass by matters of taste, though there the change is infinite. But in more serious objects:—even now I look forth from my window on the setting sun, that glorious object which I have so often contemplated with the melancholy but contented thoughts of one, that knows no future beyond the span of his mortal existence, and my reflection is, that

luminary, we may promise ourselves a glorious rising, a morrow, and an imperishable existence. This obvious thought must seem mon-place to you, but to me how non-consoling, to me whom fate has marked out as an outcast and a predestined sufferer! I can do as yet but contemplate the possibility of such a gigantic truth, but that possibility is all that glimpse!—how my imagination ranges through the vista, and revels in the future.

“If I ever believe, what I earnestly believe, I shall thank my stars for not having been born a Christian; you may talk of the firmness and sweetness consequent on religious thoughts and associations being blended with faith,—but no, nothing of that kind can ever rival or resemble the delight I feel, at

one of hope, a bestial looking forward to annihilation, like a brute dignified with the prescience of seeing the butcher's knife in the future, and no more—this not having known, you cannot compare with the sublime consciousness of immortality :—But I can. I have experienced both. And the charm, not of mere novelty, but of having so noble and novel a world unexpectedly opened to one, is a higher source of pleasure, even to consider it in no other light, than any I have experienced or could imagine.—But you have already warned me to be sparing of these subjects in a letter, a sort of study which we never betake ourselves to in a reasoning mood ; so I leave much for some future conversation on some solemn calm eve, if not in our Swiss pine-grove, which daily becomes less likely to continue our haunt, in some other solitude at least, for that must be the exile's abode : and of a solitude, be the aspect what it will, the mind can always make a sublime,

there is no likelihood of what you most
a trial ; although powerful influence
exerted against us. Such accidents
pass, you observed, in your country,
be the appearance of innocence, with
investigation. Perhaps with you this is
sary. But in this simple land, the
dread of criminal processes—the man
recoil from such tasks, as a coward
engagement, or a girl from a tale of horror
all are glad, that crimes, extreme in
though not diabolical in purpose, be
over and forgotten. This forbearance
on the present melancholy occasion, they
see at the same time that it is not from
ness towards us. All the petty mean
derhand persecution are beginning to
practice ; and we already feel the first

causeless enmity borne to us by the vulgar, has swoln greatly since the late circumstances. Bigotry hath in this instance unfortunately got the support of reason, and we must submit. Indeed how can we complain, with Motiers almost in our view—Motiers, whence the mild, philanthropic, almost infantine Rousseau, was stoned forth by a mob, that mistook his innocence for sorcery, the fame of his eloquence and feeling, for impiety.

“The present object of our solicitude is to acquaint Oscar with his loss, with the whole truth respecting Marie. I would inform him of it by degrees, but my father says, no—and adds, that he must reprove Oscar seriously, and conclude his reproof with that fearful moral consequent upon his imprudent and passionate conduct. I argue and protest strongly against this resolution. I know Oscar, and think it far more likely to make him ten times more rash and ungoverned, than he has been. But my poor father dreams that he is

those rigid purposes, for which past
tenderness hath ill prepared us.

“Cornélie herself droops less than
these late accidents seem to have cast
her energies. Misfortunes, provided
active and bustling ones, animate her
they oppress me; the silent sorrow, like
like a canker, into her health and spirit
but agree perfectly with my temper.
Strange contrariness of circumstances
who could live contented with an un-
heart, and think it a source of pride
emptied from the weak sentiments of
could buoy herself with high hopes,
man as she is, could embrace in her arms
and sympathies the whole world; poli-
moral, she is bowed down and tortured
affection to an individual—whilst I,

“ —like the ivy, was formed to entwine,
And to lean to the nearest and loveliest thing,”

have never yet been doomed to find the object, in which I wish to pour forth my whole soul. And in the absence of that love, which is a want to a soul like mine, I am driven perforce to speculate, and to exert my imagination and sympathies on objects foreign to my nature—I search the wide regions of philosophy, of politics too, for somewhat to absorb my interest. I find at times some name that, I fancy, does so—liberty perhaps, or Platonic virtue, on the *perfectibility* of some other teacher—but it is all in vain—one short revolution of the sun disgusts me with my fancied idol, and so, half eager, half disgusted, I flit, like a butterfly, in search of another. What idle dreams are mine? what mad projects?—Do you know, I have been meditating seriously for these two days past, setting forth to South America, to combat by the side of the patriots against the despot's slave, Morillo. For Oscar, too, it

Conclude—the project may vanish, like
of its fellows ; I have at any rate derived
pleasure from the idea, and have,
made it minister materials to the poet
of the day. I have scribbled many
Byronism, for since you introduced
Childe Harold, I cannot cast my thoughts
any other mould. Let me gratify myself
transcribing some of the stanzas, that
see I have profited by your lessons,
in the spirit of the modern poet
country :

Is the ship moving ?—yes—all steadily,
And sporting with the waves, that round her
Leap emulous, and sing their sweet good-by,
Reluctant wheeling round the churlish bow.—
I have a love for them, I know not how,
And with a shade of sadness look behind
On the calm path of waters, where but now
We glid in peace along—the lonely mind
Even in the passing wave companionship will find

The breeze leans silently upon the sail

Unfurl thy pennon wide, thou mountain queen,
Let thy volcanoes thunder o'er the wave,
And pour their lava-tribute to the main
To greet our flag of freedom, and the brave,
Who come to plant it firm, albeit on their grave.

Sweep on, ye lazy clouds, and you, my bark,
On, swiftly on, that in your fleet career
My soul may mingle, and relume its spark,
That this still eve has quenched ; for in mine ear
These shallow murmurings clamour for a tear.
Lift up thy voice, old Ocean, as thou wert
Right conscious of the glorious freight you bear,
And this sad flow of childish thought divert,
That ill befits the bard's, and less the warrior's heart.

* * * * *

Hark ! the breeze freshens, and th' awakened surge
Grows loud in its acclaim, and lashes strong
The stubborn vessel with its foaming scourge,
Yet still she sweeps unswervingly along,
In giant measure to the wind-harp's song.
The sick mast strains, till th' ear expects a crash ;
The tight cord whistles with its frittering tongue,
And should the prow yield from the ocean's lash,
The helmsman windward wheels her with a bounding plash,

O'ersheeting the slant deck with silvery spray,
That falls, like snow-flakes, melting to a tide,
In gurgling channels fretting its steep way
To meet its parent brine. While ocean-plied
Bold swings the bark, the cradle of young Pride
Rocked by Enthusiasm, as it were,
By the all-hushing tempest lullabied,

Oh! that I were less wise, and born of y
Mid that Promethean, spirit-giving race,
Which erst in Hellas taught, that I might
Mine orisons to thee, and in thy place,
Bright star, behold Aurora's ruddy face,
Feel that a zephyr's living pinion fanned
My fevered cheek, and in the rude gust trace
The passage of some spirit of command,
Or that of milder Genius in a breath more free

Yet now for us a nobler spirit is
The monarch of the mind. I may not raise
To such my thoughts, my hopes, my sympathies
For they have grown and grovelled all the while
And they have met sweet flowerets in the dust
Though they were earthly—there they clasp
Contented as their freshness decays,
Content to burst forth with some future spring
Content to be no more, if there be no such thing

"I see you upon reading this,
knit your brows, such being never
nification of displeasure, but rather
that habitual smile, which all men
for good nature, if they knew it

but, however, to hasten and continue their retreat. My muse mopes somewhat after this, but the concluding stanzas bespeak better thoughts.

It shall not be :—the pride of thought forbid,
That doth uplift its watch-tower to the Heaven,
From whom the past and future are unhid,
The caverns of th' abyss asunder riven,
To whom the keys of fate are darkly given,—
Whose birthright is to live immortally
A spirit of unwearied wing,—whose haven
Lies where the stars are moored in yon blue sea,
Where ebbless sleeps the tide of deep eternity.

Forbid it, oh ! ye winged messengers,
Who to mine hours of contemplation stoop,
Iris-like, from on high, suffused in tears,
Yet redolent of promise and of hope.
Here, as through Fancy's idle maze I grope
In speculation blind, fair form, descend—
Teach me with Sorrow's suasive power to cope,
Shake off her cypress bonds, and manly wend
My liberated steps to some more glorious end.

P. S. "I really know not what to think of Girouette's brief visit and abrupt departure. My father is grieved beyond measure. Cornélie will not speak. I am sorry that I did

at least what you think. His countenance
looked like sincerity, if his departure
led one to construe all as an insult.
Marianne reproached him. Had she
To assume such as a pretext for being
is meanness. I know not what
that man, I never knew:—but
nevertheless, he shall not have trifled with
impunity.”

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER a short interval Cornélie wrote to me to Genoa :

" Monsieur et ami,

" I MUST keep my promise of assisting Ossian to transmit to you an account of Oscar's health. He suffered a dreadful relapse, owing to his being told suddenly and angrily by our father of the fate of Marie, which he had caused. All the strength of the house was scarcely sufficient to confine him to his bed. His frenzy raged beyond all bounds. He vowed a hundred times the death of Breque, upon whom, as we told him, ven-

he had inflicted by anticipation :
been but in possession of his habit
another crime might have been ad
talogue already too weighty. He
present, mute stricken at the blow,
suppressed vengeance, if not again
against the whole of human kind.
not how to resist or overcome this
misanthropy, which in him woul
passive, or satisfied to vent itself
Even my father, whose slightest w
used to reverence, now finds his
mocked at, and all the noble stoici
he knows so well how to act up
teach, bitterly ridiculed and vehem
temned by his son. This grieves hi
all, beyond measure.

“ As to Ossian, he has turned de

Sir; and my father says, that if the Breques have occasioned him the loss of one son, you and M. Thouin, but principally you, have robbed him of another. He has learned to exclaim in your superstitious tongue,

"Hang up philosophy;"

and argues that the best and noblest ethics, such as actuated and contented the heroes and statesmen of the ancient world, are wretched nostrums, inefficient as guide or medicine to a passionate mind—nay, he preaches resignation to Oscar on a Jesuit's terms. Oscar raves at this—my father says, his sons are fit personifications of madness and folly. I could be angry, did I not think both to be paroxysms, that will exhaust themselves and disappear, but for the present they are truly troublesome and degrading.

"There is no longer any doubt that we shall leave this. We have already commenced preparations for removal. The neighbourhood of Basle my father fixes upon for his next

resting-place,—but whether to be his final one or not, remains with fate and his persecutors. To me, all corners of the world are alike welcome and agreeable—the same feeling of unmerited misfortune will hallow the barren scene, that will sadden the smiling one; and fortunately my past life and future hopes offer on either side neither causes of regret or of impatience.

“No tidings since from the strange being whom you met here, who indeed had every cause for his abrupt departure and subsequent silence. My brothers, however, will not believe this. Pray do you bear me out in writing the truth to them. I would not for the world, that such trifling acquaintanceship of mine should prove another cause of strife. But Oscar is in search of objects of anger, and even Ossian joins him in unjust indignation against C. Girouette. They talk of writing, demanding explication, and involving us again in anxiety and despair. Do exert yourself on

this occasion. You have influence over Ossian at least, and he, perhaps, is in this instance the most unreasonable."

Meantime the winter rolled over my head at Chiavari, where I had arranged to spend it with a friend suffering under ill health and dejection, maladies that wore off in that delicious clime. The great and only excitement that we needed there, was afforded us by our weekly receipt of letters from friends o'er the sea. I had few indeed even in my own land. But I enjoyed my friend's solicitude, as he broke the well-known seals; his family became mine for the moment; and although I scarcely would, and scarcely did speak with these on my return, distance made them seem there to me the affectionate relatives, that fate has altogether denied. However, if my friend communicated to me and made me participate in his epistolary pleasures and pains, I in turn repaid him by communicating the correspondence of the La Versières. And well do I

shores, mingling our delight at the calm
and the olive and orange-clothed precipices
either side of us, with converse, wishes
conjectures respecting the exile's family.
eagerly, in the dwarf, cool porticoes
town, I perused the long letters of Ossian
and prose, and the more brief and cap-
ones of his sister. Ossian's moral and reli-
disquisitions, however, although inters-
with rhyme, and interesting to me, might
mere prose to the reader; at any rate
would be misplaced in this narrative. I
it to extract from them, that he became a
tian—that Cornélie was in astonishment
dignation, and despair on that account
that his father shook his head, and said
thing, grieved at times when his war-
eloquent son overpowered or rather over-

began to see might tend to improve Ossian's prospects in life.

The last post-marks were those of Basle. I had obeyed the injunctions of Cornélie in writing to Ossian all that I had witnessed and thought respecting Colonel Girouette; and I was sorry to observe, that in reply the youth made no mention of the Colonel, nor of my opinions, an appearance that made me suspect a resolution fixed, and that perhaps neither the most prudent, nor most just. Oscar was reported to me, as recovered, and meditating some such plans of emigration, as Ossian, his poetic brother, had sung in one of his letters, but had since never thought of executing.

Correspondence, however, even between the oldest friends, is of that species of flower called *annual*—meeting, converse, and social enjoyments, must recur at intervals to put the fresh seed of friendship in the ground, else the soil will fail to sprout epistles in due season. This is pedantic—however it conveys my idea to the

reader, who may be, if he be not already, convinced of its truth. Great and unfeigned as was the interest and friendship I bore to the La Versières, latterly, of days when I should pen replies to them, I happened to be weary, drowsy, busy, or relaxed. I was not in the vein. The task was deferred. Then the ideas were flown. I had to re-read their letters—but their freshness, which inspired me with corresponding vigour, was gone. I did not write for a month, and even then there went but a sorry excuse. They thought me worthless, proud, forgetful perhaps, and they were wrong:—or more likely still, they were precisely in my own predicament, and thought nothing about the matter. How often have I cursed my neglect, my ingratitude, my self-ingratitude, when wandering dull and solitary to the post, I found not there the wonted excitement and delight of a letter from my friends in Switzerland?

CHAPTER XIV.

"Zephire torna, e il bel tempo rimene, &c."

WE were able to repeat the beautiful sonnet of Petrarch at Chiavari a long time ere winter had forsaken less favoured regions, even of Italy. And when the spring did really make its advances, I felt, like the swallow, my migratory propensities return. My friend too, in restored health, bent his course eagerly towards old England, his eagerness envied by me, but being without the eagerness I envied not his destination. The valleys of the Rhine were the mines of the picturesque, which I purposed during summer to explore; and parting from my compatriot, I bent my course

and again demand a night's hospitality
my old friend, the *curé*. He was elated
holding me,—discarded with delight, wh
would not have done for an ordinary
the volume of the *Génie du Christianism*
he was perusing, and even carried his
tions so far as to exchange the bottle o
Coté wine, which stood already on the
table, for one of more generous Burgun
asked for Breque. Nothing extraordin
the answer. The good man tended his
and herds, and lived in usual fashion, p
against the intrusion or vicinity of an
and his family, as he did against a bligh
scanty crop, or the more dreaded destr
of his flocks by lightning or *lavange*.
cross, he informed me, marked where Pa

at all performs its duty of amplification by the story, it bids fair to rival the most fearful one in romance. And had I learned at second-hand, instead of witnessing the event, it had gained a far greater interest for readers, than I have been able to communicate to it. One interpolation indeed by no means pleased me, which was the part which a certain Englishman, atheist also and Jacobin, was said to have had in the affair. The mention of this caused me instantly to alter the resolution I had formed, of spending the next day with the worthy curate.

He in his turn questioned me respecting the La Versières ; giving me first, however, to understand that he had heard of Ossian's conversion. I was able to afford him little additional information, as a letter had not reached, nor indeed been merited by me for the preceding three months. We talked together, to our mutual delight, on various matters, chiefly serious ; during which the good old man grew so

recommended and even prayed me to
a cleric and a missionary, and to sail
convert the savage and the heathen
climes. It was not with the smile of
that I met the old *curé's* proposal, alth
did not think proper to follow it up. G
man! never do I take up a Zimmerman,
my thoughts instantly recurring to th
often do I take up the, still to my manh
lightful work on Solitude, which made n
when a boy, that I may revert to thee an

A few days more brought me to Bas
to the exile's new retreat. It was poin
to my inquiries, in a gay, though sequ
spot, commanding a view of the distan
And delightful were the anticipation
which I approached it—once more to
old exile himself, and to converse with
the revolutionary times in which he

the sweet tingle of Cornélie's harp, and listen to her mellow voice. As I entered the gate of the little demesne, I bethought me of the reproaches about to be poured forth upon me, and of the necessary excuses with which these were to be met. The silence that prevailed in and around the cottage, joined to the neglect, I knew unusual, in which its parterres and flower-knots lay, caused me to exchange this for another species of anxiety. Cornélie met me in the hall, as she descended the stairs, and a loud exclamation that burst from her, who was wont to be so firm, told that late watching and anxiety had enfeebled her. Her looks bore witness to the same.

"Come," said she, "you have been of the family in trying moments—there is another now for you to witness."

She led the way upstairs, as she spoke; and I found myself immediately with the assembled family in the sick room of the old Conventionalist. The first glance convinced me, that he

Ossian had been speaking, for his cheeks flushed beneath his tears. But the old man made him no answer, except by requesting the window to be thrown open, that, like Roussau, he might take a last farewell of the green earth and of the sun. It was done, and the perfume of the spring's fresh verdure gradually filled the room. La Versière strained his dim eyes, to take the last look, that even in death, rather than sentiment, suggested to him, and then closed them. It was an answer to Ossian, and a melancholy one. The eyes of Cornélie glistened proudly through her tears. La Versière made a sign, that he wished to be left alone. All withdrew, save Cornélie, who concealed herself behind the hanging of his couch. We had not long descended, when the brothers were recalled by her cry of

the unbelieving regicide aught but calm, resigned, fearless, and in all becoming a philosopher.

There are some preachers, who seem to think that the chief excellence of religious belief consists in its being a kind of cordial. This is not my view, seeing pride or stupidity oft as powerful. I, for my part, can compare the very different ends of Hume and Johnson, without drawing from them any conclusion whatsoever, save such as respects the nerves of these illustrious men.

About a month after the death of their parent, I visited the La Versière's at Basle. They were preparing to return to Paris, the connexions of Cornélie being there resident—it was the field too, however hostile were to them all powers that be, for both Ossian and Oscar to pursue some or any possible career. Ossian was eager to enter the lists of fame, as a poet and a man of letters, and no doubt the youth thought himself sufficiently skilled, even

to speak my ideas thereon, which would only lost me a friend, without going far to cure his delirium, than a little momentary mortification. When consulted in points by enthusiastic and sanguine as a pilot taken on board by a ship's sail, I never presume to call in question the prudence of making for a certain port, I confine my influence to rendering the passage as little hazardous as may be, to pointing out the rocks and currents likely to beset the giddy navigator. To endeavour to turn a ship about in such a case, merely incur the risk of being sent overboard, and have no more obsequious and interested pilot than one's place. So did I listen, so reply the Russian. He thought me cold, and our friendship in consequence cooled greatly; but

Colonel Girouette had written, immediately upon the Conventionalist's decease, to his family, offering warmly his services, his interest, his friendship. But with respect to Cornélie, his letter was in the same tone of pique, ambiguity, and irresolution, that his past conduct had evinced. She was at that time still drooping under her recent loss, and Ossian intercepted and concealed the Colonel's letter, mentioning it to Oscar and myself, and charging himself with the task of answering it.

It so happened, that we all set off together from Basle, in our way to Paris. I had given up the Rhine for other considerations. Although more sincere or more affectionate children never mourned parent, than did my companions, yet were we not without cheerful and pleasant hours upon our journey. The young men were both sanguine and full of anticipations: Cornélie, sad as she remained from past and recent misfortunes, as well as from habitual temper, brightened up on being about

unchanged. In Paris too, she
bigotry and ultra-royalism did not
fiercely as in provincial towns
where her name had been sufficient
her from respect, as well as from

One of the stages where we stopped
route, was Nogent-sur-Seine. I
as well as Ossian, that in the village
town stood the Paraclete, famed
of the celebrated Eloise, and her
ardent letters, which Pope has
(on which avowed, but unconsidered
by the by, rests all his claims
and feeling as a poet), were admitted
more selfish and unhappy Abelard
proposed and resolved to delay
ruins, for we conjectured, and
that the convent had not escaped

Seine; and it may be supposed, how much our conversation turned on the ideas associated with such a spot.

"I cannot imagine," said Cornélie, who had rather reluctantly yielded to Ossian's proposal of devoting a day to the Paraclete, "what secret charm lay hid in this intrigue between a monk and nun, to cause it so to command the sympathies not only of their own age, but of succeeding centuries. It must have been man's innate love of scandal, especially when told against the gravest of all hypocrites, the nuns and friars, which secured the tale such universal interest and attention."

"Go, thou doubly profane," said Ossian, "to ask such question or assign such cause, and not to know, that genius recording passion is at once the most powerful and immortal of mental agencies."

"Abelard," said I, "was a man of learning also, the most popular literary character of his century, although his literature did come

reason?"

"A more sober and comprehensible than Ossian's. But I could supply even other?"

"Do, by all means."

"The satisfaction and delight of conscience to behold nature avenging itself on absurd prohibitions of priestcraft, breaking through the grates, and eluding inhuman vows of a cloister."

There is no stop in the zeal of a young selyte, and Ossian was flying, or rather giving breath, to defend monks and monastic institutions, on the same principle of consistency that made Gibbon argue in support of the Inquisition, when I stepped in to point out the absurdity.

"If love had not such obstacles

versing the dusty pavé, without giving one hour to sentiment and idleness—Abelard would have been no hero—”

“Nor Melanie no heroine,” said Ossian, alluding to the popular drama of *La Harpe*.

“Man alone,” observed Cornélie, “would prove sooner sufficient for woman’s unhappiness, if there were never such things in the world as grim cloisters, or peremptory parents.”

Oscar looked at his sister, but she was unconscious of the pang she had inflicted.

“Man might tell the same tale of woman,” replied Ossian, “and with as deep a sigh.”

“Have you cause to say so, Ossian?” said Cornélie, “you, who, I believe, never tasted pain or pleasure, that was not the unreal produce of the imagination.”

“For that matter,” exclaimed I, “all our woes shall be unreal. We approach the terrestrial paradise, in the opinion of all true

French-born, Paris—and there shall all suspicion and disappointment be cleared up.”

“We accept your prophecy,” cried Ossian; “shall we not, Cornélie?”

“It shall weigh with me fully as much as any other.”

Thus did we while away the hours amidst the ruins, and in the ancient garden of the Convent of the Paraclete.

We returned to Nogent, in excellent spirits, and with impatient appetites, that ill befitted our late pilgrimage. The repast however was not prepared, and in the mean time I took up the *Journal de Paris* of a recent date, that lay in the apartment. The very first paragraph that struck my eye, was the following:

“Yesterday, Sunday, the king has signed the contract of marriage between Colonel Amédée Girouette and Mademoiselle Josephine Alix, daughter of the late Count Alix, and niece of the General of that name.”

The paper fell from my hands. Ossian

took it from the ground, read the fatal paragraph, and attempted to fold the journal. But Cornélie's prophetic eye had seen both of us peruse.

"Give it to me. It concerns me. Nay, I know it. Let me read."

And she snatched it from her brother's hand. She read the paragraph aloud with a voice that did not even tremble, with a cheek that did not blench. I no longer feared for her, but looked towards Oscar, whose rising fury was to be expected. The assumed impassibility of poor Cornélie was false; without betraying any external symptoms of grief, the blow had struck within, and her sudden swooning first and alone informed us how much she had been stricken.

CHAPTER XV.

ON arriving in Paris, I betook course to my wonted *gîte*, far removed from the La Versières, who, from old acquaintance, as well as to avoid being jostled by the mob, had settled themselves in the remote quarters of the *Marais*. At first I saw them but seldom, often as time advanced: Ossiander, however, to the reason previously mentioned, continued on such cordial terms of friendship with me, that Cornélie had not, since she had quitted the walls of her apartment,

I met Colonel Amédée Girard.

cost me. He asked of my health, pleasures, and peregrinations, touched on fifty topics in as many seconds, and ere I could put in one sullen or ill-humoured remark to check his volubility, he was deep in the Befort conspiracy, which had just at that time alarmed the government.

"There will be no quarter shewn for the future to the revolutionists," concluded he, "their own rashness has put the last hand to their ruin. Suspected as I was, from my old connexion, I was obliged to signify my firm adhesion by marrying right royally, and subscribing to the society of *Bonnes Lettres*, in order to save myself from epuration."

"This then was your disinterested motive, Colonel," observed I.

"What other—and yet those boys are dissatisfied—what would they have?" and he shrugged his shoulders with an air of most interesting innocence.

"And this," said I, "was the depth of your

I could have insulted the fellow. volubility was again alive on some top day; till of a sudden he stopped sh the recollection that he must hasten palace.

"But, Colonel," said I, "you spoke boys. How have they betrayed their faction?"

"How?—oh!—letters, challenges, discharged from morn till noon like guns. That boy, Ossian, wants me to the Bois de Boulogne for the mere putting an end to him, which would be the consequence—and not the w sequence—for the whole affair would by the same morning's wind over the ries to my disrepute. Besides, I r

just resentment of the youths against you was appeased by a meeting that would bring no fatal consequences."

"Be assured, that if forced to go out, I shall not act the *debonnaire*. But I had rather hush up the matter, and throw a veil over my past connexion with the name." He here whispered me, that "old La Versière was suspected of having joined in the late plots, and his sons were suspected likewise of having been ready to join the standard. They will be watched here closely, and soon got rid of in some other fashion than by my hand."

I parted from the Colonel; and was surprised the next morning, though not so much as I should have been without Girouette's information, to receive a note from Cornélie, stating, in some alarm, that Ossian was in the prison of La Force. I hurried thither instantly. The wily keepers of the prison made at first semblance of admitting me, till they had learned and noted down my name, abode, &c.

outside of the prison, and
hoped, permitted to enter
Proceeding to the Marais,
distracted, and Oscar refusin
plication of what he evidentl
with. When his sister withd
was more communicative to
me, that Girouette, and Giro
have occasioned Ossian's i
order to avoid the meeting th
forcing him to. Oscar attrib
to the Colonel's want of cour
in which I did not agree.
reasons that Girouette himse
Oscar laughed at them, and
supposed implication in the
must have been a ready inve

that his resolution was taken. I pressed to know what this was, but he would not inform me. He was calm too, and his deportment did not inspire me with fears that his determination was either rash or violent.

It was so, however, as the event awfully proved. On the evening of that day, Oscar La Versière forced himself into the apartments of Colonel Girouette, and demanding peremptorily to speak with him, was shewn into the Colonel's cabinet. It is difficult to say exactly what passed between them. Oscar reproached him with his baseness, both in his conduct towards his sister, and also in the contrived imprisonment of his brother. Girouette denied. Oscar bade him defend himself where he stood, and without clamour, else the fire-arms which he carried should take a speedier vengeance than he meditated with his sword. Young La Versière asserted afterward that Girouette did defend himself, but as no sword of his was discovered drawn, or

his blood. Oscar had withdrawn and the hue and cry of the assassination spread at least around the court, where there was some panic, doubling of guard, and the precautions used upon similar occasions. The morning's journal first conveyed the intelligence to my eyes.

I was now, however, almost prepared for any fatal occurrence in the family of the unfortunate regent. How much shocked as I ought to have been, how much was I shocked? But when I was running over the many fearful scenes from doom the homicide to the fatal blow inflicted. I issued forth without knowing whither; the crime of the evening was on every one's tongue.

timacy, had flocked around her, to bring consolation, or satisfy curiosity. Great ill fortune, as well as great good fortune, imparts attraction to its victims; and many acquaintances of Cornélie, who had not noticed her or entered her abode since her return, now rushed in haste to shew sympathy and offer aid. It was useless again attempting to see Ossian, and I returned to my solitary chamber.

How full were my thoughts! Such events strike the mind with awe, and incline it to superstition. I could not in my horror, but look upon the fate of Oscar La Versière, twice imbruing his hands in blood, and in all probability to perish by a disgraceful and merited punishment, to be a kind of doom entailed upon the son of the regicide, of him who had joined his brother Conventionalists in decreeing, that there was no God in heaven! He indeed had departed on a tranquil death-bed, but vengeance seemed reserved for his offspring. For the rest of that offspring too,

thoughts will haunt the most rational
and though in a cooler and less
spurned at the unjust and bigot
suggested to me no doubt by the
obsolete religious code, still it at
imposed upon my mind, and the
struck senses wore the mysterious
of truth.

Oscar was taken. Indeed he
deavoured to escape. Girouette's
lingered, was still despaired of; he
seemed to rest on the certainty of
Ossian was released, and all his
exerted to save his brother. I
him during the awful interval
Other friends, I was about to
friends, but in such a moment
be aught but real, surrounded

repine. Nor did my interest and anxiety slacken upon that account. I saw then, for the first time, what I have since proved, that friendships with foreigners are but silken links,—the strength wears out along with the gloss.

I inquired daily after Girouette, and learned at length that hopes were entertained of his recovery. "The worthless are vivacious," replied to me one of whom I made the inquiry, "if any one could survive, Girouette will." He did. But this not in the least extenuated the crime of Oscar La Versière, nor seemed likely to have any influence in the judgment that awaited him.

He was brought to trial. It was the affair of the day, and all Paris flocked to it. When the circumstances of the case became fully known, the indignation of the public was awakened against the soldier, and their pity somewhat excited for the culprit. There exists no country in which infidelity to woman is more considered a crime, than in modern

country it was a true
was generally reprobated, and
opinion did not fail to have weight
judges who presided. Political
too mingled with the question,
quittal or condemnation of the
from a private to be in a great
question.

In conclusion, Oscar La Ve
tenced to the galleys. The sha
punishment was spared, but th
scarcely less ignominious and

Of Oscar I saw no more.
long after the unfortunate ad
lost its freshness not only fo

regicide and the assassin, after the excitement of braving public opinion, which had called friends and adherents around them, had passed, found their name to bring its natural repulsion. And I now rejoined them in that comparative state of abandonment and solitude, which had recently and momentarily ceased, and with which had ceased my intimacy with them.

All this did not fail to strike them on my re-appearance: and the flood of tears, with which Cornélie welcomed me, sprung from, and mingled with, other thoughts than those connected with the unfortunate Oscar. Ossian's silent grasp of the hand spoke as much. The meeting resembled a reconciliation, though it could not be called such.

"And what consoling thought, Cornélie, supported you through all these trials?"

"None," replied she. "I should have scorned to seek any. I am now hardened against fate."

"The very pride of that thought," said I,

than can defy alike vice and suffer

“If not impious, it is at least weakness, to flatter ourselves, that we be independent of the power that influences our destiny.”

Cornélie replied by a classic quotation, the pride of heroism kindling in her eyes, repeated it.

“Such thoughts may allay suffering,” said Ossian, “but deep as my poor father’s wounds, when they are pressed into our minds, they could not drive us from crime.”

“For me they ever have, they are sufficient.”

“So they may seem. Such proud golden chains, that, whilst they seem to bind, do but adorn the naturally virtuous

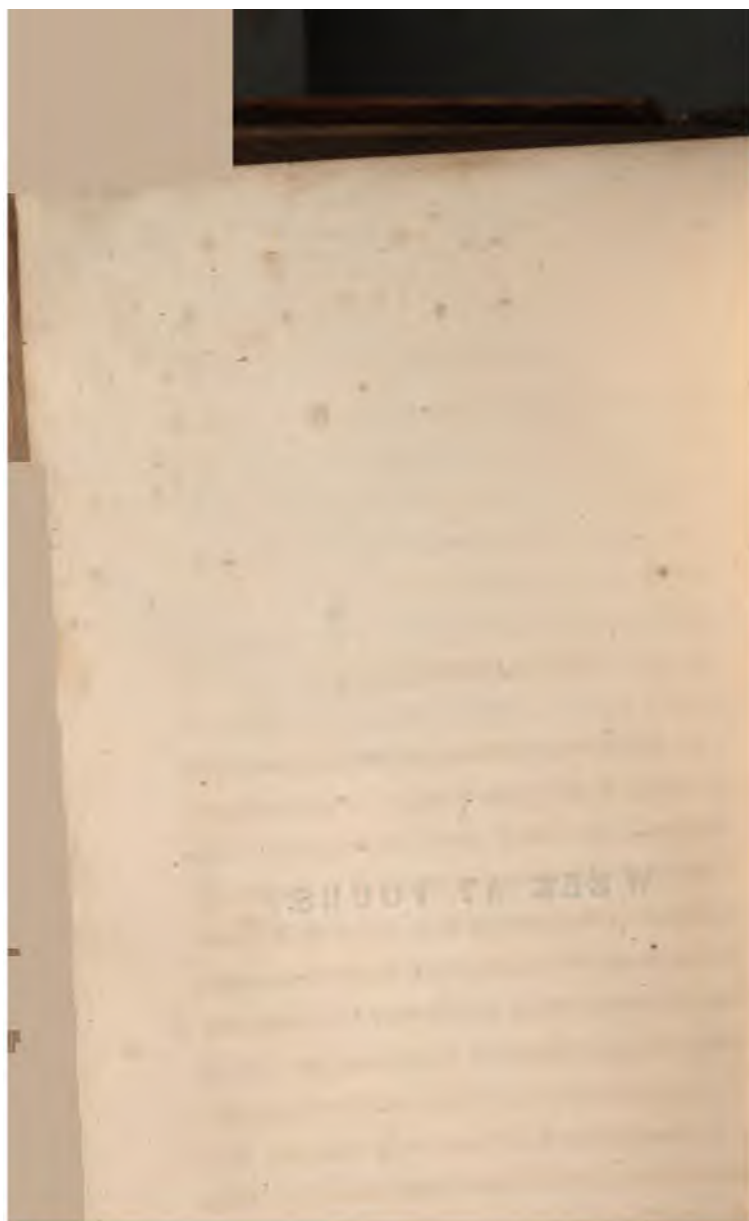
"Ossian, let us not awaken griefs, so lately lulled to rest. We have our lives before us to prove, as well as to reason upon these points. Our friend will be the umpire, though, I fear, not an impartial one."

Thus did sad tranquillity revisit the solitary survivors of the exile's family. Though here for the present I close their story, it is not to bid adieu altogether to characters and friends, such as Ossian and Cornélie La Versière. If they re-appear not for the present, it is that the years which immediately ensued for them, were too unvaried to interest my readers, already perhaps somewhat wearied by the gravity of their discussions, and the too unadorned narrative of their fortunes and sorrows.

END OF THE REGICIDE'S FAMILY.

A

WEEK AT TOURS.



INTRODUCTION.

It has been seriously objected to me, that in "The English in Italy," I have actually endowed an Italian with courage;—to this I plead guilty:—moreover, that I have made a gallant of the same nation expel an English youth from the heart of an English maiden, and allowed him, in defiance of the rules and creed of patriotism, to overcome one of our own countrymen at once in combat and in love.

In answer to this I can only observe, it is unfortunate that I drew from nature, in that she is sadly capricious, and does certainly represent most unorthodox pictures at times. The said nature, however, like the shield in

the cross-roads, hath two sides and two devices, both true, however contradictory in seeming. Having already exposed one of these to my readers, and they having, I trust, been amused and contented with the same, I cannot now mock at their feelings by recanting, and asserting that it was false. I shall rather beg of them to survey the other side of the shield, and will endeavour to satisfy the patriotism of my readers in a story equally true, and as well witnessed by me as that of the "Amoroso," and in which it shall be shewn that we too may bear away the palm in gallantry.

The reader will remark, and perhaps object to the dramatic and very dialogic form, in which the story opens and is carried on. I may confess, that it had at first struck me as more adapted for the scene than the page, and was consequently turned over and moulded in my mind with a view towards its appearance in that shape. But recollecting subse-

quently my custom of allowing my characters to indulge at times in pshawes and pishes, and other equally profane ejaculations, as also my own habitual freedom of allusion to kings and tetrarchs, their serving-men and women, I abandoned as hopeless all dramatic effort, too well aware that my production could never be sufficiently immaculate to please the rigid and virgin taste of our great dramatic censor, whom —— long preserve.

A
WEEK AT TOURS.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah! Rutledge!—who the deuce would have thought of seeing you here in Touraine, in the very heart of *la belle France*?"

"Not I, in truth, a week since."

"You, a born, sworn John Bull, whom the sound of aught but old vernacular, you used to declare, made you sick; and who to my remembrance hast, from a schoolboy up, considered a Frenchman in the same category with a frog."

"And still do, by my patriotism. Witness my sore bones and sour stomach—shaken to a mummy by jolting over some three hundred miles of cursed French paving-stones—my

daily food, pullets lean as my tooth-pick, and beef, good lack! the very ghost of viand—vinegar, sour and sad, though honoured with the name of wine, for my daily and nightly beverage—all this, do you think, has reconciled me to the land of frogs?”

“Come, come. I wonder the smiling vineyards, as you passed along, did not put you in a better humour.”

“Vineyards—do you call those dwarf gooseberry-bushes vines? Why, our own hop, or John Barleycorn himself, presents a nobler crop.”

“Nay, you are incorrigible—but will mend. John, when he comes abroad, is like a bottle of his own ale. The moment you broach him, first comes the fizz of his spleen, then bubbles the froth of his prejudice, and anon flows the honest, generous, mellow liquor of his good nature.”

“Out upon your simile. I’ve read in some Frenchman something like it.”

"But come—'tis time you tell at length, what make you from the courts at Westminster, Horatio?"

"No truant disposition, good my Lord. Morn, noon, and night have Coke and Blackstone —"

"Nay, out upon your law, since you have no quarter for my similes. What is the cause?"

"A jade simply, a jade."

"Indeed. Why this is even more astonishing than to see you at Tours. Rutledge turned gallant! the sober, settled Rutledge, who chose a wife ere he was bearded, and resolved prudentially not to marry her, till he had attained the age of reason!"

"The *res angusta domi*,——; my poverty, not my will consented."

"Go to. By George, thou deservest to lose her! But say, thou mongrel lover, half bachelor, half husband, has thy spouse jilted thee? Is it in search of her, or of some other

realms of his Majesty of France."

"In search of her and of no other, phia Mordaunt."

"Ah, ah! my lover of the long robes comes of putting off trial."

"No mocking, fellow-student. T more at stake with me, than will bear

"Nay then."

"I must demand still more than your bearance. You have a plotting head, you know the world, that is, the world of courts and watering places, better than I do; will you not help me to recover this gipsy?"

"But if she be giddy and fickle, I cannot advise —"

"Nay, she is honest, warm, good at heart; only these new-fangled notions

the rule, you know, in the first act of the comedy."

"This, then, it is. In the good, old times, when we were at war with this confounded country, I wooed and won the fair, and, I may add, not fortuneless Sophia—not that I valued the latter consideration."

"Oh, no one does!"

"Not I, o' my conscience, except that it exposes her to more interested suitors."

"Well."

"Our marriage was a thing settled, as you know, though deferred, until I could get called."

"That I know too."

"Old people satisfied, she no less so. I happy in all the dreams that study left me leisure for. When lo! my evil genius, and hers, and, I believe, that of all Englishmen, whispered to her at a fashionable rout, that she was the only hapless damsel present, who had not visited the continent."

"Dreadful!"

"Nay, it came out soon after, that the wife of the grocer of the family had made a trip to Boulogne in the steam-packet."

"Degradation and dismay—what followed?"

"What you may conceive.—The old folks were soon wheedled, band-boxes packed, a rascally Irish valet metamorphosed into a Swiss one by means of a newly braided jacket; and my betrothed, with her respectable parents, transported up some dozen pair of stairs in the Rue Rivoli, at ten times the rent of what the family mansion would let for at home; escorted in the Thuilleries by hungry *gardes du corps*, ready to leap at her thousands, although they were hundreds, and Miss lost in admiration of blouges, boulevards, and the superior politeness of the Great Nation."

"In short she has pitched you and the courts at Westminster to —."

"Why, how you swear?"

"Pardon—I forgot you had just come from

that moral country, where oaths are once more considered treason against the puritanic majesty of the people, and where an old sinner has been paid to assume the office and dignity of Cato, in order to preserve the stage from the profanation of a *Damme*."

"Set a thief to catch a thief, is the maxim of the police of Montrose, as well as of that of Birnie."

"But this fickle, frenchified fair, where is she?"

"Here."

"What, in Tours?"

"Even in this town."

"Why, that is well. She hath then escaped the hungry *garde du corps* you spoke of."

"Not so fast. Monsieur hath a quicker eye to his interest; and no sooner did Mamma bring off Miss from Paris, than my *garde du corps* has got himself appointed to a regiment on the Loire. And here he is at this moment.

I understand, making his hopeful advances to my betrothed."

"And you have come, I suppose, to make him shew cause."

"That is as it may be."

"The name of this blade?"

"Florville."

"Florville! what of the *Garde du Corps de Monsieur*?"

"Don't ask me. I know not one Monsieur from another."

"Green uniform?"

"Ay! that is he, as I have been informed."

"A gay, honest, light-hearted fellow, as ever wielded sabre. I know him well, and know also, what seems to me most strangely to disagree with your account, that he has been long attached to the pretty Julie Le Normand, without disparagement to Sophia, as lovely a creature as trips in France. You must certainly have been misinformed, my dear fellow."

"Not at all, not at all. At least I place more reliance on my informant, than to disbelieve him on your opinion of a Frenchman's constancy."

"Go to, thou bigot. I tell thee there is more love in one province of this sunny land, than throughout your whole clime of fogs, and withal as much honour."

"Well, in this case we shall see."

"Nay, I will stake no such truth, nor any such great question as that of national character, upon an individual's conduct. Florville may be worthless; if he be, I merely say, that he belies his seeming."

"Really that is a very beautiful woman in yon calèche," observed Rutledge abruptly, "she is the very first Frenchwoman—"

"How do'ye do?—I'm quite charmed."

It was no other than Julie Le Normand and her mother. The reader need not be informed, perhaps, that it is I myself who have been chatting this half hour past with my friend

Rutledge in the market-place at Tours. The apparition of the fair Julie marred our dialogue, and substituted another, to me far more interesting. I introduced Rutledge, who made a passable bow for a cockney, and spoke forth his compliments in astonishingly good French, only that he kept his teeth shut. Being questioned respecting their journey, Madame Le Normand said, "they had come to ruralize and spend the summer months at Tours; Paris had grown so hot in summer of late years."

"And only of late years?"

"I don't think we used to perceive it, indeed, in the Emperor's time."

"What might the natural cause be of such a phenomenon?"

"*Ma foi*, I know not. We had no leisure for *ennui* then. And ye English had not come to infect us, or to tell us that a metropolis was an intolerable residence in Au-

"And so you travel southward in search of cooler air. But, by the by, Florville is here."

Julie blushed.

"We had no idea of it," said Madame; "Julie told me, he was—where is it, dear, you told me he was?"

"At Bourdeaux, *ma mere*."

"He is here, I assure you."

"Drive on," said she to the coachman; "we are lodged so and so—you know our visiting hours and evenings—your friend will do us the pleasure of accompanying you." Rutledge bowed; and I allowed them to drive off without any further allusion to the cause of Julie's confusion.

"It is but too true, Rutledge," said I, "you have but one revenge."

"What's that?"

"Make love to Julie."

"I shall leave that task to you."

"Nay, I am *celibataire* sworn, as much as Delavigne's Bonnard, and could quote some

them! But you—

“What if I succeeded?”

“Marry her.”

“Sincerely speaking, I love Sophia

“And Julie, poor Julie, has not hands, a pity. But to allay your terror of success, which savour somewhat of—I can tell your learned self, that lively, lovely Julie, you have not chance of it. Your gallantry, however welcome, and will serve the purpose of Julie and yourself. Try it, my good friend. It may pique Florville, and draw him in the pursuit of Sophia.”

“I begin to relish your plan. It comes an old acquaintance of mine and seems a general rendezvous.”

“Ay, there's the advantage of *mazzes*—they are what I love most

can escape you—it makes the whole population one family. Here is none of your churlish, bullish, nervous sort of acquaintanceship—none either of the pride that *cuts*, nor the meanness that canvasses a salute.”

“Give me the solitude or the society, either always at command, of a metropolis, where neither scandal nor impertinence intrude, where every man’s habits and whims, as well as his house, are included in the Englishman’s castle,—dear London, where alone, throughout the habitable globe, my uncle Toby himself might ride his hobby-horse, without fear of ridicule or detection, to the end of the chapter.”

The approach of the personage alluded to, stopped the argument between Rutledge and myself. He was a fellow in a terribly o’erbraided jacket, embroidered pantaloons, a hat and solitary long green feather, that might become a marshal himself; and a straight, short sword, that Achilles might have wielded, hung

one day arely, and left me, orphan
the foot of the could Alps."

This was irresistible :—a big, lubb
shouldered, black-whiskered orp
doned too at the foot of the could
tains that the fellow most likely n
—we forgot schemes, concealme
Julie, all, in a laugh outright, whic
Monsieur Denis at once to suspic
French accent. He was somewh
too, and prepared to be tart.

"If ye cam after Ma'amselle, M
lege, I can tell ye, you be *le jour ap*

"Hear to him, translating Engli
into his Genevese dialect! But
good Dennis?"

"Because ye see, ye are notable for

"And, my dear Dennis"—here the hand of Rutledge touched that of the courier, and that not emptily nor insignificantly, "can you stand by, and see this—see your old acquaintance outwitted, and allow your young mistress to be carried off by a pennyless, French——countryman of yours."

Dennis grinned, "understanding and understood."

"*Mais que voulez-vous*, what would you have me do?" asked he.

"Nothing for the present, good Dennis; say nought whatever of having seen me in Tours: this first, you mark us."

"Mum for me," said Dennis, with an arch Irish smile. "*Messieurs, je vous salue*," said the same personage, being the French chasseur, touching his hat and feather, and taking his courteous departure.

"What an invaluable rascal—*impayable*, as they say here."

"I hope I shall not find him so," said Rutledge. "But this scheme—what is it?"

smitten with June, and commence by an
your addresses to her. If that fail to do
Florville, we must prepare a bolder
Leave all to me. But mark, it will be
sary to remain utterly concealed from
phia?"

"I should like to catch, as well as
glimpse, just to waken remorse in the j

"Coxeomical and idle; it must
Change your name, even at Le Normand
Florville should repeat it. But that
is not necessary. The name Rutledge
perplex his jaws, as much as that of
wood did those of the Parisians, when
street was the topic of the day."

"Well, as you will for the present, I
most dead with fatigue."

"Take your *sciesta*, and then you know
the Realto I expect you."

CHAPTER II.

THE Mordaunts made their appearance at the evening promenade; by the side of Sophia was Florville, who endeavoured to entertain her with remarks upon her *robe*, bonnet, shoes, ribands, &c., none of which had the effect of exciting the English girl to converse or reply.

Frenchmen, who are so much at home, at their ease, and so truly delightful with females of their own nation, that understand their light *badinage*, and as light seriousness, are sadly awkward in addressing or entertaining females of another nation, especially the English, whose apathy, whose airs, whose assumed caprices they can never fathom nor understand. If they

captivate some of our fair countrywomen, and that they do, the marriage-registers of the Mairies of the English quarters at Paris and elsewhere can testify, it must be chiefly by the magic of their name, the charm of their *etrangeté*, for nothing certainly can in general be more blank and puerile than their wit, more childish than their discourse, nothing more unimposing than their whole manner and converse, when fascinated by the spell of our blue-eyed *blondes*. Even the mercurial spirits of the French, so proverbially inexhaustible amongst one another, sink and disappear, when they are amongst us. They seem the nightingales in the rook's nest, of Quarle's emblems. They are so *morne*, so *sombre*, so well-behaved, that the general verdict passed seems to be, that the French are a very grave nation.

Another fault, and an impertinent fault, moreover, of the French in conversation, is, that they carry it on by question rather than by remark. They never waste breath in mere un-

addressed observations, and leave their companions to answer or not, according to his or to her depth or humour. Each idea is expressed in the form of a demand, and the silent or the diffident companions are thus infallibly put to the torture of a distressing interrogatory.

When Florville had exhausted all the visible wardrobe of Sophia, and when still the conversation did not flow, he asked, how many brothers and sisters she had? knowing right well already that she had none, Whether she had had ever any? Whether her papa had been a knight, and of what order, and whether he had seen service, or perished in the *champ d'honneur*? Whether English ladies wore dimity in the morning, as asserted by Lord Byron, and whether they made a general practice of infanticide, as declared by General Pillet. The young lady stared, nay blushed at the latter question, but the Frenchman, attributing her crimson cheek to some other cause, went on with his catechism.

ing a companion. The only foreigner
been ever intimate with, could not be
wise. Florville's ideas, however, were
means so favourable to her, for the you
cer not only set down his bride elect
ignorant, and lifeless, but declared to
that he must ponder, ere he could res
lovely Julie for such dull charms, even
garnished with a fortune of some
thousands.

In this seasonable mood the young
man was visited by Monsieur Denis,
a friend (foreign servants have such a
and familiar ways), came to inform him
dame and Mademoiselle Le Normand's
At the news, Florville threw his mili
in air, crying the die was cast, and
forth instantly, his heart overflowing

ancient place was occupied, for my friend Rutledge was, with some toil, it is true—but that wore lighter for him momentarily, acting the amiable by the side of the fascinating Julie.

“Ah! Monsieur Florville,” exclaimed Madame La Normand, welcoming him with well-feigned surprise, a sentiment that appeared less sweetly expressed in his countenance; “introduce our friend—*notre ami le plus intime*, Monsieur Roote,” and Madame unluckily forgot or could not master the name of her most intimate friend.

“Monsieur is lately arrived in Tours?” said Florville.

“This day, as well as ourselves,” replied Madame.

“Together no doubt,” thought Florville.

“*Monsieur voyage*, Monsieur travels?” continued the interrogating Florville.

“Fixed for the present at all events,” replied Rutledge, keeping his place adhesively.

tion, and Rutledge replied
" *Je suis Templier,*" replied Rutledge
fiercely, emboldened by elation, succed
the presence of his rival, into absurdity.

" *Vous devez être un peu passé,* you
be somewhat ancient by this time, *Le Chevalier,*" remarked Florville, con
the title, which Rutledge had given
literally.

" I am no woman, Sir, to be ash
having seen a quarter of a century."

" But you ought to be ashamed of
seen near four full centuries, durin
time a Knight Templar has not been
and at which time most of your com
not yourself, were deservedly hanged
monopoly of life, Sir, is a nuisance."

The rising wrath of Rutledge wa
guished in my laugh, which was ec

altogether read. A little explication, however, vastly improved the serenity of the evening, and at least the apparent amity of the rivals.

Florville contrived soon after to direct his whispered interrogatories to me touching Rutledge, and I informed him fully, that he was *bien riche*, magnificently extravagant, and a *lord Anglais*. As is the case, however, in most schemes of this kind, we found that we had overdone the matter. Florville was too much piqued, and at each blow levelled at his vanity, he recurred to his more certain conquest, and more interested flame, in short, to Sophia. He even took rallying on that score stoutly, and instead of wearing penitence, he became hardened in his fickleness, and spoke vauntingly of being appreciated elsewhere. This had nearly converted our comic into a tragic scene: disguise and dissimulation, whether gay or solemn, wear off in a long parley; and the pique and passion of both Florville and Julie were

openly, and marriage
angry *denouement*.

Madame Le Normand, however, to turn the conversation adroitly off scandal of the town of Tours, a fertile haustible subject, useful in general so bed of mud in unsafe harbours, on which may run aground, and remain firm at the expense of being surrounded and turbid waters. The duel of last its cause formed an interesting topic of conversation; the last economist and arrived, another; and the last milord run from his debts, another—all these occurrences, however, that excite little and no extraordinary interest. Madame Le Normand, though she had introduced the subject, was by no means rich in the knowledge and anecdote necessary

ingly undertook to discourse gratuitously on so delightful a theme.

Rutledge, like a true cockney, exclaimed against this horrid scandal, making at the same time the vulgar and common-place allusion to the tea-table, which drew down upon him at once the resentment and assent of every dowager present.

"Really," observed I, "the only conversation that appears to me either allowed, possible, or worth listening to in mixed society, is scandal."

The one score of hands of two score of scandal-mongers were thrown up in horror at the delightful assertion.

"Come," said I, "what else shall ladies speak, or gentlemen either?"

"Literature and the *belles lettres*," firmly cried Miss Pike.

"Blue, blue," said several voices, sparing me the trouble of the exclamation, and turning

turned, in contempt.

"Politics and philosophy," said
whom none had the courage to second.

"The arts."

The quotation of

—"Sciences and arts,
And knowledge gained in foreign parts
was enough to silence the fair sketcher
all in short agreed that observation
of other's characters and behaviour was
legitimate source, and topic of conversation.

"And a very interesting and fertile
it is."

"Nothing but the necessity of
attention to the dramatist's trade could hinder
him, and after him the world, attributing
importance to the very staple material of
course."

"Agreed, agreed, nothing else."

truly generous and sympathetic creatures I ever knew in my life, were kind old ladies, who lived on what moralists would call scandal. The sorrows and sufferings of others were their food, their interest, their occupation, their living novel, of whose pages they were never sated—nay, even when their tongue was cruel, and might seem malignant, their hearts were tender, and commiserated the very wretches whom they lacerated."

All seemed struck, nay, affected by this appeal in favour of the calumniated class of gossips, those most innocent even of village inhabitants. And I have no doubt, that, had it been decorous, I should have had a vote of thanks decreed to me from the assembled damosels and dowagers of Tours, and other such sweet, picturesque emporiums of small talk and small fortunes.

Meanwhile Florville had made his indignant escape, in doubt whether he should run Rut-

Julie in hopes of forgiveness, or more his spite and avarice than his carrying to a conclusion his address to Sophia. He left Rutledge and Julie in hopes, that pique would prompt more honourable resolve.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Dennis, *mon brave*, what news?" demanded Rutledge eagerly of the courier on the following day.

"*Ah! pire que jamais*, worse than ever," replied the dandy serving-man; "*c'est une affaire arrangée*, it is all settled, Monsieur Le Capitaine has been with Madame Mordaunt to déjeuner, and with a countenance most matrimonial."

"What kind of a countenance is that, Dennis?"

"All as one, Sir, as if a body was going to be hanged."

"Well said, Monsieur Pat. But have you no other grounds?"

key-hole. And the general *prese*
that the *crise* you so much dread is
ing."

"What an invaluable diplomatist
we have hit upon."

"Shall we believe him?"

"*Parole d'honneur*, upon my w
nour," exclaimed seriously the v
his open hand upon his embroid
"you may depend upon my veraci

"Oh," said we, with my Lord D
farce, "there is no room for farther

"Seriously not," added I, "we m
course, if time is yet left, to the
stratagem."

"I dread the attempt," said R

"too much for me. I sh

knowledge of me, it will be impossible to escape detection in this disguise."

"Nay, you know far more of French than she does; the concealment may be complete, your visit short and to the purpose, and I will always be at hand to aid and bear you out. Sophia, in short, is, as you say, taken not with Florville, but with the Frenchman, and as rank and title in such light chimeras as these must have considerable weight in the balance, you shall be French, and not a mere lieutenant, but a Colonel, and a Count to boot. She must be right well and suddenly cured of her foreign mania, if she can resist all that. It will at any rate make her waver, and allow time for these absurd whims to evaporate. At all events, you have but to choose between this and shooting Florville. Even if discovered, what can ensue, beyond a laugh?"

"—, but I should look so ridiculous."

"As many a wiser man did before you."

come upon us?"

"That is the only danger. Between me and Dennis, it is strange, if his is not better observed."

"*Moi seul*," said Dennis, "I will answer for directing him as far out of you can wish, at certain hours. For every index, his confidant."

"What! and ours too?"

"*Mais oui*—his at *vingt sous*, your *livres*—those great inequalities are vileable to the conscience."

"And you have a conscience, Dennis?"

"*Ma foi, si je n'en avois pas*—if you would feel it, *mais essayer*, try as Rutledge again touched the conscience of the latter, like a generous physician, as "stuff o' the conscience," half

and greeted us amicably, asking
how was the pretty Julie?"
nough, when we last saw her," was
red reply, as evidently my friend's
the preceding evening had been
far.

repeated the young Frenchman,
betwixt his teeth the nail of his
how is that?"

was the best reply of both of us.
ht she seemed the gayest of the
company, Monsieur. Did you
so?"

again came to Rutledge's relief.
Jesuits you other English are in
gallantry—*bouche fermée, bourse*
ed mouth, full purse, is your device.
should I press you—it is now too

"I don't know," replied the
ledge.

"What a droll gallant to
Julie," muttered Florville, with
friend's perplexity to *bêtise*.

"Well, Florville, I wish you

"Wish me confusion rather.

"Nay, that you seem to have
have you failed?"

"You know the matter to
failed, rather the contrary. I
not resolve—at once—*sacrébleu*
how I am tortured. I'll excuse
join my regiment at Blois for
what cool reflection shall decide

"All this is an enigma to
fellow."

"Now if he hold to this resolution it is most seasonable."

"*Exprès pour nous*, the very thing for us." And so we parted.

Florville, as he had threatened, turned his horse's head to Blois, to seek advice, as he promised himself openly, from his own thoughts, as he promised himself less openly from time, and, as he did not at all promise himself, from his comrades, whose raillery was most likely to have influence upon him. I know not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no martinets, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half so well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first rate Leftite. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative good quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor

chance. They are either such *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite *preserved* against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of any of our military dandies.

They are, however, a grown and good-natured race of schoolboys, brethren and comrades in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine tails' austerity of our field-officers when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in coxcombry or expense, in nought, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.

Florville's regiment was composed chiefly of boys at and under his own age, save one or two gray-haired veterans, who in despite of their laurels, crosses, and having seen Austerlitz and Eylau, still held their commissions by a discreet zeal for the restored dynasty, and by carefully attaching the order of the *lis* to their breast by

the side of that of the legion of honour. But those seniors mingled little with their juvenile comrades, who thronged around Florville, and by a mixture of raillery and perseverance, soon made common property of the weighty secrets, that pressed upon his mind. But what resolution or step they urged him to, lies farther on in our narration.

Whilst he is bent upon his journey, the reader's humble servant assumed the liberty of dropping in upon the Mordaunts in the evening, accompanied by no less a personage than the General Count St. Aubin. That both I and my friend were welcome to ladies, one of whom at least had no two desires on earth greater than to know a French Count, and to speak with a French General, need not be told. Nay, the civilities paid to me on the score of gratitude were even greater than those with which the Count was honoured. He moreover was a reserved and silent personage, not very entertaining, I whispered, unless it was his

been of the Imperial guard, was at
mids, at Moscow, Waterloo, and all
over. Yet was he young, and the
blackness of his mustachio unsilvered
part of his visage spoke for itself, and
for other features which it concealed
was certainly formidable.

Sophia's cheek was flushed with
her good mother's with scarcely
while they feasted their eyes with
glances at the hero, they prepared
for marvel and tales of bloodshed.
mona never did her ear incline more
than did Sophia. But sometime in
the General, with all the perils he had
tered, seemed as modest and diffident
on whose lip no mustachio could flourish.

At length the young lady, like many

"*Oui*," responded the general, with an infirm intonation that made me tremble.

"And spoken with him?"

The second "*Oui*," in reply to this, was firmer and promised better. And at length it came out boldly that he was aid-de-camp, &c. But still it would not do. The General would not launch forth, would not narrate, began to gaze upon the young lady most fixedly and dully, and his tongue seemed at each reply to acquire fresh reluctance to exercise.

This excessive ill behaviour on the part of my lion nettled me sorely; and I was resolved to have my revenge, abandon my scheme, and at the same time afford us both a pretext for immediate escape, as I saw no chance of any good coming of the General's longer stay. In one of the lapses of my companion's stupidity and silence, I therefore took the opportunity of observing to Miss Mordaunt, that my friend was ill at ease, thereby offering an implied excuse for his dullness; that being an old cam-

headache, vertigo, and a variety of
and which therefore we were under
mediate necessity of retiring to seek
minet less elegant than ladies' apartments.

The looks of the General during
of mine did not refrain from
much both of surprise and displeasure
there was no gainsaying so plausible
deed so necessary a tale. We then
simultaneously to depart. But
unexpectedly discomfited. They
not permit of our departure, nor
cuse—a Count and a General leave
forsooth, for want of the soldierlike
gentlemanly solace of a pipe!—
smoke—so they thought fit to as
the odour of tobacco they had

got in an instant—it was not the least inconvenience—Mr. Mordaunt smoked. In short stay we must, and smoke we must.

I shall never forget the piteous look which my companion cast on me. My friend Rutledge, for he was no other, had, I knew, an absolute horror of tobacco in any shape, and three whiffs would most probably put the old campaigner, as I had announced him, sick, and most unamiably under the table. However, though not without participating in his perplexity, I was somewhat amused by the merited vengeance which I had inflicted without meditating.

After some time Dennis walked in with the pipes and their provender, placing one, with the most knavish expression of countenance, apt to the visitor's hand. That personage preferred a segar, which, upon trial, he found he could not light, whether it was from will, or unskillfulness, or both, I leave the reader to determine. The ladies were in pain, lest their

segarmight not please the renowned personage; the said personage in agony upon a thousand accounts, not the least of which was the simple horror of committing such a nuisance in the presence of the fair; then his dreaded sickness, the character of gallant which he came to assume, so ill assorting with the habits of the old campaigner, all put Rutledge into such perplexity, that the only approach he could make towards enjoyment of the luxurious weed, was the circumstance of burning his fingers.

A thought, however, that I wonder did not before occur to us, here came to our relief. The General, I bethought me, had been for some time prisoner in England, and spoke our language, though with difficulty and a foreign accent, a circumstance that would no doubt render him more intelligible and agreeable to the ladies. I mentioned forthwith the discovery, which appeared so happy to the General, that he flung down his pipe, and poured forth at once a variety of hitherto suppressed com-

pliments in English exaggeratedly broken. Mrs. Mordaunt protested she understood French perfectly, and that there was no occasion for putting the General to such trouble. But the trouble was decidedly a pleasure. So the pipes passed to their deserved oblivion, and the conversation revived, or rather, indeed, commenced.

We had at last touched upon the right vein, and nought could be more fluent or fascinating than the flow of the General's talk; somewhat flighty in its excursions from Moscow to Madrid, and flighty perhaps in the other and Munchausen signification of the word, but still all was in due keeping, gravity, and disguise, so that the credulity of the fair listeners was not once over-charged nor their suspicions once alarmed. They were delighted in the extreme, and Sophia Mordaunt forgot all her English reserve in her eagerness to satisfy her curiosity by questioning so interesting and so valiant a personage. Success could not smile

more fully on our scheme. Sophia's fancy was taken by a coup-de-main. And we saw at once that Florville was utterly and irrevocably forgotten. After having audaciously sung a Spanish song, and given a Russian hurraw, General Count St. Aubin took his leave of the ladies, not without vowing to bestow on them the frequent honour of his company and assiduities.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING Florville's opportune absence, which by the by was ill construed by the English object of his vows, however he had pleaded necessity for it, the General Count St. Aubin did not fail a single evening in his visits; nor did the Mordaunts fail to be at home. It was unlucky that he was so averse to promenade and *soirée*; but this, though churlish, suited well with his heroic character. The evening was his only time of going forth, as for particular reasons he avoided scrutiny by day; but then the twilight hour was most favourable to the impression that he sought to make. Of his

identity no doubt was entertained. Dennis had even the boldness and kindness to assert, that he had served under him, and gladly would take up a musquet again under so distinguished a commander. Latterly too, in despite of his moustaches, he was not wanting in the pathetic, nor defective in sensibility, as he took opportunities of evincing. He was soon struck with the *naïveté*, the beauty, and the amiability of Miss Mordaunt; and it became manifest to both Sophia and her mamma, that the former had made a conquest of the General Count St. Aubin.

Meantime the pretty Julie was in despair at the abandonment both of her real and her pretended lover. Pride or just resentment could not come to her relief; for she had justly merited the conduct of Florville by all the coquetry and caprice, with which the air of a metropolis inspires young ladies. Nor had the young *garde-du-corps* attached himself to the rich and handsome Englishwoman, until the

whims of Julie, the alternate hot and cold fits of that tertian, a woman's humour, had really driven him for consolation, amusement, and even self-respect, elsewhere. Having come, however, to the comparative solitude of the country and to her senses at the same time, she was anxious to make every reparation to her injured admirer, and to herself internal promises of the most reserved conduct. In despite of this resolve, it is true, she could not refrain from some flirtation, as we have seen, with Rutledge; but still, it was with the best and most innocent intention, vain and unlucky as it had proved.

Affairs being in this state, Florville returned from Blois, his ideas ten times more worldly than when he had set forth. The company of one's own sex, whatever that may be, is sure to increase our selfishness hourly, whilst converse with a different sex, is sure to have the opposite effect. There is always a mean rivalry, an affectation of cunning, and conse-

quently an emulation towards it, betwixt males, or betwixt females who herd exclusively together, and which alway forms the *esprit de corps* of such societies. Look at schoolboys, soldiers, old maids, &c. for example, and you will find the maxim true.

Be it so or not, Florville returned from his comrades, fraught certainly with a higher comparative idea of money over love, than the sort of balance which both contesting principles held in his mind ere his departure. The advice in consequence, which he professed to have gone to seek from reflection, proved to be that he should marry Sophia Mordaunt and possess himself of her fortune without loss of time, or without bestowing a thought on Julie, who had the impertinence to be at once poor and a coquette. Such was the resolution with which the young officer re-entered Tours.

Florville was a confident youth, like many youths and most Frenchmen, and accordingly stepped up the Mordaunts' stair without any

misgivings as to the probability of success, or the least suspicion of the revolution which had taken place during his absence. The first salute, which he received from the fair Sophia, was a cry of surprise, which indicated, that, whether welcome or not, his coming was not expected, not looked for, and therefore might whisper jealousy, not very ardently hoped for. But Florville, not being in love, was not so readily jealous. Miss Mordaunt's first coldness and carelessness of manner also, he attributed to *bêtise*, the stupidity before observed; but before he took his leave he began to perceive somewhat more than usual, something that required another cause. He departed somewhat abruptly, scarcely venturing as yet to shew resentment. It might be a momentary whim, a woman's humour. It was sufficient, however, to make him feel awkward and uneasy respecting the promised thousands.

It was evening, Dennis watched the young French spark to his home, and reporting him

safely lodged, gave word thereof to Rutledge, who, in the person of the General, accordingly hastened in his turn to pay his evening respects to his mistress. His reception was even more cordial, than ever it had been previously. The moustache-less lieutenant had sunk in the scale, and the Count and the General kicked the beam. There wanted but a declaration; all appearances, facilities, smiles, and tenderness drew thitherwards: and how it could have been escaped, for that was the General's perplexity, seemed beyond his skill—when once again Florville entered.

Unable to support the fresh suspense into which he had been thrown, he hurried back to make himself more sure, and found in the shape of the General Count St. Aubin a more substantial proof of his disgrace, than he could have expected. Luckily for Rutledge the young Frenchman lost at once his temper, and with his temper his discernment. He eyed his rival however with a glance, which the General,

most unhero-like, shrank from. The twilight, like a seven-fold shield, warded off all danger of detection. The impatient Florville in a little time began to wield his interrogatory, and soon extracted the name, rank, and title of the strange visitor from Miss Mordaunt. He knew no such General, and no such Count, a remark to which Sophia's smile replied, that it was very probable. He then attacked the General's self, who, for the benefit of the ladies, replied the little that he did reply, in the same broken English, that he had hitherto found so convenient.

There was a skirmish of some ten minutes, very nervous to me, who was a looker on, not unimplicated. The General was sadly deficient in the military knowledge, that of corps, acquaintance with garrisons and officers, &c. all of which was familiar to Florville. But then the veteran pleaded being of the old, not of the new army, and covered well his ignorance with contempt of all that savoured of the new re-

at length boldly, though politely, of a Frenchman, either in sentiment Rutledge, who was not aware what insult the assertion of "*Tu n'es pas*" is in France, replied calmly, as he concerted, that he was Alsacien, and his tongue might therefore somewhat provincialism. But that, *en revanche* of his estates on the Rhine so far exceeded of the flatter and purer tongued people of France, that their romance at least resembled their *patois*. If this excuse did not satisfy Florville, it certainly did Sophia, and her imagination immediately took its flight to the lovely banks of the Rhine, and amongst its scenery and castles.

"Monsieur Le Comte, then, speak

my quaking friend; "have you ever read Faustus, Miss Mordaunt?"

"No; but I should like to read it of all things. It was my intention, my serious intention, to have a German master, and—"

Here Florville spoke some Deutsch gibberish at the Rhenish Count, who was too much occupied with Miss Mordaunt's announced intentions to have any attention for the impertinent Lieutenant.

"And learn it of course," said I; "though that does not always follow."

Florville reiterated his gibberish, to which the Count offering no intelligence, I was obliged to say, that "the only German dialect my friend did not understand was the Parisian."

This turned the spark's resentment upon me. He assured me, he had himself taken lessons from a noble, a Count of the Holy Roman empire, and more certainly one than many who falsely pretended to the title.

At this insult all eyes were turned towards the Count, who sate as phlegmatic as could have become his adopted country, not deigning to notice the insinuation of the pert subaltern. The ladies were not so forbearant; the elder expressed her hopes that such a breach of good breeding would not be repeated, and the younger looked a reproof ten times more cutting. Nought was left to Florville, save retreat; which at length he made, casting indignant glances, and muttering indignant expressions against the General Count St. Aubin, and me, his ally.

No sooner had he departed once more, than Monsieur Denis was summoned, and the impertinent Dennis entered exclaiming in a familiar tone,

"Je sais bien, Mesdames, ce que vous voulez avec moi—I know very well, ladies, what you want with me."

"Eh bien, Denise, ce que c'est que we want with ye," asked Mrs. Mordaunt,

putting to the proof the courier's ingenuity.

"'Tis that ye are not at home for Lieutenant, now that the General's come to quarters."

"Fie, fie, go about your business."

"Je n'ai pas d'affaire—I have no business."

"Allez vous ong, Denise."

"Nor Madame, nor Mademoiselle are at home then to Monsieur Florville."

"No, Denise, that is it exactly."

"Then, fy could you not tell at vonce?" cried Dennis, closing the door in a most *undomestic* manner.

"Really, French servants are so rude," observed Mrs. Mordaunt.

And at the moment I perceived that all the smothered Englishman in Rutledge had risen to crimson his face, and to trouble him with an almost irresistible desire to kick Mister Dennis down stairs; but prudence, patience, and German phlegm prevailed. Having seen my friend so far and fairly out of the danger

which threatened, and so fully in favour with the dames upon whose will his happiness depended, I resolved to leave him to make the best of the advantages in his power. I therefore also took my departure.

"I was in a right good humour, and wended my way homeward, laughing, internally at least, if not aloud, at the success of our adventure, and by the light of as lovely a moon as ever silvered the Loire. I certainly thought little upon stilets, ambushes, and such Italian adventures, when the shadow of a figure, that was evidently lurking in expectation of my coming, behind the corner of a street in shade, advanced, and recalled me at once to suspicion and defence. It was no other than my friend the garde-du-corps, and he seemed considerably disappointed at my not being accompanied by my noble and military acquaintance.

"What! Florville, you turned bravo?"

"Ay, any thing for vengeance. Where is this pseudo Count of your creation?"

"With the ladies, I suppose. But why, my creation? I am neither count, nor king maker, neither Napoleon, nor an Austrian Cæsar. But come, Florville, be romantic, if you will, but cool, and let us take a moonlight stroll by the Loire."

"This Count must fight me to-morrow."

"Unless the inequality of his rank and yours, which weighs you know with those Holy Roman nobles, should stand in the way, I am sure, he will have no objection."

"Rank!" and the impatience of Florville denied him the utterance of aught save oaths—"rank! I will unmask the impostor; I will expose him in the public place."

"All I hope is, that he may prove an amenable monster."

"I see how it is. Ye are jealous that I captivate one of your countrywomen."

"Me! I care not, Florville, if all womankind were dying for love of thee. Nay, I would

for thy benevolence."

"You are angry, that I should carry
fortune of Miss Mordaunt."

"A little or so, supposing at the same
that you cared not for her."

"Why, what is that to the purpose?"

"The happiness of a countrywoman."

"And so from this disinterested passion
you have dressed up a Count to rival me."

"And if he rival thee by the mere
Count, of what depth are the affections
fair one?"

"Deep enough for me, *sacre*, I wish
those who have meddled."

"Nothing, my good fellow, remains
on your part at least; and as little need
I believe, to learn. I thought, in Paris,
were attached to Julie Le Normand."

"There again, *ventrebleu*, I find another

"I' faith, Florville, a great deal oftener for my own. But you say true. There is Rutledge, rivalling you with Julie—why not challenge him?"

"Why not,—indeed,—as if it were not my intention. I will have wide revenge. Vengeance on all sides of me, I will run both through, Count and gentleman——"

"And marry, I hope, both the charmers, by way of compensation."

"I should like it of all things—the person of one, and the fortune of the other—but that would never do."

"Would it not? Nay then, you must choose, Florville. Look, how beautifully the moon sleeps upon that water, its waving line of light, and those old trees, like dozing sentinels, around that fine old chateau, yet stirring themselves lightly betimes, as if to intimate their watch. This tattling town is quiet, and all eyes, save those which love keeps waking, are closed. What an hour——&c." The reader may con-

ceive another page full of this nonsense, which nevertheless sounded very well, I assure him, by moonlight, on the Loire.

In continuance I grew far more sentimental, than I dare do upon paper. Florville was touched. I told him the story of my first love, and a most baseless story it was, from beginning to end—sheer invention, without truth, but with pathos, which is ever more to the purpose. Poor Florville, he ejaculated the name of Julie. I begged his confidence; and he told me, warm and generous youth, all that I knew before; which I, equally warm and sympathetic friend, heard without a murmur.

“And can you sacrifice love to gold?” asked I, in the moon-light.

“No, no,” exclaimed Florville, striking his clenched hand against his forehead. “No, Julie, another’s will I never be.”

“And the Count?”

“Peste, let him take her—and her guineas.”

The latter declaration and disinterested resolution came the tardiest. But it was final and sincere.

"And Rutledge?"

"I'll tear the buttons from my foils this night for him."

"Nay, but this is the effervescence of the moment. Self will return with the morrow."

"If it doth—may this hilt," and Florville grasped his sword, "fall from the dishonoured hand that holds it."

"Bravely said, Florville. But I must home to bed."

"Stay but an hour longer, my dear fellow."

"Not an instant. I am neither ghost nor lover, to live on the midnight air. Good night."

"Good night," and his parting grasp was worthy of the most sworn brothers in the days of chivalry.

CHAPTER V.

MEANTIME the conversation of the pseudo-Count with Sophia took as interesting a turn, as the ingenuity of the former could bring about. But its success was not so full as his expectations; the admiration of the English damsel for her foreign admirers whether *garde-du-corps* or General, seemed not to go farther than vanity and a love of flirtation. Serious hints she seemed either to avoid or play with, and the General found, to his internal delight, that if either he himself or the young *garde-du-corps* had succeeded in gaining the hand of the lady, it should be by that system of persever-

ance, which can always force a weak girl to espouse whomsoever she has once tolerated.

With joy Rutledge communicated this discovery to me on the following morning; and I, for my part, did not want news equally agreeable to him. I told him of Florville's ambuscade, and the sentimental scene on the banks of the Loire in which it had ended. My friend was as grateful as he was amused. But still how to bring about an advantageous *denouement* remained a difficulty. Florville's determination to quarrel with Rutledge seemed to offer means of proving openly where his attachment was fixed, and this might be turned to advantage. The General Count St. Aubin too still remained in reserve to punish Sophia, if nought remained but to punish her. But notwithstanding Rutledge's confidence, I still dreaded that the predilections of the capricious maiden had been more firmly turned towards the gay young *garde-du-corps* than he imagined.

While thus communing, the arrival of a de-

fiant epistle from Florville, written evidently, from the high and heated tone of it, on the preceding night immediately after the determination taken, was delivered to Rutledge, and fulfilled for us the chief point of what we were supposing. It commanded the immediate cession of all pretensions, else vengeance the most speedy and hyperbolical was denounced, and a meeting for that purpose instantly requested. This was addressed to Monsieur Root, who laid up the document with care, and in answer referred Florville of course to me, his friend, for all arrangements or explanations. His next step was to call on the Le Normands, to make the despairing Julie happy by a display of what menaces and perils he causelessly incurred on her account, to expostulate with her in mock seriousness on the danger of such charms, and to ask her advice as to what conduct he was to pursue. Poor Julie was amazed, confused, delighted, knew not what to say, but deprecated a duel—had the highest esteem for Mon-

sieur Root, but hoped he would not expose his own life, as well as that of another, for nothing. She was confusedly happy, and would have been rendered completely so, had not that malicious sprite, which never allows good luck to come without alloy, so ordered it, that Florville at the instant came, besought admittance, and was denied.

More hurt and exasperated at this, the angry Lieutenant sought me out, and poured forth at once a torrent of voluble complaints against fortune, me, the world, the English, and womankind.

"What can have crossed you, Florville," said I, "if you hold to the honourable resolution of last night."

"I have been deceived, tricked every way, and nothing is left me but revenge. Hath this Root appointed an hour of meeting? And this Count or Baron, I must look to him also."

"Him too? then you still hanker after the guineas?"

"If you knew what need I had of them, you would give me credit for self-denial in the abandonment."

"What, in the name of wonder, can you, a young soldier, want with the incumbrance of wealth?"

Florville here related to me a sort of *pendant* to the story of the previous night. That was all love and romance, this all debt and difficulties; a singular story, be it remarked, for a young Frenchman to tell, prudence, economy, and honour in pecuniary matters being as much the characteristic of the young French, as the very contrary is of the greater part of the young English. However, the gay Florville was an exception, and in some of the dissipations of the metropolis, he had been into some scenes, the consequences of which might mar even his advancement in his profession. Those considerations, together with the unkindness of Julie, had shaken his resolution. And his present fit of jealousy was more against the

gallant St. Aubin, than even against Monsieur Root.

Who should make his appearance at the moment but Monsieur Root himself! And the Lieutenant's amicable conversation with me was immediately turned to an angry expostulation with my friend. Rutledge was all suavity in reply; he had no objection to the hostile meeting, but proposed as a more amicable adjustment, to refer the difference to the decision of the fair Julie. Florville, however, still blustered, being still irresolute. I pressed him, on perceiving this, and accused him of duplicity, as well as heartlessness; and he defended himself by saying, that he would willingly abandon his pretensions to Miss Mordaunt, but such a step would seem forced on him by the Count St. Aubin, whom he would thus seem to dread or to yield to. A previous meeting or explication with him became the necessary preliminary to any step. There was some reason in this. And some consultatory

glances passed immediately betwixt Rutledge and myself.

"Come, Florville," said I, "you have been frank with me, and we intend to be more than frank with you. Monsieur Root here is no other than the General Count St. Aubin."

"*Ah bah!* do you think I am a fool—"

"I have de honour to assure you, that I am Alsacien, Sair, and dat my chateau on de Rhine—"

"*Flambé de tous les côtés*, every way tricked—and why, my good Monsieur Le Comte Root St. Aubin, to what purpose all this *moquerie* of me, and *travestissement* of yourself. Think you, I am a fit subject?"

"Monsieur Root, as you call him, Florville," said I, "is the ancient and accepted lover of Miss Mordaunt, come on purpose to reclaim her from your fascinations."

"The ancient?—make me sure of that,—the ancient, mark me, not a new, and I am satisfied."

"And Mademoiselle Le Normand, is he the ancient lover there too, ha?"

"No, i' faith, a very recent and a very false one."

"This is something," said Florville, taking a satisfactory pinch of snuff. "And so the Count St. Aubin has become the rival of both Messieurs Florville and Root—it is a vaudeville *parfaite*. But allons, what more? Tell me thus much—how far has the Count been successful near Miss Sophie?"

"Nothing express, the tenderest of reception, the warmest of grasps, every thing that could fan hope, and bid affection live."

"The same story exactly I could tell. I wish you joy of her. I give her up. She is *bête*, and coquette, two characters I never met united before—but ye English are all prodigies."

"Wit and worth, if misunderstood, what are they but *bêtise*?" said Rutledge.

"Well, as you wish, *chacun à son goût*. I will visit Julie, and if—"

"Nay, no ifs; I promise for her, as for all that has been said. But, Florville, before we part, I have mentioned to my friend here, your friend too, I trust, what you mentioned to me. He is a monied rascal, and might unjewishly convenience you."

"Nay, a year would be sufficient for me to repay it."

"How much might it be?"

"It is much."

"Nay—is it five hundred louis?"

"Five hundred francs—more—double the sum."

"A thousand francs only,—and a good fellow's peace at stake for such a sum! My dear fellow, you shall have it in one second."

The astonishment of poor Florville was as great as his pleasure. With a heart, on which nought no longer weighed to depress its natural buoyancy, he hurried, and found that part

of our assertions, which most concerned him, true.

Rutledge and myself waited the auspicious hour of evening. And then the General Count St. Aubin hastened to visit the Mordaunts. Half an hour's space of the usual conversation ensued, of *la belle France*, and its lovely vineyard; of the Rhine, its castles; Italy, its ruins and olives; in short of all the delights of the Continent; we forgot not to speak of Blois, of Florville's regiment, and Florville himself. And, in truth, Sophia seemed curious to hear respecting him, yet not anxious—there was no agitated nerve, nor checked respiration, attending her questions. It was cold curiosity. Anon the conversation turned to old England, and though not entered upon warmly, still familiar names and old recollections forced proper interest. Nay, the conversation flowed more trippingly upon a theme so long forgotten. How speak of absent home, and not of deaths and marriages, and of such like adventures?

"Did you hear of poor Rutledge's sudden disappearance from England?" came at last.

"No," was breathlessly replied.

"Gone for certain, and has not since been heard of at home."

"What can have become of him?" asked Mrs. Mordaunt. Her daughter had not strength for the question.

I mentioned three probable rendezvous of the missing at that time—Colombia, the North Pole, and the bottom of the sea.

My jest was ill received, and the young lady grew pale. The General Count St. Aubin flew to her relief, but in his hurry unluckily forgot both generalship and countship.

"My dearest Sophia," was the exclamation, in pure vernacular English too, in which the Rhenish Count called on the fainting maiden.

Sophia opened her eyes, and a shriek instantly came. For bending over her, she beheld the mustachio-less and undisguised Rutledge.

The passionate hysteric, that his supposed fate had nearly produced, was of course suspended, and not without the ire of the lady, who, glad as she was at the recovery of her lover, was still indignant at being so grossly deceived. She stood up with dignity, and spoke some words of resentment and pride. "It was unjustifiable, and wrong in the extreme. She would never forgive it, never." So saying with a dreadful emphasis, she retired.

The next morning Sophia not only granted, but her good sense made her even crave pardon of her lover. Her nationality, her natural feelings, and old, familiar thoughts returned; and as in a little re-union of all friends, Florville and Julie met Rutledge with Sophia, the first allowed that the last was no longer *bête*.

END OF A WEEK AT TOURS, AND
OF THE FIRST VOLUME.







HISTORIETTES.



L.H. 1827

HISTORIETTES,
OR
TALES
OF
CONTINENTAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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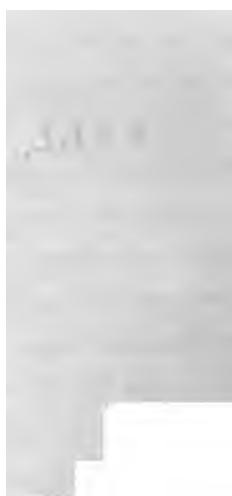
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**THE
FALL OF BERN.**

VOL. II.

B



INTRODUCTION.

Cross what frontier you will and let the barrier stream or boundary divide realms of whatever extent, nationality, or might,—be it the Bidassoa self, or Calais strait, the kingdoms on each side separated by rivalry, by war, and hereditary hate, no more wide difference or contrast will appear betwixt the two countries, than will strike the traveller, who simply passes from the Swiss Canton of the Vaud, into that of the Vallais. The Rhone, it is true, divides them, the “arrowy Rhone,” even in the cleft, where Childe Harold witnessed the most fearful bursts of that thunderstorm, which he has immortalized, and in old

times no doubt influenced the moral separation, as it still effects the physical division between the two Cantons. But religion, a more impassable obstacle than the mountain stream, has in modern times held, and still holds the pass. The Vallaisans are of the Catholic, the Vaudois of the reformed persuasion, and this, in many ways manifest to the traveller, is declared to him by the famed convent of St. Meurice, which, as a kind of fortified place on the frontier of the Vallais, seems to have been erected to resist the preaching incursions of the heretic people of the Vaud.

No path in nature is so delicious as that which passes over this enchanted ground, from Lausanne east to Vevay by the banks of the Lemane, through luxuriant vineyards clambering up the sides of hills green to their summit, towns, enclosures, cultivation, wealth, and rural beauty, marking the favoured space around—whilst on the opposite bank of the lake, rise, in rude contrast, a range of the higher

Alps, their dark rocky bases frowning on the brink, and towering up to its lofty summits, where the snow rests, here in dazzling heaps, there thin and fretted, covering the rough granite, like a delicate veil. Forget not, that the rocks are those of Meillerie, and that on the milder and more lovely shore, the village of Clarens hangs upon the steep, its cottages and elms mingled and straggling up the course of a little stream, which marks the angle, where the higher Alps unite with the lesser line of the Jura. There is the spirit of Rousseau enshrined, there did he breathe life into Julie and St. Preux, and with the same breath gave immortality to himself—elsewhere he is the sensualist, the madman, the egotist, the wretched politician, the worse moralist—but in Clarens he is at home—the “Child of Nature,” in her loveliest scene—the Rousseau, not of the Confessions, but of the *Heloise*.

Here too have the “sandal-shoon” of Harold

left their trace. They scarcely want even time to hallow them, so apart from every day life, so removed from the vulgar *present* seemed they. Here stands Chillon on the brink, looking forth with its little conical crowned turrets up the lake. No shrine of the days of martyrdom can boast more pilgrims than Bonnivard's dungeon-floor.

But a thousand pens have revelled in this picturesque ere mine. A few hours' further wandering by the Leman's brink, and, when the lake is left behind, by the course of the turbid Rhone, conducting to the extremity of the Vaud, and to the bridge of St. Meurice, which unites it to the Catholic Vallais. Never shall I forget the impression first made upon me in passing that barrier. I had entered Switzerland by the Jura and Geneva, had seen of it as yet, but the rich and cultivated Vaud; the neatness and beauty of its inhabitants, the picturesque of their costume, their courteousness of manner and purity of language, be-

speaking education, had been considered by me as a sample of the favoured region of Switzerland. I looked for no less and no other amidst the romantic Alps. And my astonishment on first entering the Vallais was as painful as it was great. Beings and habitations so squalid, so wretched, so debased and debased, never did my eyes behold. Instead of the graceful straw hat shading the lovely features of the *paysanne* of the Vaud, here were hard-favoured, masculine *poissardes*, with men's hats appropriately covering their unkempt locks—garments of dingy blue made them resemble their sister mountaineers of Wales, but wild neatness was not here—the village street was Irish to the last extremity in filth and neglect—and to complete the disgust of beholders, the *goitre*, in the Vaud scarcely ever beheld, hung here in flourishing enormity from the necks of far more than every second female. Here too was the hideous *Cretin*—but enough of such description.

“What can be the reason of this difference?” did I naturally ask myself. And lo! an answer made its appearance in the shape of a sturdy mendicant friar, who in his brown gown and cord cincture, stalked to my side, and stood to demand alms. It was the first specimen of the animal I had ever beheld, and I certainly had not stared at a Calmuck or an Atheist with more curiosity. He received his pittance, and stalked away with it towards his convent, my eye following him, and when it had lost all view, the image of the Franciscan friar, the first friar it had ever beheld, continued to haunt its vision.

Onward I still wended, musing, moralizing; and so, thought I, Catholicism can alone make all this difference. I was prepared to distrust, to suspect it, but to find it thus a blight upon mind and person, is more than my past prejudice could have supposed. Yonder smiled the Protestant Canton in wealth, content, and beauty, its natural soil a shingly, bar-

ren steep, a narrow shore. Yet freedom and industry hath so wrought up its sterility, that one solitary vineyard within its precincts were worth a mighty tract of this rich and neglected vale, "o'er which yon convent rules." Forthwith, set I, anathematizing monks and monkery, and even went so far in my enthusiastic wishes, as to shake once more the Pontiff from his leaden throne. There is no task more grateful to the fancy, than that of uprooting thrones, and setting right the wrong. I plunged at once into the day-dream; and my steps quickened with each blow I struck to right the injured and set at liberty the enslaved. The scene, degraded as it looked in its sublimity from the abject wretchedness of its inhabitants, was but too appropriate for such fantasies, and warmer still waxed I in my mood. How my gathering zeal would have ended, whether in an indignant sonnet, or in a planned conspiracy against his Holiness, Pope Pius, I was not allowed to determine.

For in the very midst of my dream, from all my ardent cogitations, I was wakened by a burst of obstreperous gaiety not far behind. I felt in the first moment indignant at the interruption,

“Angry at first that they had dared t’intrude
Upon the empire of my solitude—
Strange dreams of pride have men in lonely mood.”

But as the merry sounds approached, borne on in several *char-a-banes*, I recognized neither unknown nor unfriendly voices. They hailed me. The spell of fancy was irrevocably broken, and I felt that it would be best replaced by that of society and conversation.

I instantly therefore became one of the merry company, who, it seemed, were bound to visit a celebrated waterfall of those regions, known to all travellers by its name of indecorous notoriety, and straight found myself seated by the side of a learned professor of the capital of the Pays de Vaud. Although my imagination, fabric, and speculations, had been dissi-

pated, the foundation of them, the key-thought still remained—the image of the monk was present to me, his convent, and the wretchedness of the surrounding country and population. I noticed it to my companion, who smiled, and observed, that every English traveller he had ever met, had made the same observation. “All,” said I, “no doubt assigning the same cause, the blighting influence of that moral Upas, Popery.”

“True,” replied he, “that indeed was their brief and ready way of accounting for what they beheld. And many, moreover, likened the scene, the cause and its effects, to a country neighbouring and dependent on their own.”

“Ireland.”

“The same. And I helped them still farther with their comparison, though I marred somewhat the fulness of their sweeping conclusions against Popery, by informing them, that this part of the Canton, or the *Bas*

Vallais, as it is called, was long subject to the *Haut Vallais*, or upper part of the Valley, where though Catholicism reigns, yet wealth and comfort prevail beneath its sway, and are found there, as elsewhere, not incompatible with the existence of superstition."

"Want of independence, especially in a land where all around were free, must have helped to weigh these poor wretches down. But still," urged I, "your liberal excuses for Popery will not hold. Were not the *Vaudois* also dependent, and upon a jurisdiction more aristocratic and more removed from them, upon that of Berne? and still they prospered."

"They were refugees," rejoined the professor, "and the first settlers bequeathed to their offspring the industry, by which alone strangers can thrive in a foreign land. It is curious," continued he, "that it is with men, as with plants, remove them to a strange soil, provided its nature and temperature be not too foreign to their habits, and they thrive, take

root stronger, put forth healthier shoots, and outlive all the weaker and more ancient possessors of the soil. All indigenous races have been conquered, and none were conquerors till they emigrated. Even royal races run to seed, and want renewal."

This was a digression, which however ingenious, I was too much possessed by the friar that I had beheld, and all the ideas attendant on such a personage, to permit myself to be led astray by it. I, therefore, recalled the professor again and again to the topic. And he, perceiving that I was incapable of listening to any other, consented at last to lay his learning and philosophy aside, and draw from his memory anecdotes and incidents, that far more interested me. He spoke of the old convent, which he remembered in its pride, of the thousand stories relative to it, and of the old quarrels subsisting betwixt the Cantons, in which it always bore a conspicuous part. His chief recollections, however, lay

amongst the days of the French and Swiss revolution, during which he had grown up, and I soon found that I had hit upon a rich vein of fanciful ore.

Few of those men, who in France or the surrounding countries witnessed or mingled in the revolution, like to dwell upon those times. Whether from disgust at the era, or from dread of being led into imprudent talk, these are reserved on that subject, which to a stranger is most interesting. When, however, you do by chance meet with a contemporary of those times, and have either the art or the fortune to bring him to the forbidden topic, you are at once repaid by a garrulity, the greater for being seldom indulged; and you are overwhelmed with anecdote and adventure, the fearful and the wild, till attention lags, and memory can hold no more.

This was my case with the professor, who grew so immersed in his stories and taken with the interest which I displayed, that even the

visit to the famed cascade, and the gay feasting which took place thereat, did not interrupt him. The scene had no charms for either listener or narrator; and I remember our exciting universal indignation by refusing to imitate the rest of the party in running under the fall, thus evincing hardihood and earning an "*have to say*" at the expense of a ducking.

Although the scene of the subsequent tale lies for the most part removed from this immediate spot, still I have thought proper to preface it thus naturally by the very reflections, the very scene, and the very circumstances, that led to my becoming possessed of its materials. It will also prove an excuse, and I dare say, not an unwelcome one to the reader, for my sinking the first person throughout the following story, which dates somewhat farther back than my personal experience.



THE
FALL OF BERN.

CHAPTER I.

MADemoiselle D'Humières was presented at the court of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth a few days previous to that monarch's opening the *Etats Generaux*. It was to that circumstance that she owed so early a presentation, being then but fifteen, and what she never ceased to prize as an happiness, though a melancholy one, the honour of having seen the lovely and helpless Marie Antoinette. Her father, the Comte D'Humières, had resided for many years at his chateau, and amongst his possessions in Picardy, whither he had retired on some slight received at court, which he thought as little due to his birth, as to his ser-

vices. He was a soldier, who had seen Fontenoy. Once, indeed, his loyalty and love of the Bourbon blood, his old recollections, and perhaps his ambition, led him to swerve from his fixed resolutions of retirement. It was when the marriage of the young Prince with the archduchess of Austria was hailed by France as the fair forerunner of a happy reign. The Comte D'Humières came to Paris to pay his court to this future monarch; but such was the bustle of the period, and such the awkward diffidence of Louis, a quality in the great often mistaken for pride, that the old veteran returned from the little court of La Muette as neglected and mortified, as he had formerly retired from that of Louis the Fifteenth.

These slights rankled in the bosom of the old noble, and rankled the more for his retirement. The works of the philosophical writers of that day, those *avant-couriers* of the revolution, found, for these causes, a welcome place

in his library. He looked with favour and silent applause upon the popular and liberal party, and was one of those who contemplated the financial and other distresses of his country with complacency, in hopes that the excess of evil would produce a radical cure in the system. All this liberality of feeling, however, the Count found the means of reconciling with all the prejudices of his birth, his hereditary privileges, and aristocratic pride; and whilst he lamented the misery of the French people, ground down by exorbitant taxes, he not the less esteemed himself exempt by divine right from such base burdens. The rumour of the *Etats Generaux*, or States General, about to be assembled by Louis, was wafted to his ears from Paris, welcome as the "sweet South," which bore it; and the prospect of realizing, at least of giving utterance to those speculations, which had occupied his solitude, warmed the heart and once more relumed the ambition of the Comte D'Humières.

The Count was a widower with a son and daughter. The Vicomte Prosper he had himself educated, and had instilled into the youth his own variable and ill-digested mixture of aristocratic and popular principles. Indeed, this education, which the Count had resolved to conduct himself, had been a source of sore perplexity to him. For the youth, from the ardour both of his character and age, was always inclined to follow up each principle in the extreme; whilst the father and tutor, in whose mind such weighty and contradictory maxims were nicely balanced, found it extremely difficult to keep his son in the happy mean. The endeavour, not without pain, led to argument, and there the Count discovered that the taught too often turned teacher, and pressed with irresistible logic upon the system proposed to him. In the end, the pertinacity of the youth, if it did not conquer, at least emancipated itself; and young Prosper, shaking off the rein which his good parent in vain en-

deavoured to hold, ran wild through all fields of disquisition, political as well as moral, and arrived, ere he had attained the age of twenty, at the precocious conclusion, that both religion and government were, as party has been defined to be, "The madness of many for the gain of a few."

The old Count's temper was much tried by the petulancy and unruliness of his son; nay, perhaps his popular and uncourtly maxims had lost in his eyes much of their grace and value, since he had created for himself so unpleasant an example of their effects. Yet nevertheless, in despite of such momentary suffering on one part, and petulance on the other, the tie of filial and parental affection held strong, and the peace of the family was not interrupted.

In 1789, the Count was summoned to attend the *Etats Generaux* at Versailles. The summons was delightful to him: he longed to refresh his recollections of Versailles, its royal

such, he thought, by retirement, by self-denial, and the abjurement dice. And thus to find himself now amongst that party to which he had step down, was mortifying in the Some may express wonder, that a had known the hollowness of courts, rience their ingratitude, should have ever so slight a fabric on the more, equally, unstable foundation of a mix of society. But the weak mind (and its nature is a blessing) cannot be ro credulity, or forbidden to place its t where : and the imagination of such like the bird that builds beneath o destroy his habitation as oft as y creature will recommence it anew.

One or two weeks were sufficien

to Versailles, whither all his old associations, save the disgrace and the slight, tended. At any other period he here would have met with nought but a fresh affront. Times, however, were now too perilous, and the future was gathering too black before the court and the party still attached to it, to permit of any convert, or any promise of support, to be overlooked. The due encouragement was held forth. And to Prosper's anger, though veiled in mirth, for since his sojourn at Paris, the youth had perfected his accomplishments by sheathing his argument in a gibe, the carriage of the Comte D'Humières took, upon a grand court and gala day, the route to Versailles. Considering the Vicomte Prosper's principles and new connexions, the Comte felt that he could not, in propriety or honour, introduce him to the august presence of his sovereign. His daughter Rosalie, however, who shrunk in true feminine delicacy from all such rude

bring, not without an idea that her simplicity would make an impression on the queen, in whom both qualities, each in the former, were conspicuous.

Such was the period and occasion of the appearance of Rosalie D'Humières. Of the grave, political questions which occupied her father and which he had taken scarcely cognizance of, she did not understand the arguments or the consequences; not that she wanted either the power of discernment, but that the understanding of the young maiden was ruled by her heart, and refused to apply itself to subjects which that was not interested in. She distinguished loyalty and disloyalty from the lips of her father; the Bourbons and their enemies she loved one moment, and execrated at another; she was consequently indifferent, and

love mingled with that awe, with which she involuntarily contemplated the majesty of her sovereign.

A lovelier being at the same time never shone in the gilded salons of Versailles,—she was so still, in despite of all that art could do to counteract the natural charms of her person and her age. Her light, sylphic figure, yet unblown into womanhood, was enwrapt, rather than clothed, in stiff and figured silk. The deformity of the hoop I need not mention. And then the barbarism with which her young locks were piled, somewhat in the shape of a pine-apple, above her head. The enormous coiffure seemed as if inflated, and bearing away the rest of the person attached to it. The shining auburn of her hair was bedimmed with powder. Rouge was even considered necessary to veil, for it could not heighten, the pure flush of her healthy cheek. In short, a more lovely little monster could not be exposed to the curious and critical eyes of the

present day. On that day not an eye beheld without an accompanying word of approval, of delight, or adoration, according as the age or character of the beholder influenced him.

Dazzled and confused by the royal magnificence of the scene, and still more by the gaze of the crowd, Rosalie with her father entered that abode of state, and soon found herself in the presence of Louis and his Queen. In despite of the circumstances of his coming, the monarch took no notice of the Comte D'Humières. The reception of the Queen was even more chilling; for Marie Antoinette was little mistress of her feelings, and like her sister of Naples, and, indeed, most of the females of her family, she was remarkable for those strong dislikes and loves, from which the males of the same house seem comparatively exempt. Her countenance, however, only held this ungracious expression whilst her eyes rested on the Count. When it passed

to his daughter, a sweet smile followed a movement of surprise; "I did not think the air of Humières so favourable to beauty," said the Queen.

"It has been deemed, your Majesty, an air both pure and noble."

"'Tis well, Sir," rejoined the Queen; "and here is a fair voucher." Somewhat softening her tone, she added, "Count, we will rob you of your daughter for a day."

And instead of allowing Rosalie to pass in the crowd, she spoke a word to Madame de Polignac, and Mademoiselle D'Humières immediately took a place amongst her Majesty's immediate attendants. The Count was about to reply, but an adroit courtier, whose office it was to spare his royal master's all waste of time and words, artfully and abruptly took the old noble aside; where the Comte D'Artois, then the chief of the aristocratic party, graciously received and welcomed the political recruit, making all the amends in his power.

for the reserve of Louis, and the ill-timed taunt of his Queen.

There was a fête that evening at the Triainon; the private and select friends of the queen were alone present. For, surrounded as she was by enemies, and persecuted by calumny, which misrepresented her most innocent gaiety as crime, she was compelled gradually to narrow her circle, in order to escape the malignity of report; which, according to its wonted and most favoured custom, always grafted the lie of malice upon the circumstances of truth. That circle narrowed at last to the solitude of a prison-cell, and yet envy was not slaked, nor calumny avoided.

Rosalie D'Humières had come late to witness the gaiety and splendour of Marie Antoinette's court. The cares of political distress and probable struggles had penetrated even into the private recesses of the Triainon, and had frightened away all its buoyant and simple mirth. The coming revolution, though

its horrors and excess were totally unforeseen, still cast its gloomy shade before its coming; and in hours of gloom a heavy presentiment hung upon each heart. Marie Antoinette, who in the early years of her reign and marriage had kept aloof from public affairs, and laudably abstained from using the influence which her fascinating charms must have given her over her husband, began now to perceive the utter weakness of his character; a species of weakness too, which wanted even resolution and confidence sufficient to choose an able minister, on whom he might repose his cares, and to whom he might trust his fate—for so much was in jeopardy. Pertinacious in holding the reins of government, Louis would not use them. It was then that his Queen saw the necessity of her own interference, and of endeavouring to fortify so feeble a will by all the strength of her own. From the hour of her thus becoming implicated and interested in public affairs, her peace, her gaiety was

gone. Her very beauty was impaired. And to the light and gay, the chivalrous and gallant tone, which was used to prevail around her, succeeded political discussions, the jar of conflicting and petty interests, plots and parties without object, intrigues without an end—the mean reality of a modern court, in short, to all the romance and chivalry of an ancient one.

Still, however, at intervals, the Queen of the unfortunate Louis shook off the weight that pressed upon her, and inspiring the desponding court with the charms of her reviving cheerfulness, she would shine forth, be happy, and make all others around her so, for the space of a joyous evening, that recalled those of her younger days.

“What a gem for a court,” said the Queen to her friend Madame de Polignac, as she welcomed to the Triainon, with a familiarity unpractised except in those favoured precincts, the daughter of the Comte D’Humières.

"Your words," said the favourite, "will turn the young creature's head."

"Nay," said the Queen, "I must leave remembrances behind me; the kind words of the unfortunate become sacred relics, when their utterer is no more."

Rosalie stared to hear of misfortune from such a mouth, especially when seeing it accompanied, as was almost the case, with tears. She, young, sympathetic girl, shed them truly and instantly at the words and sight, unable to resist their infection; little as she comprehended their depth or cause. Marie Antoinette embraced the artless girl, and shed tears too.

The Queen spoke truly; that embrace, those tears, that touching scene, were sacred relics, which Rosalie carried in her memory next her heart for ever after.

Her royal breast was relieved and lightened by this little occurrence, by the vent which it had afforded to its sadness; and more than

ordinary gaiety and pleasure marked the continuance of the evening. Rosalie was delighted with the noble and gallant society, with which she found herself on terms of respectful familiarity. Society, indeed, of any kind was new to her; and if she felt herself at once at ease in the highest, it was because it was the highest, and that her birth and feelings were adapted for the sphere.

Then for the first time did Rosalie hear the language of gallantry addressed to her, nor scanty was the homage she received. But if she felt amused at times, at others slightly pleased, this was at most her feeling. There was a lightness, a gaiety, a sort of universal mockery of self and others, that reigned throughout the conversation, and was so general, that it seemed alone the language of good breeding. The gallantries that some whispered in this conventional tone to the ear of Rosalie, interested her not. It was not of such she dreamed, when her young fancy had

pre-imagined the suitor and his vow. It was the only point in which the Triainon and its society disappointed her. Yet how slight was this to one surrounded with novelty, and every species of magnificent and unexpected delight. Rosalie would not have pondered on the subject, perhaps, had she not beheld in the fixed and distant glance of a young officer present, a silent homage that seemed to say more than the most spirited combinations of gaiety and sentiment.

He was evidently very young, and was present as holding some situation about the Queen, honoured no doubt, and a step to higher honours; but still it did not allow him full equality with others present. Such at least was Rosalie's reasoning; and it seemed corroborated by the circumstance, that continually as the young officer gazed, blushed with averted eyes when beheld, and displayed other, though studiously concealed signs of interest, yet dur-

ing the evening he never once approached, or made an effort to address Mademoiselle D'Humières.

Strange! Rosalie felt soon as anxious to learn the youth's name, as she had been to be able to distinguish Prince from Duke, and the distinguished personages of the assembly one from the other. But simple as she was, she felt that to ask directly, would be to expose herself to jest or suspicion.

The officer's name, however, she soon learned from accident. For as the youth was alone, shrunk retiringly into a window, he attracted the attention of the Comte D'Artois, who was at the moment engaged in conversation respecting the present troublous times. The Count interrupted the person with whom he was talking, to accost the pensive youth.

"We may need you, D'Erlach," said he, "you and your faithful Swiss."

"It will be a proud moment for D'Erlach,"

replied the youth, kindling, "when he can serve a Bourbon, but a sorrowful one for your highness."

"Bravely said, my stripling," said the Queen.

"His gallant father spoke in him," rejoined the Count; "I would the crown of France had many such supporters as the bear of Bern, for all republican that she be."

"Come hither, D'Erlach," said the Queen. "What years have you, boy?"

"Sixteen winters."

"Hear the hardy Swiss," said Madame de Polignac. "A Frenchman would have counted his years by summers."

"I have seen but one," rejoined young D'Erlach.

"How now, Sir, what is your riddle?" said the Queen.

"I am but one short year your Majesty's servant."

A murmur of applause burst from the circle, which most of the assembly had formed round

the Queen. In the movement and press Mademoiselle D'Humières found herself almost by the side of the present object of attention.

"Look at them both," said her Majesty, her quick eye resting on the beautiful couple.

Rosalie blushed scarlet. And young D'Er-lach, whom neither the presence nor the question of a Queen had embarrassed, now for the first time looked the boy.

"Hush," said the Queen, forbidding her remark to be followed up, which many a wit was about to do, and conscious of the impropriety of her speech. "We must not usurp the place, nor dictate laws to brother Cupid; I fear, the power of us monarchs, even unlimited as for a brief space it is yet allowed to remain, does not extend into his realms."

The Queen rose, as she spoke, and taking Rosalie aside, dispersed the gathered circle. But her words, forgotten as they speedily were by most who heard, were not to be unsaid for the two, whom they chiefly concerned. D'Er-

lach, for his part, buoyed up his young hopes with the thought, that the Queen had smiled upon the first dawnings of his early love. Rosalie had similar thoughts. The words of Marie Antoinette ever murmured in their ears. In a few gliding years her misfortunes hallowed these words, and made their memory to be as of an angel's voice.

CHAPTER II.

IN a few days after this the *Etats Generaux* were opened. Every one knows with what consequences, the preliminary debates respecting the divisibility of the chamber—the celebrated oath of the ball-court brought about by Mirabeau, the first demagogic act at once of the revolution and its leader—and subsequently the very annihilation, as it may be called, of the French noblesse, by their becoming members of one legislative assembly with the commons or *tiers etat*.

The Comte D'Humières remained firm to his late engagements, and supported with an unheard voice the aristocratic and royalist party.

Amidst all these turmoils, the gaiety, nay, almost the very existence of a court was suspended at Versailles ! Rosalie saw no more the unfortunate Queen, and only heard at intervals from young D'Erlach her increasing sorrow and distresses. In a little time the royal family were led captive to Paris by a sanguinary populace, whom the self-devotion of a few gallant lives had alone prevented from imbruing their hands in their sovereign's blood. The national assembly also obeyed the commands of the rabble, and removed their sittings to the metropolis. Thither, in consequence, also Rosalie and her father went to reside.

Time flew on, and never with a heavier wing. Each month of trouble seemed a year to Rosalie. The numbers of the noblesse daily thinned by emigration. Even before the royal family had quitted Versailles, the Comte D'Artois, Madame de Polignac, all the noble friends, whom Rosalie had met with at the happy Trianon, had taken flight : and every day was

marked by a new departure, which accompanied, as it was, by abandonment of fortune, friends, and native country, was an announcement scarcely less melancholy than the death of the fugitive. The Comte D'Humières still held his ground, and refused to listen to any proposal of emigration. His son Prosper, the title of Vicomte discarded, had ingratiated himself with the party ruling, and likely to rule; and the Count, thus possessed of some little support, though now wedded to the cause of loyalty and the suffering Bourbons, resolved still to face the storm, and wait till the last hope of retrieval for France, and safety for himself, had vanished.

Few were the friends of the courageous old noble: young D'Erlach alone frequented his mansion in the Rue St. Dominique. The very street and quarter, the peculiar residence of the French nobility, was now deserted; and even to traverse it was to expose oneself to be marked out as a victim by the factious. D'Er-

lach, as a Swiss officer in the service of France, could scarcely add to his unpopularity. Even if he could, the risk would have increased the charm, which attracted him to the residence of the Comte D'Humières.

That he was welcomed there by Rosalie herself, need not be set down. But it was far otherwise with her brother, who despised the mercenary, as he called the Swiss officer, and hated the hired Janissary of despotism. The old Count too, reverentially as he regarded the attached servant of the Queen, and politely as he received him, still looked with some displeasure on the young Bernois' presumption in aspiring to his daughter. But then the extreme youth of D'Erlach had made it at first appear in the light of a mere boyish attachment. And even when a year or two had brought manliness to his countenance, and muscle to his form, the lover, deeply as he cherished his affection, felt how selfish would be any attempt towards fulfilling its hopes, in the

hour of his royal mistress's distress, of the kingdom's peril. Then the coming of D'Erlach to the Rue St. Dominique had always some fair pretext, some command from the palace, some tidings from the assembly, some friendly warning, or some lighter excuse, the more plausibly told, that disarmed the ever rising expostulation of the Count, and appeased, more unconsciously to D'Erlach, the resentment of Prosper.

As may be supposed, the brother and sister were not on such cordial terms, as, despite their diversity of character, had ever existed betwixt them at Humières. Prosper's connexion with the revolutionary leaders, could scarcely harmonize with the affections of Rosalie, won by, and vowed to, the hapless Marie Antoinette. Bickerings accordingly were not unfrequent; though Rosalie in such moments was generally passive, until roused by some vulgar or calumnious sarcasm against the Queen or the royal family, she would burst

forth in a fit of indignant eloquence, which not seldom terminated in a flood of tears. The unfeeling Prosper took a kind of savage delight in exciting his sister to this kind of paroxysm. Though cold himself, and a dissembler, he delighted to contemplate the energies of others, and was proud when he himself could excite them. His own self-possession, compared with their heat, flattered him. And, like his class, he loved to torture sensibility, as we find amusement in approaching the sensitive plant, and in observing the shrinkings and the writhings that we cause. When the brother was present, Rosalie almost hated him; when he was absent, she wept, and prayed that he might be recalled from thoughts which she looked upon as crimes.

One day that Prosper returned at the hour of breakfast, evidently from some of the conciliabules of the Jacobins, Rosalie could perceive, from his flushed cheek and glistening eye, that something excited him more than ordinary. He

was in high and flowing spirits, talked with more than usual loquacity, and, what was remarkable, on the lightest and most indifferent subjects. The Count himself paused from his journal (that which Suard then conducted with so much courage and talent, stemming the torrent of the anarchist party), and looked a moment in dubiety at his son. It seemed to him, however, but the effervescence of juvenile spirits. When the Count retired, Prosper commenced his favourite amusement of tormenting his sister; and pulling forth one of the anarchist Journals of that day, conducted by Marat or some of his *confrères*, he read forth a barbarous diatribe against the unfortunate Queen, just such as was generally sent forth as a kind of manifesto, preceding some great insurrection.

"Spare me, Prosper," cried Rosalie, "do spare me. I have heard enough of those blood-thirsty legends, their falsehood alone would make me shudder."

"Now," said Prosper, "suppose this be a little exaggerated, as with a free press, and fair play for party, all things must. How could they be invented, or tolerated without some foundation for them? I believe but the quarter of what I hear, Rosalie, yet deem that quarter quite sufficient for condemnation."

Rosalie remained silent; she disdained to reply.

"What think you now of your spotless Queen?" urged Prosper.

"That she is an angel, whom calumny cannot reach," replied the enthusiastic girl.

"Angels of light have fallen, if holy books are to be believed, and have become angels of darkness."

"They have, oh! they have, brother," replied Rosalie, "but the malice of the fiend was straight written on their brow. Prosper, you are not what you used to be. Your countenance bespeaks it."

"I thank you, pretty Rosalie, for that keen

turn upon me. 'Twas scarce sisterly," said the chafed Prosper, "but no matter. Seest those aught of the fiend in your brother's countenance?"

"I see that at least, which bespeaks communion with fiends, Prosper. I see the reflection of much that is not your own. This moment, Prosper,—good God, I should not know you—that cheek, pale with nightly vigils,—that lip, which nervousness and agitation have newly taught to quiver,—that eye, unwont to speak things of such fearful import,—and that brow, unused to lower on me—Ah! Prosper, be once more thy Rosalie's brother, the Prosper of Humières."

"My heart beats to your call, and answers your appeal, my sister," said the young man, somewhat moved, but o'ermastering his emotion, "and were I not stern of purpose and of soul, as men should be, I could almost at this moment lend myself to thy soft words. At least I forgive you, Rosalie. You have

reason. I am changed to—— all perhaps that you say—am cruel, am a fiend, but not without a cause, that would dignify, what shall I say, even crime.”

“What cause?”

“Liberty and reason.”

Rosalie sighed. “And what crime, Prosper?” And she looked fixedly upon him.

“You are a little inquisitor,” said Prosper; “I spoke of crime generally.”

“You looked it not so vaguely. What conspiracy, what dreadful event is hovering o’er our heads? I read it;—tell me, Prosper.”

“And how could it concern thee, pretty Rosalie, even if there were such.”

“Me,” said Rosalie, “I thought not of myself, but of some far dearer. You have been kind; you have even saved ere now the victim, and warned the devoted head to shun the stroke. Use now your evil knowledge for good; tell me of the hour, and the victim, and the arm raised to slay—and be once more my brother.”

"I did not think, thou hadst a friend to save, Rosalie. We are passing solitary in this mansion."

The young girl blushed. She was taken by surprise. All her anxieties had been for the Queen; Prosper deemed them for D'Erlach.

"The mercenary is beneath you, sister. Nay, kindle not up.—Beneath your love, but not mayhap your pity. We may still bear some kindness for the foolish first love, we have grown out of. I myself do. And D'Erlach is a spirited stripling, whose spark of life, you knowing him, I had rather see quenched in the red field of battle, than in the redder —"

"The redder what?"—exclaimed the terrified Rosalie.

"What can she know," muttered Prosper to himself, and then aloud he finished his interrupted phrase, "the redder hole of massacre."

Rosalie could have shrieked; but her intense anxiety to learn yet more, kept dumb her apprehensions.

"Well, Prosper, well!" said she.

"Bid him return to his mountains," said the brother.

"What, and desert the Queen?"

"She will have many another minion left."

"Nay, but he would never abandon her."

"Constant boy!" said Prosper, with a sneer; "then let him at least house him elsewhere than in yon palace. It is devoted to the infernal gods."

"But how, but when—the day—?"

"I see, you like precision. Ask the volcano, or the hidden earthquake, of its day of bursting forth. Those, that thus receive the warning, fly, and fly at once, nor wait for certainty and fate together." So saying, Prosper withdrew, and left his sister terrified by the awful and mysterious secret, of which she had become possessed.

Her first impulse was to rush herself to the palace, and warn its royal inmates;—but how

to gain admittance, even at all risk. And then her story was too wild, too vague to excite attention: it was no more than the every day rumours of the metropolis, not more menacing than every judgment foresaw, than every heart foreboded. She resolved to await the coming of D'Erlach, and warn not only him, but, through him, the prisoners of the Thuilleries.

The young Swiss came that evening. And Rosalie, welcoming him with even more than the wonted cordiality of love, opened to him her suspicions, and the warning, which more especially had adverted to him.

D'Erlach made light of the intelligence; " 'Twas no more," he said, "than he heard from every quarter, even from the mouths of the populace themselves, as he passed along the streets."

"And are there no precautions taking? An attack on the palace itself must be in contemplation."

"No precautions whatever. The pious mo-

narch seems to commit the defence of himself, his crown, and family, to Heaven."

"That will not fail him, I trust," said Rosalie, "in the hour of peril."

The young soldier shook his head. "Providence, I have heard, is the best of all aids in a quarrel, but one that never consents to become a principal. Put forth your arm first, says my country proverb, and then ask a blessing."

"And the Queen?"

"None will act upon her bidding, or a blow had been long since struck; and now sorrow and ill health have undermined her spirits. She has not stirred out from that palace-prison, I know not when."

"I thought," said Rosalie, "orders had been given to clear the gardens for an hour in the day, to allow their Majesties a little exercise in safety."

"Such order was issued; I was present at the attempt to take advantage of it. The space

of the garden was cleared, all except the Terrace of the *Feuillans*, which was crowded to an extreme, we hoped by some who came from pity to view a monarch in distress. You have seen our royal masters, attended by their court, on the terrace at Versailles."

"Never," said Rosalie.

"Had you, and afterwards seen that same august family, alone almost, and unattended, habited *en bourgeois*, descending the staircase of their own palace amidst hateful and suspicious guards, and pausing with mingled pain and terror, ere they ventured forth to brave the presence of their once obedient people."

"Did they not venture forth?"

"They did," said D'Erlach, "but scarcely had taken three steps, when a demoniac yell from the crowded terrace welcomed them, as the barbarians of classic times used to welcome the appearance of a wild beast on the arena, when his blood was about to be spilled."

"Stop, stop, D'Erlach."

"The poor Queen fled at once, pale and trembling, from the voice of their enemies; whilst the King and Madame Elizabeth, slowly and with dignity retreating from the hoots and yells of the demons, re-entered the palace, which they had vainly obtained permission to leave for a short space."

"What is to be done?" said Rosalie in tears.

"From this report?—nothing. I will convey it to the ears of my royal master—but then it will fall, with a hundred similar warnings, unnoticed by his apathy and resignation."

"What a fatal temper for a king to be endowed with at such a time!"

"Fatal indeed. A victim's lot has been marked out for him, and in mercy has been added a victim's purity and unconsciousness."

"And you, D'Erlach," said Rosalie, "will not, I trust, be so blind to danger."

"Speak you of myself, dear Rosalie?"

"Of you."

"Of what use were sharp-sightedness? I am a soldier at my post."

"Do not look upon it in that light. You hold an office, which may be laid down."

"Spare your words, Rosalie. At once, if you can advise me to leave my station at the palace, I will do it. Will you persuade me to desert, and in such an hour?"

"No—and yet—" and the struggle within her again drew forth Rosalie's tears.

The youth kissed respectfully the maiden's hand.

"What nobler fate can await me than to perish for my sovereign, before their eyes. What can I hope for more?"

"Nothing indeed. The future has no hap-

“Ah, for you, much, Rosalie. And I would you were far from this land to enjoy it in security. For even you peril awaits. Noble blood is a crime in these times not to be forgiven; and even the renegade shall find it so.”

“What happiness awaits Rosalie D’Humières, D’Erlach, her best friends no more?”

“Others, worthier, will be found,” continued the youth, checking himself and confused.

“What worthier can I ever have than you?”

“Than me, oh!—you can have equals, Rosalie, for intimates—those whom a French noble may not despise, whom to tolerate will not exercise his patience or his generosity.”

“This is unkind, D’Erlach, as well as selfish. We shall be all soon, I fear, equals in misfortune.”

“God—what a selfish hope—I despise

myself this moment—yes, I have entertained it.”

“Eugene,” said Rosalie solemnly, “remember our mutual promise, to forget our own hopes and fears, our own joys and sorrows, in those of others, that should command our every thought, our every sympathy.”

“And yet, Rosalie—”

“Go on, D'Erlach, reproach me with having counselled thee to shun peril, and fly that which threatened Louis and his Queen. That was the selfish, the dishonourable thought. Go, Eugene,—to your post. The hour approaches, Prosper told me not the moment—but my heart tells me at this instant—go—I will pray for your safety—I will offer up my vows for those august victims, whose fate, I fear, involves all that is dear to me.”

“Nay, Rosalie, your fears fling you into idle presentiments. It cannot be so near, what you dread. The city, as I came, was more than usually quiet, and even that focus of sedi-

tion, the assembly, almost desert of its mob-guard."

"More fearful signs, more manifest tokens,
D'Erlach, farewell!" And the daughter of
D'Humières hurried to give vent to her sorrow
in solitude.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the eve of the celebrated tenth of August. As D'Erlach returned to the Thuilleries, there was no sign of the approaching catastrophe, save the universal and now unnatural quiet, which Rosalie had well recognized to be a sign. It did not strike the confident heart of the young soldier to be such; and abstracting his thoughts for a moment from the cares and perils of the time, from his own and even his sovereign's threatened danger, he gave himself up, as he returned along the quay, that bounded the Seine, to the sweetest reveries of the young heart.

The sight of the palace, however, was suffi-

cient to recall him to anxiety. He entered the gardens, hurried up its stairs, and was several hours busied in endeavouring to convey his vague tidings to the royal ear.

"If that comes from D'Erlach, it has truth in it," said the Queen.

"It is not unlikely," replied the King.

"Let us then take measures."

"What measures are in our power? Let the storm burst. We will abide it."

For that night all seemed quiet. But at dawn, on the following morning, the organized insurrection raised its head in the eastern and remote quarter of Paris, the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. It was no popular tumult, excited by chance, and without a certain object. Here were ranks marshalled in long procession, armed with pikes, and in nought but squalor, hideous aspects, and brutal vociferations, differing from those of a disciplined army.

Meantime the fearful tocsin sounded, and the drums of every section beat to arms. The

fearful Swiss alone occupied the palace, of which every inhabitant felt that against them would the popular violence be first directed. In the midst of the gathering tumult and approaching combat, the assembly alone unmoved continued its debates, affecting strength and impassibility in the very hour, when it first, and for ever, submitted itself and its sovereign to popular subjugation.

The revolutionary army rendezvoused and marshalled themselves in the *place du Carrousel*, immediately fronting the Thuilleries. Before the palace gates were drawn up a regiment of Swiss, a feeble handful against an armed multitude. The rabble too were not without artillery; the cannon of the sections accompanied them, and the old cannoniers of the guard were ready to discharge them against the royal palace. Without was imminent peril, within irresolution. The King would give no orders, take upon him no part. "I will have no blood shed," were his only words. The rabble still

advanced. When young D'Erlach taking upon him to act, and by either his success or defeat, open the way, as it were, for resolution to the monarch, gave his soldiers word to advance, and charged the tumultuary rabble at their head.

The cowards all fled to a man : cannon and arms deserted, they retreated into the thick ranks of their comrades, in confusion and defeat. But complete flight from the thronged and hemmed in Carousel was impossible, as those who know the place can witness. Never was wiser spot chosen, where to gather a mob, and whence to incite them against the palace of their monarch. Ingress was open to all, and escape denied, except through the very palace, which was the object of destruction. D'Erlach was satisfied with having awed the rabble, and kept them in check ; he hoped, that such an example given of the facility of overcoming the savage and unsteady mob, would have inspired Louis with resolution. It

is said, that it did so ; and, that one moment he expressed his intention of putting himself at the head of his faithful followers, to strike at least one blow for his crown, ere it was dashed from his head. But if such was the fact, the irresolute monarch soon yielded to the persuasions of the more timid around him, counsellors too congenial to his disposition ; and declaring, that “ he would have no blood spilled in his cause,” Louis with his family took his retreat in the national assembly.

The sittings of that body were then held in a *manège*, or a large wooden building, erected for the purposes of a riding-house, on the north end of the Thuilleries. To visitors of Paris during late years, and perhaps at present, if the Rue Rivoli have not by its progress filled up the chasm, its site was marked by an open space, occupied, as most open spaces in Paris are, by heaps of filth, which precisely fronted the windows of the Pavillon de Flore. It was relying on this vicinity to the Royal Palace,

that Mirabeau, in one of his orations, exclaimed, "Here, from the place where I stand, I can behold the window, whence Charles the Ninth, of merciless memory, overlooked the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and with his arquebuss and royal hand numbered himself amongst the pious assassins of the period." This was, however, rather a stretch of imagination, as the said window was in the ancient part of the Louvre, to which the orator's view must have penetrated many massy buildings, ere it could have reached.

As the royal family was about to abandon the Thuilleries, their flight became known to the rabble without. The Swiss regiment was withdrawn within the gates. The rabble pressed on,—first discharging their cannon against the palace, of which the venerable pile still retains the disgraceful marks. The defenders of the palace knew scarcely how to act; had the king remained, their duty and resolution were one, to resist and perish. Now

that he fled, what should they stand forward to defend? But retreat, without their sovereign's order, was an impossibility; as they might be considered to have deserted their posts. The officers, D'Erlach himself, demanded orders: Louis had none to give. He fled with his family, and without uttering a word. The gallant Swiss looked one upon the other, as the trembling court and its followers withdrew, leaving them alone to abide the storm, and guard a line of building, whose very windows it would require an army to man. The cannon of the people without again resounded; and their discharge was heard shattering the gates and ornaments. "*Allons mourir*,—let us die," was the rallying word of the gallant Swiss, and the fire of the mob was answered.

Resistance was too late. At a hundred unguarded apertures the hell-hounds poured in. And fighting their way up the grand staircase, which they heaped with their bodies,

and moistened with their blood, the Swiss retreated, but without hope, save that of selling their lives as dearly as they might. Few reached the uppermost step. Amongst those who did so, one was young D'Erlach, who being agile and unencumbered with arms—his very sword was broken in his grasp—had outstripped the eager murderers, that were glutting themselves at every bound with a fresh victim. Having gained that apartment, known by the name of the *Salle des Marechaux*, which occupies the very centre of the palace, he traversed it and flung himself from it upon one of the terraces that lead to the extreme *Pavillons*, or wings. This was at the other or garden side of the chateau, which he hoped to find still deserted. But the mob had broken through, and now filled the garden, roaring, like wild beasts for their prey, after the few Swiss, that had escaped them thither.

Concealed, however, for a moment behind some flowers and statues, that adorned the

extremity of the terrace, D'Erlach had time to divest himself of the most conspicuous part of his uniform, and so re-entered the palace by another window as one of its conquerors. The hideous ruffians roamed throughout the scene of magnificence, with which they themselves formed the most striking contrast, panting for blood and plunder; still it was evident that the mob was French, for in all their licentiousness, little was devastated; no ornament wantonly defaced, unless it wore the insignia of the tyrant, as they called Louis. Pictures and tapestries, mirrors and china vases, hung untouched upon the walls, or stood on gilded pedestals unharmed. In this the French seem to differ from the mob of other countries, who in general love mischief more than crime. The direct contrary was observable throughout the Parisian troubles of that epoch.

Fortunately D'Erlach passed unrecognised, unchallenged through the crowd; the fiercest

of whom now abandoned the palace to besiege the assembly. By mingling and being pressed in the squalid crowd, the young Swiss soon became squalid as they—his shirt, then his outward garment, as rent and filthy, while his too neat locks he contrived to conceal beneath a greasy *bonnet rouge*, which he had picked up. In this general uniform of the rabble, D'Erlach at length issued safely from the palace, and had leisure to think of the further steps necessary to escape. Without passport or disguise, it would be impossible at this moment, when vigilance was heaviest, to attempt to pass the barriers, or reach his native country. A few days' concealment and preparation were necessary. But where to lie hid? The mansions of all his friends were long deserted: and he thought of the Hotel D'Humières; but then, he reflected, would the risk of harbouring me be willingly undergone except by the one affectionate heart of Rosalie? Strongly as his wishes impelled him

thither, he could not resolve to crave a shelter from the haughty Count, the envious, sarcastic Prosper. From the latter it was true he had received somewhat a friendly though vain warning: but conveyed, as it had been, through Rosalie, he doubted, how, and in what spirit, it had been intended to be conveyed.

Unable at the moment to form a resolution with respect to himself, the thoughts of D'Erlach recurred to the King and Queen. And he bent his course towards the assembly, to catch once more a glimpse of his sovereigns, or at least learn some tidings of their fate. The mad rabble round were shouting their revolutionary songs, with their universal *refrein*, or chorus of blood, in which numbers always joined:—the most general was the well-known one of *Ca Ira, Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne*. And the sanguinary precept was not confined to expression, for at every turn they grouped around some individual of more decent apparel than usual, or of noble mien,

and caused them immediately to account for such suspicious appearance. Any passenger, with at all a sacerdotal look, stood in even greater peril. Of the chance suspected, some ran, some stood and expostulated, charmed the mob with their eloquence, or stumbling in their harangue, fell victims for lack of oratory. The most successful, however, were those who took the cruel sport in good-humour, and parried off blows by jests. Wit, next to crime, was the best safeguard.

At some distance from him, D'Erlach observed the crowd collect round some suspected personage, who seemed to address them in an indignant tone. On approaching near, the young Swiss perceived it was no other than Prosper D'Humières. He joined the throng, anxious lest aught might befall the brother of Rosalie. And, despite his popular principles and Jacobinism, Prosper was in excessive danger. His aristocratic

look, and even dress, for secure in his known favour to and with the chief revolutionists, he did not think it necessary to stoop to the disguises of Sans Culottism, such as that which was now affording protection to D'Erlach. His tone of expostulation too, proud and indignant, savoured more of his birth and rank, than of his assumed democratic character; and the mob, rightly judging, cried, notwithstanding his harangue, *L'Aristocrate à la Lanterne*. Some even proceeded to lay hands on him. In the moment of danger, Prosper's eye caught D'Erlach—the Vicomte's countenance was pale with the prospect of instant death. D'Erlach saw in it the likeness of Rosalie, distorted with anguish and pain:—he knew the victim too, as the Prosper D'Humières, that ever looked contemptuously upon his suit, on his want of French parentage and nobility. And the thoughts of revenge rushed to the breast of D'Erlach, the fullest, the most ample re-

venge. The youth obeyed the impulse, and rushing forward with dissembled rage, cried,

"Perish, thou Jacobin Humières, blood-thirsty traitor. 'Tis I, thy foe, thy victim, sees thee to thy fate; I, the Swiss D'Erlach."

At the word, Swiss, every savage countenance was turned upon the utterer, who, casting back the cap that covered his trim locks and noble features, discovered what corroborated fully his wild words, and turned on him all the awakened fury of the rabble. There was an instant's pause, during which D'Erlach contrived to arm himself, and posting himself against a wall, he prepared to offer a minute's resistance against the violence of the multitude. His fate seemed inevitable, when Santerre made his appearance at the head of some of his mounted guard. The ruffian had been the very leader of massacre; but the great end of the insurrection having been already gained, he was anxious to pre-

serve victims from the populace, in order to reserve them for the guillotine, to the guard and supply of which, Santerre had especially devoted himself.

Prosper at the moment hailed his brother Jacobin, who at his bidding rode in and dispersed the rabble, seizing on D'Erlach as his prey. Deprived of their victim, the mob shouted *à l'Abbaye, à l'Abbaye*, bearing in mind, that that prison and its inmates were destined for summary slaughter, as soon as they, the very executioners, had leisure for the task. Santerre, by echoing the shout, promised acquiescence in their demands, and the troop rode off in that direction with their prisoner. Prosper followed with Santerre, whom he besought in the name of their fraternity to spare the young Swiss, who had saved his life. But that butcher, such had been his trade, pointed, as they passed the Place Louis Quinze, to the centre, where the guillotine was about to be erected, and denied that he could rob that

"young spouse of the revolution of her children," such was his metaphor.

D'Erlach was therefore conducted to the Abbaye, when he found himself amongst a crowd of priests, women, and suspected royalists, for the most part taken in the attempt to emigrate. Prosper hurried, in the first instance, to the Rue St. Dominique, where were both his sister and father in horror, doubt, and consternation at the passing events, which neither tongue nor pencil could exaggerate. Prosper flung himself in a chair, whilst Rosalie looked in speechless anxiety at her brother.

"He is safe, Rosalie, fear not," said Prosper.

"The King!" said the Count; "thanked be Heaven."

"D'Erlach is safe," said the Vicomte.

"What, are you leagued to encourage this stripling?" cried the father; "and even to my face prize his safety above that of your sovereign?"

Rosalie was lost in silent thanksgiving a moment—then asked, “The Queen?”

“The royal family are to be prisoners in the Temple. The Swiss have been all massacred.” Rosalie shuddered. “D’Erlach escaped for my preservation.”

“His name again!” exclaimed the angry Count.

“Nay, you shall hear;” and Prosper related to his father and sister the perilous predicament from which nought but the generous self-devotion of the young Swiss could have saved him.

Tears of emotion too mingled to be told, overflowed the eyes of Rosalie. The old noble even was struck, and closed his hands to invoke a blessing on the preserver of his son.

“And you, Prosper, I hope you have learned what gratitude is to be expected from the rabble towards him who leagues with them against their sovereign.”

"I were not your son," said Prosper, "were I to abandon deep-rooted feelings and convictions, because the excesses of a people too suddenly liberated have threatened my existence."

Whether this reply was owing to chance or design in Prosper, or merely to the biting habit which he was used to, the allusion to his consistency mortified the Comte D'Humières.

"Act as you will, Prosper," said he; "I will no longer inhabit this blood-stained soil. Rosalie and I will seek security and freedom in some land less free."

"Do not, Sir, I conjure you," said Prosper, "imitate the madness of your brethren in rank. His country is always the brave man's post of honour, which peril should but bind him to closer."

"You would then see me and your sister perish before your eyes."

"Nay, this fermentation of a moment will

pass off, and all will purify and clear——” Prosper went on to urge all the arguments against emigration, which the Count heard with impatience. He had remained so long—won over by his son’s exhortations, and promises of protection. But now that the young enthusiast for liberty could not even protect himself against its followers, the Comte D’Humières saw little safety for a known aristocrat. Still he was anxious that Prosper should remain, on account of the family possessions, which the father proposed making over to him to preserve it from the revolutionary law. He hoped too, that unconnected with himself, and removed from the offensive region of the Fauxburg St. Germain, Prosper would be more able to assimilate with the ruling party, and without a dishonourable co-operation in its measures, save the family from beggary and extinction.

As the Count retired, Prosper thought on D’Erlach, whom it behoved him instantly to

endeavour to release from prison. He therefore at dark set forth for the Jacobins, whom he found in all the orgies of exultation and ferocious (good-humour I was about to say) elation for their victory. Prosper without difficulty obtained what he sought, an order for the release of D'Erlach. He dared not, however, seem so anxious for the Swiss, as to set off immediately to the Abbaye. He felt, on the contrary, necessary to attend the late sitting of the Jacobins, and join in all the fury of debate till morning broke.

He then hastened to the Abbaye, and releasing his preserver, compelled him to take a day's refuge in the Rue St. Dominique. Prosper charged himself with the care of procuring false passports, and of taking every precaution for the escape of the young Swiss to his native land. Thus Rosalie and D'Erlach spent one day of mingled pain and pleasure together. They spoke of future meeting, of

all the plans and promises of love. But 'twas yet uncertain, whether at all, or how soon, the Count would proceed to execute his plan of emigration, or even in that case, to what quarter his flight would be directed.

CHAPTER IV

PROSPER prepared all for the safe departure of D'Erlach on the following morning. The Count D'Humières displayed the gratitude of a proud man towards one, who has almost as much pained as gratified him by an obligation. The old noble did not touch upon his own plans ; but wished the youth a happy journey, as if he had few hopes of beholding him again. Prosper was more cordial.

"Now," said he, "D'Erlach, that you have cast off the service of the Bourbons, and are once more a simple member of that republic, of which you are a native, my friendship and reverence for you equals my gratitude. The name of Swiss is to me the highest title of honour. I remember Granson and Morat,

and forget not that ye are the eldest children of European liberty."

"I rejoice in possessing any title to your esteem, Vicomte," said D'Erlach. "But I should have been prouder still to serve the royal race, who have ever befriended me and mine."

"Ay, the leaven of aristocracy rises strong in the republic of Bern. And I am not ignorant that you are of its proudest family. But all these prejudices must be abandoned, or rooted out, D'Erlach. The age will not allow of their existence. The sun of the glorious nineteenth century, which is approaching, must not shine on one of these rank weeds, that have overgrown the earth."

"Try what experiments you will at home, Prosper," replied D'Erlach; "leave us the freedom we have been born in."

"Europe must become one family."

"Now, Heaven forbid, to continue your metaphor," cried the young Swiss, "that our

simple shepherds should ever bear affinity to the sanguinary rabble, that gathered round us both so lately."

"Nay, slaves are ever ferocious, when they succeed in rending and casting aside their chains. When all Europe fraternizes beneath the tree of its common liberty, frontiers and distinctions will alike disappear, and the same equitable, contented, noble character, that ever marks the freeman, will be seen alike to inhabit mountain and plain."

"I fear, Prosper D'Humières, we may meet as enemies, if your country or party should dare to prosecute such a scheme."

"Dare!" said the Vicomte with a smile, at the idea which the young Swiss entertained of a revolutionist's daring; "but we have ample leisure yet to mature our thoughts. To turn to another subject: my father most likely will turn his course to Switzerland. The Netherlands, which form the frontier nearest our home, will soon be the seat of war, as will the Rhine;

and so superannuated a warrior as my father would be overlooked at Coblenz, in the Prince's wild court of emigrés. Besides, his joining such a rendezvous would put me in peril, and upset his plans. Switzerland alone remains. And that he and Rosalie should have quiet, comfort, and respect there, must be your care."

D'Erlach was in raptures, "My father ——" he was about to say, when Prosper interrupted him.

"Ay, your father, General D'Erlach is the first of his country, a noble and a valiant veteran, well able to stretch forth almost a sovereign's protection to a fugitive French noble. But this thought shocks my father's pride:—nay, it alone would be sufficient to make him choose any other refuge, if that other existed. In England he might starve, as war will soon separate us from all communication with that country. But, as I said, to Bern he will not bend his course. He hath a silly pride, and

your family are the last to whom he would have recourse for protection."

"And may I ask why?" said D'Erlach, blushing.

"You may without difficulty conjecture, or else remain ignorant."

"I speak not of the present moment, but in the proudest of the past, I was ever the equal of the family of Humières."

"I acknowledge neither superior nor inferior," said Prosper; "the time is come, I trust, in which all men shall be equal."

D'Erlach was still unsatisfied.

"To be plain with you, I wish Rosalie were yours to-morrow, but my father ——"

"Were those always your thoughts?" asked the young Swiss.

"They were not—but go not into the past—such they are at present. And I crave of you your secret protection for my fugitive sister and father."

"Crave, what a word! and what need of it?" exclaimed D'Erlach.

"Lausanne, or some town of French Switzerland will most likely be his place of refuge, within the sound of his native tongue."

"It is enough," said D'Erlach.

"Speed to ye, and safety," cried Prosper.

The parting of the young Swiss from Rosalie was far less painful to both, since they had received hopes that in Switzerland they should meet, or at least not be far removed one from another. I shall not venture to give their tender dialogue, enumerate their sighs and vows, regrets and fears, for each other, and for the royal personages with whom they were interested. They parted; and D'Erlach, fortified with a passport which he might have recourse to in case of need, but which he was to render as useless as possible by travelling on foot, and avoiding all towns of importance, set forth on his return to Bern.

In the solitude of his journey, he had leisure to collect his thoughts, which the bustle, peril, and anxiety of many preceding months rendered a novel and a pleasing task. There was as much of the painful as the sweet; and both were crowded in the narrow space of time, which had elapsed since his entry into life. His father had deemed the French court the best school for his son in the discipline of the world and of gentility; and he joined to this the career of arms to give him an apparent object, a duty to perform whilst there, at the same time that it was the profession which General D'Erlach destined for his son. It had proved a post of peril, and therefore one of honour. In it, too, he had learned far more than had been destined; he found it the school of misfortune, as well as of the world. The interest of the youth too having been kept continually excited to the utmost for his sovereigns, whom he beheld in grief and daily-increasing distress, imparted a chivalrous feeling to his

character, at the same time that it made him irrevocably opposed to all the republican and democratic principles of the popular cause. Nor was this incompatible with his sentiments as a citizen or member of the republic of Bern, where, although the form of government was a free commonwealth, its spirit was that of an high and haughty aristocracy, not the less proud moreover for resting its high claims to distinction upon wealth and commerce, as well as upon birth and descent.

So ardent was his loyal enthusiasm, that oft, as he prosecuted his journey, he paused to consider, if his desertion of his royal masters had been honourable or right. But when he considered himself proscribed, and reflected on the little aid which he could hope to bring to the captive Louis or his Queen, even by incurring further danger, he acquitted himself, and continued his path.

After the first day's journey, these graver and gloomier thoughts begun to dissipate from

the youth's mind, and to give place to more consoling prospects and remembrances. The thoughts of Rosalie alone, of her beauty, truth, her worth, and misfortunes, were sufficient to console even a more crushed and suffering spirit than D'Erlach's. Dreams of her principally cheered the second and third day of his escape, during which no let or event occurred to arrest his course or endanger his safety. But at length, as he drew near to the mountain frontier of his native land, a thousand dormant ideas of home rushed to his imagination. The pine-clad hills, the cultivated vales, the pastoral life, preserving still its simplicity even in regions where manufactures thrived, and industry brought back the golden gains, here but enriching, elsewhere so corruptive—the noble, but simple family mansion in his native city, his venerable father—these were the objects that came over his fancy and held it.

After a fatiguing journey of ten days, as the

mellow evening was fading into twilight, the first glimpse of the blue line of the Jura struck him, in the distance; and this sight, that strikes the stranger with rapture, excited stronger feelings in the bosom of the young Swiss. During his absence, which brief as it had been, was still an age to one of his few years, he had not seen what he could call a mountain. And firmly as his memory preserved those objects so dear and familiar to his youth, yet so great had been his happiness at first, and subsequently his anxiety, when in France, that he scarcely had had leisure to recall those scenes, or look back to them with regret; neither had he grown so experienced in the ways of sentiment as to know and be aware when such and such should occur—a kind of perfect skill, which like extreme proficiency in most pursuits, merely seems to mar the pleasure of its possessor. His young life had been too active to allow of this. And the charm of surprise was added to the many other delightful

emotions, with which he once more beheld his native country.

So warm glowed those feelings in the breast of D'Erlach, that he allowed himself no repose on that night, a measure indeed that prudence as well as sentiment enjoined. And as the morning sun rose behind his native Alps, the frontier stream appeared, which separated his peaceful and innocent land from France. The youth sprung across it with a bound of joy, and no sooner reached the opposite bank, than in the kneeling attitude in which his last bound had terminated, pausing, he returned thanks to Providence for his final escape.

"Farewell," ejaculated he, "land of turmoil and massacre, whence all that is great and noble has departed, or if it rests, suffers. Here at least, in my own free land, I shall be safe from thy boasted liberty, which thou threatenest to impose upon the earth. Here, at least, into the land of my valiant ancestors, none can have the pretext or the audacity to import

freedom. Here dare no Jacobins intrude, nor mobs imbrue their hands in the blood of the virtuous."

The young Swiss had afterwards occasion to recall this little apostrophe, and to acknowledge, in bitterness of heart, that neither the prudence nor the health of the body politic can more preserve a country from moral epidemic, than the same sane qualities can exempt an individual from the prevalent disease.

A day or two's further journey brought Eugene D'Erlach to Bern, and to the arms of his venerable parent. The General welcomed him in an agony of joy. The tidings of the tenth of August had arrived to spread universal mourning over Switzerland, and old D'Erlach concluded not less than that he had lost a son. His escape was welcomed by him as a peculiar interposition of Providence; and even the republic, amidst its general sorrow and mortification, rejoiced, that at least the

offspring of its proudest family had been rescued from the scene of massacre.

The youth related to his parent all that he had witnessed, the disasters of the royal family, and the final triumph of the popular party, from which almost alone he had been rescued. The early part of his career, the favour shewn him by the Queen, and his admission to the Triainon, he had long since informed his father of, in his correspondence. But this latterly both had considered it prudent to interrupt. And even full as the filial love of Eugene had rendered his account, there were now so many details and anecdotes to fill up, that many days elapsed, ere the youth had exhausted his store. His connexion with the family of Humières was not forgotten, his attachment to Rosalie, though not avowed, was alluded to and implied sufficiently to render his parent aware; and the mutual obligation betwixt him and Prosper were related at full length, to impress on the General, that they

owed every aid and attention to the Count and his family, in the case of their emigrating to Switzerland.

The old General felt much room for comment, as he listened to these private details; but public events pressed too sharply upon him at the moment, to allow him to enter upon the subject, or bestow upon it the fit interest. The General had himself warred in the service of France, and was strongly attached to its reigning family by personal obligations, by recollections, by his high descent, and by the aristocratic bent of his mind. He sympathized in all their sufferings, and would have willingly risked all in their behalf, save that the love and duty he owed his country would not allow of his endeavouring for any cause, however sacred, to involve it in an unequal struggle with the might of democratic France.

He thought, at least, that a fuller cause and a fairer pretext were needed, ere suffering

royalty should find a champion in so peaceful and humble a republic as that of Bern. The massacre of the Swiss guards on the tenth of August seemed at once to offer that cause and that pretext ; and General D'Erlach for one, resolved to abett, in the approaching senate of his state, such measures, as would display a proper sense of the national strength and dignity, and make the French rabble regret the barbarous insult they had offered to a free people.

These were the thoughts that filled his mind, and that so exclusively, that he not once heeded Eugene's frequent mention of Prosper and the Comte D'Humières, except by monosyllables, as expressive of inattention as of gratitude.

"No, a brother could not have behaved more generous and kind," said Eugene.

"And they fled even from a handful of Swiss," said his father, thinking upon another topic.

"They did, in truth. A few thousands of

disciplined soldiers would put them to the rout."

"If that glory were reserved for D'Erlach," muttered his father; "but no, Helvetia first, and foreign connexions after. It is a fault with our disjointed and democratic land, Eugene, that it does not offer enough to command all our affections."

"Doth it not?" asked his son, surprised.

"It doth much, but not all."

"I have heard of no country whose aspect, whose history, or associations so enchain the love of its children."

"Yes, but personal affections, Eugene, are stronger than local. The noble were born to be attached to some illustrious sovereign family, which when they want at home they seek abroad, and thus estrange their affections from their country. It is so with us, one leans to Austria, another to France; and Switzerland, divided, has no grand interest of her own, to keep her sons united. Her independence

secure and unthreatened, there is no link, nor rallying point amongst her sons, and they scatter over Europe as mercenaries and slighted allies."

Eugene blushed at the word "mercenary," which he recollected with pain, and heard with continued suspicion the aristocratic arguments of his father, from whom a few years' separation had made him imagine rather than remember him, and to represent to himself more as the head of a republic, than the partizan of courts. The young man did not either smother or dissemble his astonishment, but spoke it forth, even to his parent, in words of warmth and expostulation.

"Better," concluded Eugene, "that Switzerland had not one illustrious name, than that they should turn ungratefully its affection to any soil but its own."

General D'Erlach looked upon his son, but with feelings of admiration. "I am rejoiced, Eugene," said he, "to find you returned with

patriotism whole, even from the scenes that you have witnessed. The thoughts of them make me exaggerate my feelings to you. But it is the curse of republics surrounded by monarchies, that the wealthy, the illustrious, and the high-descended of the former must turn to the countries of the latter for their sentiments, for a model of their demeanour, in search of a fraternity, in short, which they have not at home."

"Then was the Ostracism of the Athenians wise," observed Eugene.

"It was," replied his parent. And a pause ensued, which put an end to the conversation for that time.

CHAPTER V.

It was perhaps Burke's aristocratic temperament and propensities, that caused him, when he declared Switzerland to be the happiest of countries, to mention the state of Bern especially, as the most happy and best governed of the happiest. Its being the most wealthy and considerable of the Cantons afforded him, perhaps, all the premises for his conclusion: and nearly a century's peace and neutrality, undisturbed amidst surrounding wars, had imparted to it that look of comfort and content, that fascinated the traveller. This appearance is certainly no bad symptom of the merit of a country's rulers, but if we

are to argue from it to the excellence of its government, we shall be led to strange conclusions, such, for instance, as that Austria proper enjoys one of the best constitutions in Europe, and that more countries which I could name, are under the worst, if we are to judge from their distress and discontent.

The government of Bern, like that of Friburg, Zurich, and most of the cantons bordering on France, was aristocratic, while that of the ancient, remote, and pastoral cantons was more democratic; though even there certain families contrived to perpetuate themselves in power, and hold hereditary possessions of such offices of that of bailiff, landamman, &c. But the liberty and happiness of a people must ever depend more on the spirit that actuates government and people, than on any form of ruling or being ruled.

"The eldest children of European liberty," the Swiss, although they never rivalled the complicated machinery of our constitution,

yet far preceded us and all other countries in the true spirit of liberty. There, to adduce sufficient proof, and this but one, toleration reigned for centuries ere it was even preached elsewhere, and will reign there for Heaven knows how many centuries more, till that first principle of freedom begins to be practised elsewhere.

Blessed with the freedom which they enjoyed, the Helvetic states for the most part looked upon that which France had just achieved for herself, without envy or admiration. The tenth of August, and similar events, soon occurred to convert this apathy into disgust and alienation, and after a time into fear. Bâle alone, from its vicinity to France, seemed to look with any favour on the revolutionary spirit of the French. After a time, however, another part of Switzerland began to shew stronger symptoms: the political disease had found the peccant part of the confederacy, and fastened there immediately and inveterately.

This peccant part was the Canton of the Vaud, which chance, and its primitive dependence on the Dukes of Savoy, had placed in subjection to Berne. French being the language of the country, facilitated the communication of principles, and an apostle of liberty was not wanting to preach the necessity of independence to the Vaudois. This was no other than Laharpe, the celebrated Swiss tutor of Russia's late Emperor, Alexander, to whom all of that monarch's early and short-lived liberality was considered to have been owing.

But in arriving already at this state of public affairs, I somewhat precede my private narrative. General D'Erlach spoke loudly and indignantly in the council of Bern, on the subject of the tenth of August. Throughout Switzerland, voices similarly brave and indignant were raised, but in vain. Each Canton was contented to mourn over the fate of its sons, without daring to display resentment. No diet was proposed, nor national commu-

nication took place respecting a disgrace that affected all. And a monument erected at Lucerne, to the unfortunate victims of the tenth of August, was all the note that Switzerland took of their massacre.

The Comte D'Humières in the mean time felt that his purpose of emigration could no longer be deferred. Still he lingered in hopes of a favourable turn in public events. Each dreadful catastrophe he deemed surely to be the worst, the last possible extreme of cruelty and frenzy. But more diabolical succeeded. And the Count at length found himself on the lists of prescription, before he had arranged the day or the means of his departure.

At length, in the midst of one of the most severe winters France had for a long time known, the Count, accompanied by Rosalie, took their secret departure from the metropolis; and more fortunate than other emigrants of the same period, reached in safety the Genevese frontier, having encountered as

much danger from the snows of the Jura, as from the satellites of the revolution. In Lausanne the Count fixed his residence, where, although the beauty and attractions of the spot had drawn many other French emigrants, he found the popular opinions of the Vaudois highly unfavourable to such visitors. The seeds of the revolution were evidently springing up there, which the vicinity of the French army abetted and encouraged. Savoy had been already overrun by the republican troops under General Montesquieu, and the opposite shores of the Lemman, that long line of democratized hills, which had just frightened Gibbon from his learned retreat, offered warnings of danger not less imminent to such exiles as the Comte D'Humières.

Rosalie, however, from whose young mind cares and fears were more easily shaken, breathed at once free and happier, after having left her own fearful land. The lovely shores of the Lemman were enchanting to her, who

had never known picturesque beauty, until she had beheld it in the Jura. For neither Humières, nor the road which led from it to Paris, could present scenes worthy of that name. Bleak as was the season of her coming, this rendered more striking the objects and the face of a country so new to her. Even ere she had quitted the soil of republican France, the aspect of the Jura almost beguiled her of her fears, and the beauty of the fir-forests laden with snow, that hung so fantastically on their feathery branches and serrated outline, made her forget the dangers of a path, which the season alone, independent of other causes, rendered a perilous passage. The charm was heightened by another cause—the remembrance of the descriptions which D'Erlach had formerly entertained her with, and in which as he depicted his marvellous and romantic land, she had then felt as interested as in the pages of a story.

That youth soon learned the arrival of the

Count and his daughter, and did not long want a pretext to visit the shores of Lemane. Although the General did not forbid his son to undertake this journey, or express any open aversion to the cause of it, still his son perceived that he avoided and held aloof from the subject of the Comte D'Humières, as if the very name was displeasing to him. When pressed, however, General D'Erlach explained, that he had formerly been a comrade of the Count, that they had served together, and that some cause of pique, arising perhaps from the Count's pride, had arisen betwixt them, and had never been allayed. What it was, he did not exactly explain, but assigned it as a cause for his unwillingness to seem foremost or anxious in pressing either the friendship or alliance of one of his family upon the Count. Eugene mentioned, that what had passed betwixt him and Prosper, was fully sufficient to erase all former cause of distance; but D'Erlach was proud as D'Humières, and declared, that

however deeply he might feel this, he could not be the first to declare it: moreover, that he knew the Count's character, and knew from it, that exile would but increase tenfold his pride, and lead him to look upon any attempt of the General's to befriend or approach him in present circumstances, as an insult rather than a kindness.

Eugene, however, resolved to feign ignorance on this subject, and though it caused him somewhat to defer his hopes, it appeared to him by no means an insurmountable obstacle. He bent his course accordingly to Lausanne, under some of those pretexts which a lover's invention so readily suggests to him, saw Rosalie once more, and welcomed her father to his country. The Comte was more sombre than even at Paris. His sojourn at Lausanne he even found less tolerable than he had imagined. The capital of the Vaud was crowded with emigrants, not only the loyal and aristocratic class, but of the several re-

revolutionary parties, which successively formed and succumbed in the Convention. These latter, most congenial in their principles with the inhabitants of Lausanne, carried away all authority and respect from their royalist countrymen and comrades in misfortune. And even the most scrupulous retirement did not preserve the old noble from unpleasantness and insult. The Count querulously uttered these complaints aloud, and D'Erlach seized the opportunity of recommending Bern, as a place of residence more befitting an exile of rank,—Bern, where none of the revolutionary jargon had yet penetrated, where birth was respected, and where the old families of Watteville, Steiger, Graffenried, and others, formed a society worthy of the ancient noblesse of France.

The Comte D'Humières made no answer to this advice, said that he sought retirement, not society, and expressed his intention of moving farther in the country, to Vevay, or perhaps

into the Vallais. D'Erlach combated his resolution, described the wretched state of the Vallais, democratic moreover, where, except for the superiors of convents, there existed no accommodation for any above the rank of a peasant. The Count replied, that humility in fare and dwelling did not deter him, and that the vicinity of a convent, where his daughter might find either temporary or lasting refuge, was the point of all others, that would induce him to turn his steps thither.

This last remark alarmed Eugene not a little. He communicated his fear to Rosalie, and entreated of her frankly to acquaint him, if his presence occasioned the splenetic humour of the Count. Rosalie sighed, and could not reply. The ill-humour of the Count increased; young D'Erlach in vain endeavoured to bring matters to an explanation, but the old emigrant would not hear him. The youth considered this treatment as even more than denial, as insult; and he left the Count's ca-

binet, determined to depart at once and for ever from his presence. He met Rosalie as he went. She was in tears. He expected her to inform him of the cause of the odium in which her father seemed to hold him. She denied the existence of such a feeling in her parent.

"My father informed me, there had been a pique betwixt him and the Comte D'Humières, of long standing. Can this be the cause of his aversion?"

"No, no," said Rosalie.

"Is it my birth?"

"Alas, no," again said the maiden.

"'Tis then Prosper's old objection, that I was forsooth a mercenary in the service of King Louis the Sixteenth. I little thought to have met with contempt from a French noble, for having served the last of his country's monarchs."

"No, Eugene—'tis none of these—you mistake my father. His pride is low; and

not one of these thoughts intrude upon him."

"Thinks he, I would rob him of his daughter," continued the indignant youth, "that he frowns me from his abode? No, Rosalie, much as I love, all as I would sacrifice for thee, I would disdain to win thee without his consent, without that of all his house."

"I know it, Eugene, my father knows it."

"By Heaven, if the very house-dog objected to me as thy suitor, Rosalie, I would almost hesitate and respect his protest."

In all her anguish Mademoiselle D'Humières could not help smiling at the idea, which the enthusiastic honour of her lover had suggested to him. And her smile was neither construed fairly, nor observed patiently, by the heated temper of D'Erlach. He turned to be gone.

"Ah! if you knew!" ejaculated Rosalie.

"Tell me then, for Heaven's sake, and solve my doubts."

"Never, D'Erlach."

"Nay then, there is a mystery."

"A bitter mystery, Eugene, though a very common and unromantic one."

"Tell me, or I depart for ever."

As this partook somewhat of the nature of a menace, the pride of Rosalie was instantly awakened, and she relapsed into cold and silent dignity. The temper of young D'Erlach could hold no more. Some idle suspicion had laid hold upon his mind, and made him rash. He rushed from the presence of his mistress, and hardening himself in his resentment and despair, he hurried from Lausanne.

Time flies rapidly on in these chapters, for thick as its course was strewn with events, and direful ones for Europe, it brought none in those years affecting the personages of my story. Upwards of a twelvemonth had elapsed betwixt the coming of the Comte D'Humières and his daughter to Lausanne, and the taking

place of the conversation, which the reader has just perused.

The lover bent his despairing steps to the Oberland, a wild and Alpine region, which hung over the extremity of the Vaud, the savage sublimity of which, he felt, would at once suit and distract his unsettled mind. A thousand follies and extravagancies young D'Erlach committed there in the month, which he gave to his love and despair—clambering Alpine precipices, daring the slippery glacier and the threatening *lavange*, haunting the torrent in its wildest fall, and burying himself in the pine-forests to dispute with the wild beast for his lair. Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena never endured more penitence, or in more serious mood, than did the young Swiss in the mountains of the Oberland. But I have neither the pen of Cervantes, his leisure to write, nor his number of volumes to fill, therefore shall spare myself a recital of these extravagancies, which, however I choose to

mock and ridicule in my hero, were by no means matter of such mirth to him, but were in sober sadness indulged, as the means of allaying a grief, which preyed upon the youth's mind, and undermined his health.

Amidst the many cares that pressed upon General D'Erlach respecting his country's peace, and the survival of the friends and principles which he held dear, came the tidings of his son's ill health and self-abandonment. The veteran immediately hurried to the Oberland, to expostulate with his son, bring him back to reason, and give, if necessary, his advice and aid in obtaining whatever object seemed so indispensable to his peace.

Eugene, whose fever of despair a month's range had subdued, leaving but the languor of the disease behind, confessed and related all to his parent, who chid him for his want of frankness and friendship, in not having flown to his paternal home for consolation, rather than to the solitude of a savage region. The

veteran knew not, that the first sorrows of the heart are best borne in secrecy, and that it is but the after ones that are softened by being confided to another. The General immediately resolved to visit the Comte D'Humières, and decide at once, in a more satisfactory interview than his son had been able to obtain, the fate of Eugene's hopes respecting the emigrant's daughter.

They both accordingly journeyed to Lausanne, which town the General, as one of the senate of Bern, was glad to seize this opportunity to visit, that he might learn the truth of the reports which circulated respecting the disaffection of the Vaudois towards their sovereign, the government of Berne. The insults which were put upon himself as one of that aristocratic government, informed General D'Erlach fully of that of public opinion in the Vaud, where indeed clubs, committees, and all the secret machinery of revolution had been set up, and

were in full exercise. Hurrying at the same time to make his peace with Rosalie, Eugene found that the Comte D'Humières had already executed his determination of removing from Lausanne; and Vevay, he was informed, was the present abode of the emigrant.

Thither the D'Erlachs proceeded by a lovely drive of a couple of hours, which time Eugene employed in contemplating the rocks of Meilleraye, and comparing the sufferings of St. Preux to his own. His father's reflections were upon another theme; pondering on the rebels and revolutionists of Lausanne, the General regarded the stern castle of Chillon at the lake's extremity, and thought how aptly its dungeon might be stored with the leading demagogues.

At Vevay, as at Lausanne, young Eugene went first in search of the Comte D'Humières, that he might excuse his late abrupt departure, and at the same time acquaint him, that General D'Erlach begged leave to visit him.

He was soon directed to the present residence of the Count, which he was grieved to find far humbler in appearance, than even that he had occupied at Lausanne. This occasioned a minute's light reflection on the necessary scantiness of an exile's income, and no more. Eugene knocked, but neither answer coming, nor domestic appearing, he introduced himself into the little tenement, and found himself in a sort of little kitchen, where still appeared no one to answer him. He therefore ventured farther, and pushing through a door into the other apartment, he found himself, unannounced, in the presence of the Comte and Mademoiselle D'Humières.

The father and daughter were both seated with that spread before them, which was meant for their dinner, or perhaps their only repast—bread of the coarsest kind, a few herbs, and a tureen of what might well be called *soupe à l'eau*. The truth rushed at once to the mind of Eugene, and poor Rosalie's "bitter, but un-

romantic mystery" was explained to be no other than the extreme of poverty, of even want. No domestic attended. Rid of the visits of D'Erlach, and with him of their last friend, the emigrants had not feared, and had taken no precaution against intrusion during their Spartan meal. Prosper no doubt had become either neglectful, or what was more likely, incapable of remitting supplies. The proud lord of Humières and his daughter wanted wherewith to satisfy hunger.

Aghast as the old noble was at the intrusion, he still hesitated, whether he should not slur over appearances, feign the whole repast to be but its termination, a desert in fact, and still keep erect his pride in the face of famine. But an exclamation, that at the moment burst from the ingenuous and undissembling youth, betrayed that he had both seen and felt. The Count's cheek, hitherto flushed with but shame, now assumed the purple of resentment; and he was about to pour forth his

wrath on the intruder, when the appearance of a new visitor, another witness of his poverty, in the shape of the General D'Erlach himself, entered the little apartment.

Rosalie hid her face between her hands ; not that she felt shame for herself, but that she dreaded the redoubled mortification of her parent.

"Comte D'Humières," said the General, unheeding his embarrassment, "I take the liberty of an old comrade to intrude within your tent."

"I am but encamped indeed, you may say, Sir, and you, General, have not to learn, that the canvas walls of a tent have their privacy as well as the stronger ones of palaces."

"You have chosen a lovely spot," continued the General, not replying to the observation, but gazing from the cabin's little lattice out upon the Leman. "Look yonder, Eugene, at those towns, that speck the margin of the lake : there is Meilleraye, boy, but you have found

it long since. Mademoiselle D'Humières, your taste must have selected this lovely spot."

"It was her poverty," said the Count, "and mine, that selected this mean one. We had flattered ourselves on that account to enjoy it alone."

"Pardon an intrusion, Comte D'Humières. It was wealth we came hither to crave of you."

The Count seemed perplexed at this reply.

"We are sturdy mendicants," said Eugène to Rosalie. But her resentment was not so soon appeased.

"Nay, I bring you tidings. For our emissaries at Paris supply us faithfully and speedily. And the name of Humières, of the family to whom my son has been indebted for escape, was as much the subject of my inquiries, as public events."

"Have you heard aught of Prosper?" cried the Count, forgetting pride and anger in interest for his son; "we have not heard these many months. And the cannibals—they have

not even the mercy of war, that makes public the list of slain."

"He is safe, nay, not in peril."

"Yet we hear not of him."

"The Terror has silenced pens, as well as mouths. This I can inform you, Humières has been put up for sale, as the property of an emigré."

"There," exclaimed the Count, "to my personal safety have I selfishly sacrificed the fortune, the old property of my family—"

"Nay, but hear."

"A trigger touched, or the point of a sword well directed, as hath been done by many a generous father, had paid the revolution all I owed it, and left my son his lands, a proud heritage, although republican."

"The Viscount cannot have failed to repurchase them. The revolutionary law allows it; and to this momentous need of gathering a sum," continued General D'Erlach, "you owe," he was about to say this Spartan fare,

but checking himself, added, "a momentary strait perhaps. Cannot I be your—"

Comte D'Humières held up his hand with an expression of dignified pride; but no resentment appeared on his countenance, and this, in such a man, was much. Meantime the remains of their meagre fare Rosalie had taken the opportunity to remove, and the old soldiers conversed for a considerable time together, laughed in their gray hairs at the trifling cause of pique which had occurred in their green days, and fought not a few of the old wars in Flanders "o'er again."

Eugene had in the meantime succeeded in appeasing the anger of Rosalie; and they walked forth together among the hanging vineyards, and down to the brink of the lake, pointing forth Clarens and its environs, and singling out a red picturesque chateau, with a queer, round, conical-topped tower, as the most likely one for the Baron of Wolmar to have resided in.

"I should like of all things to reside in the Vallais," said Rosalie, "from Rousseau's delightful description of the simplicity, beauty, and hospitality of the peasantry."

"I trust, the Count will not be so mad, or you either, to move thither on the credit of a romance. I dread the vicinity of those convents which he once alluded to. And as to the peasantry, in despite of Rousseau, they are the ugliest race on earth, hospitable to be sure, as all very poor and very Catholic countries are, of the wretched fare they have to bestow, but——"

"No more, Eugene, I prithee, against wretched fare."

"No more of the Vallais, then, Rosalie, I pray thee. But, I trust, my father's conversation with the Count, will have ere this put an end to all these extravagant schemes of seclusion."

The hint increased Rosalie's anxiety; but I shall not follow the lovers through the conver-

sation, so peculiar to their age and feelings, that ensued.

The General had not allowed the hour of cordiality to pass by, without entering fully upon the circumstances which had induced him to visit Vevay. And the Count, in answer, spoke as frankly to the father of Eugene. He confessed having entertained, during the existence of his country's monarchy and aristocracy, hopes for his daughter not higher certainly, but other and different ones. At present, he said, there was not a nation in Europe whose sons he did not respect more than he did his own countrymen. He admired the high-spirited and gallant son of D'Erlach; he believed that his daughter entertained for him warmer feelings. He saw and approved; but at the present hour, under the existing depression of his circumstances, he could not listen to any proposal of alliance. Rosalie D'Humières should not step to the altar, but as one of her rank; nor could he think of stooping,

of sacrificing one portion of his pride to gratify another. They were both young, too young, and the world too troubled for individuals to meditate private happiness. Their union had his consent, but they must wait the future for its accomplishment.

General D'Erlach did not combat these resolutions of the Count. His opinions, the latter ones especially, coincided with his own. And the only effort he made was to overcome the old noble's scruples on other points respecting his revenues and domestic affairs, in which he at length found it impracticable to succeed. The great point, however, had been decided; and the veteran comrades walked forth with benevolent intentions of meeting the young couple, and conveying to them the tidings that interested them both.

The Comte D'Humières and General D'Erlach found their son and daughter seated on the brink of the Lemman, as happy as anxiety would allow them, admiring perhaps the

loveliest scene in nature, and that most peculiarly consecrated to the thoughts and the passion which possessed them.

Eugene and Rosalie read their fate in the eyes of their several parents. They looked upon one another and were happy.

CHAPTER VI.

COMTE D'HUMIÈRES resisted all General D'Erlach's solicitations that he would remove to Bern, where befitting society, greater security, and the absence from revolutionary tumults, rendered residence more agreeable to emigrants. But the Count was firm, and remained with his daughter, his poverty, and his pride, in his little cottage on the Leman. Rosalie lived a stranger to all society: her birth, her disposition, and her remembrance of the Triainon did not incline her to mingle with satisfaction amongst the families of the citizens of Vevay. One exception, however, she made in favour of a young acquaintance of her

own sex, the daughter of a respectable couple, from whom the Count rented his little cabin. The emigrant noble's humble residence indeed was *addossée* or attached to the garden-wall of the citizen's more comfortable mansion; a circumstance that led the Count, and even his daughter, to look upon the Sieur Brœnner with even a greater quantity of *hauteur*, than that with which they kept themselves aloof from the inhabitants of Vevay.

Although this austere demeanour answered its purpose of freeing the Count from any troublesome civilities on the part of Monsieur and Madame Brœnner, Louise, their daughter, was not deterred by it from bringing the first flower of the spring, the first fruit of the autumn, and similar little homages of attention and respect to Mademoiselle D'Humières. The good and beautiful girl, for a more lovely never smiled or simpered beneath the picturesque straw hat of the Vaudoises, pitied the poverty of the emigrants, at the

same time that she did not allow this circumstance to diminish her respect. Thus reading their proud looks aright, she pressed her humble and kind attentions, without being awed or offended by the way in which they were at first received. In time, for it required months, Louise won her way to the smiles and acquaintance of Rosalie; and even the Count at length accepted her presence as an exception, her being the only intruder, her respect, and not less her beauty, pleading with the old emigrant. And the latch of the cottage door became as free to her as to Eugene; and by those alone was it ever lifted.

During the frequent absences of young D'Erlach, whose father did not allow him to linger out even the greater part of his time on the Leman, Louise was the constant companion of Rosalie, and by no means an humble companion altogether. For the education of the young Vaudoise was as perfect, nay, perhaps surpassed that of the French girl of rank.

And each possessing what the other wanted,—Rosalie all grace and accomplishments, and a knowledge of the higher orders of life, Louise instructed in the graver studies of a reformed little community, and possessed of the sound and steady sense that in general accompanies such discipline, and characterizes the country where it is prevalent,—rendered their mutual friendship and society more strong and delightful.

There was enough of diversity in opinion too, to strengthen the charm. Religion formed one instance; for Louise, though by no means bigoted, always absented herself from the cottage on days in which she observed a cleric friar of the Franciscan order, from the convent of St. Meurice, not many miles distant, enter it on his holy errand to the Count and his daughter. The old noble, who had never been peculiarly scrupulous on such points in life, especially during the time in which he was estranged from the court, had

studied and preached *philosophism*, had grown *devot* as much from age as from a pique against the revolution. Rosalie had been always pious; and the convent of St. Meurice was the nearest receptacle of Catholic ecclesiastics. This extensive establishment seemed expressly situated, overlooking the frontier of the Protestant Canton, as if thus placing spiritual aid as nearly within the reach as possible of all true sons of the church, who happened to sojourn in or travel through the heretic region. The friar met with no molestation in his visits to Vevay, nor were he or his garb looked upon in any horror by the people of another creed; but Louise Brœnner had a reason especial and peculiar to herself for shunning the monks of St. Meurice, and more especially of dreading him, who happened always to be despatched to the summons of the Comte D'Humières.

The Frère Bernard was a native of Vevay itself, and had of course been bred up in its

reformed creed: he was a wild, an enthusiastic, and dissipated youth, given to wandering and adventures, to fits of fanaticism betimes, and licentiousness of others. He was one of those rank weeds that sometimes spring up in the most peaceful village, and which are soon got rid of, and disappear. So no doubt would Bernard have betaken himself to war, to sea, to merchandize, or robbery in foreign climes, had not an attachment, inordinate and furious as all his whims and passions, towards the mother of Louise, then a girl, even as her daughter now was, ever brought back his wandering steps to Vevay.

In these hopes, as he might naturally but did not expect, disappointed, he did not seek the customary consolation of such characters, in flight and all the forgetfulness of extravagance. But turning short in his career, he reformed at once his life and creed, and enrolled himself as a novice in the Catholic convent of St. Meurice. There by fast, vigil,

penance, and every mode of mortification, Bernard washed out the sins of his early life. He was afterward admitted a brother, and at length a cleric brother of the order, and his eloquence and energy of mind, based upon the religious knowledge which he had acquired unavoidably at Vevay, caused him to shine above his more ignorant and orthodox brethren. In short, Frère Bernard became a saint, attracted the notice of the Bishop of Sion, who shared the power of governing the Vallais with its democratic assembly; and had not the Friar's vehemence frightened, and at the same time somewhat differed in opinion from the weak prelate, the friar had been, ere the time we speak of, the Abbot of his convent.

This fresh disappointment, for his ambition was blind neither to his hopes nor deserts, had but the effect of giving a fresh spur to Bernard's sanctity. He undertook another pilgrimage among the glaciers of the Alps to the shrine of Our Lady of the Snows, he

preached and fasted, and was a burning light in those chill and solitary regions. About the period that the French revolution broke out, Frère Bernard had reached the summit of his candidate Saintship; he was looked on as almost a prophet throughout the Vallais, and feared as somewhat all as powerful, though not so holy, throughout the Vaud. The family of Brœnner he peculiarly frightened, by affecting to take them under his protection, and though of course he had long since smothered all remains of his ancient flame, he continued to evince a zealous regard for Madame Brœnner and her daughter, whom he warned to quit the Canton of heresy, while it was yet time.

The friar however "had fallen upon evil days." The French revolution burst forth, promising liberty and equality to the universe; and the population of the Lower Vallais, who felt themselves enslaved and oppressed by that of the Upper, echoed the revolutionary

cry. The enmity of the revolution to religion, its ministers, and property, was overlooked; and even the friars and abbot of St. Meurice were seen, a solitary example of monkish hallucination in favour of revolution, preaching a crusade against all tyrants. The Franciscans to be sure, are the very *tiers etat* of the religious orders, and in rank of life, as well as in *sans cullottism*, they were one with the dregs of the people in all countries. Yet even in this way it is difficult to account for the historical fact of the Jacobinism of the monks of St. Meurice.

Frère Bernard was the only one of the convent unbitten by this mania. He was too shrewd, and too consistent, not to know whither such principles tended. Confiding in his eloquence and high character, he thundered forth at once his anathemas against both his flock and his brethren, for thus sympathizing with the heretics of the Vaud, and became so fervent as to stake his reputation

and popularity in the struggle. Unluckily for the friar, powers like his, though potent to excite passions, are far less influential in allaying them. The *Bas Vallaisans* felt their slavery, and abetted by the majority of their spiritual guides, the brethren of St. Meurice, rose, despite Frère Bernard, in insurrection against their masters of the *Haut Vallais*.

The Vaudois rose at the same time against the supremacy of Bern, and a young Vevaisian, by name Levayer, distinguished himself by his ardour in the cause of liberty. In both cantons, however, the popular excitement was allayed by force. Frère Bernard flew to Sion, to the Haut Vallais, roused the rich and lordly peasantry of that region from their rustic occupations, and not allowing them time to arm themselves with other weapons than the implements of labour which they each held, the shepherd's crook, the fork, the scythe, the whip, led them against the insurgents of the Bas Vallais.

Bernard's promptitude saved the Canton from revolution, the slaves fled at the approach of their masters, and the humiliated monks of St. Meurice retired to their convent, under the conquering frown of Bernard. Bern at the same time reduced the Vaudois, and Levayer with other patriots were, according to the imagination of General D'Erlach, shut up in the castle of Chillon, till their revolutionary bile should evaporate.

From that time Frère Bernard became the tyrant of his district, as he had been before considered its tutelary saint; and he was now dreaded, as much as he had been formerly beloved. Where his frown fell, blight was sure to follow. And amongst that people of hunters and shepherds, a class of men as peculiarly superstitious as miners, fishermen, and others, the Frère soon gained the character, and was arrayed in all the terrors of a magician, of one who read the stars and influenced the fate of men. The ambitious friar failed not to grasp

"I should like to know, what a Swiss has to do with birth," now broke in Brœnner's self, "except to be born of honest parents? A good vintage was all our yearly news, before their Counts and Barons came flocking in amongst us. Whereas, now each week brings us a threat from this power, an army of troops from another, riot in the streets, and soldiers in quiet citizens' houses, war and massacre all round—and all this, because the kings of France in times past thought proper to make a law, that one-fourth of their subjects should be born to wealth, and the other three-fourths to want."

"It was the King of kings, who made that law," said the friar, looking at Brœnner. "Man cannot unmake it."

"We have unmade it in the Vaud at any rate," rejoined Brœnner. "I know of none here, save the vagabond and the scapegrace, that wants his cabin and his vineyard."

The countenance and feelings of the monk were alike taunt-proof, and betrayed no signs of wincing under this allusion.

"You, who are the partizan of equality, why do you not share with the poor emigré yonder?"

"Share with him!—he is not of us, the aristocrat! Let him hie to Bern, to his brother proud ones of the council. He might, methinks, for one of the cubs of the Bernese bear comes hither often."

"Nay, father," interrupted Louise, "I have heard you say, that if Monsieur D'Humières, or his daughter, would but own they wanted, you would share with them your cup and loaf."

"So might I safely. Pride keeps guard at their mouths on famine within. And they may starve, who will not stoop to crave."

"What Bernese cub spoke you of?" asked the friar.

"Young D'Erlach. He comes here at all

times, and on all pretexts. He was last here with the troops of Bern, when they erected their military tribunal at Rolle, raised a contribution from us here, and put young Levayer and some gallant youths yonder in the old dungeon at Chillon. They are not the first martyrs that dungeon has held."

"Martyrs!" repeated the friar, crossing himself, and horrified at such profanation of the term. "They are youths of over-hot blood. The cold breeze, that blows over the lake into Chillon will cool them."

"Poor Levayer," said Brœnner, "he should have been ere this united to our Louise, but that the bear has clawed him. Nay, don't weep, Louise, we'll see the lad out of the brute's fangs yet, and then—"

"Brœnner," said the friar, standing up, "hold you to your resolution of giving Louise to that firebrand of the Vaud?"

"In truth do I, friar Bernard."

"In despite of all my warnings?"

"In despite of all your menaces, friar, all your tricks, and all your necromancy."

"Father, father," cried Louise, "anger not the Frère Bernard."

"Get ye gone, for a superstitious slut," cried the father. "Think you I fear his black looks, or his black books, his communion with the Devil on the Diablerets, or with the Archangel Gabriel on the Mont Blanc. Let the Cretins fear him on the other side of the bridge, they that have pouches beneath their chins, to hold their faith, the race of ideots! Fill his can, dame, with another half-bottle-full of the Cote: good wine will cure his sourness, if aught will, and put at least an honester devil into him, than that with which he pretends to fright people. Drink, my old acquaintance, Bernard."

"I craved a cup for needful vigour, Brœnner," answered the friar, "for the sun hath set and risen, since I broke bread. More than this," said he, taking the cup, "will I never

ask of thy vintage, and even this not for my own mouth."

"Nay," said Brœnner, "if there be more of the fasting brethren of St. Meurice waiting without, bring them in in the name of plenty, and let them eat. We have wherewithal to satisfy them."

"It is a wide mouth I pour this into," said the friar, casting the contents of his cup upon the ground, "and one that will witness against thee, Brœnner, thy blindness, thy inhospitality, thy rudeness. Thou shalt remember Frère Bernard, ere you fill this cup to the health of your hopeful bridegroom."

"Get thee away with thy impious mummery—spilling good wine forsooth—'twere less wasted even in thy throat. We do not press the nightshade and the evil berry on this side the bridge. The wine we press is the growth of industry and freedom. It has been never yet known to shoot beneath the walls of a convent."

"According as ye sow, so shall ye reap," said the friar; "Heaven forbid, that the seeds of drunkenness and riot, or even of the wealth that engenders bloated pride, should spring up for us. But I am forbidden to preach on this side the Leman. I come not as the monk, but as the friend, to offer counsel."

"Why spill my wine then, grave counsellor? Those boyish tricks do not become thy shaven crown."

"Father, father!" cried Louise.

"Go, girl, did you not hear his threat against Levayer, thy own brave gallant, whom this very monk has helped to shut up in Chillon? But they cannot hang him—this at least is a comfort."

"I should think not," said the monk, with a grin, "yet Chillon contains all implements and conveniencies thereto necessary, though they have not been used since the days of the Dukes of Savoy."

"Bernard," said Brœnner, "depart and take

thy way in peace. And let no evil blood arise betwixt creed and creed, canton and canton. It must be with a design, that you stir up my passions. Go."

"You will give then my fair Louise to Levayer?"

"Thy Louise, hell-hound?"

"Mine in the paternal interest I take." There was some thought in Brœnner's mind, that made this observation of the monk's fall like a spark on his inflammable temper. He sprang up, and, seizing the monk, pushed him towards the door.

"He hath laid hands on me," cried the monk, "witness all. Another lavange shall not fall, till you rue this," added Bernard, as he adjusted his cowl, and departed.

CHAPTER VII.

MEANTIME the revolution became, in the person of its hero, Bonaparte, universally victorious. "The war," to use the words of Barras, "commenced forty leagues from Paris, ceased thirty leagues from Vienna." The peace of Campo Formio which left revolutionary interests and partizans triumphant in France, communicated to them analogous force in neighbouring countries. Bâle adopted of its own accord a more free and popular form of government. Bonaparte in his return from his victories to Paris, took the opportunity of his traversing Switzerland to display his opinions and future views while in the Vaud, he lingered in each town, attending balls, civic

feasts, and acted at once the citizen and the affable hero. At Bern, on the contrary, he took no pains to conceal his hatred and disgust, and did not smother his menaces. The young hero too visited the field of Morat *en connoisseur*, and most truly so, as he expressed his contempt for the gallantry of the old Swiss republicans: the same liberality of sentiment was evinced by his words and feelings, as when at Argues he declared Henri Quatre scarce a soldier, and when on the Rhine, could find no merit in the tactics of Turenne.

The entry of Bonaparte into Vevay caused the Comte D'Humières, now sinking with age, a fit of illness. To Louise Brœnner he brought back happiness, as in his passage by Chillon, he had ordered the patriot captives of the Vaud to be liberated, and neither guard or gaoler dared to disobey him. Young Levayer entered Vevay in his train, and joy and gladness filled the town as well as the mansion of the Brœnners. It was some months after the

visit of the Frère Bernard, and Brœnner was gladdened to think, that by the union of Levayer and his daughter, he should not only make them happy, but spite the rancorous Franciscan.

Rosalie sympathized in the happiness of Louise: and contrasted and opposed as were the lovers of each, the bond of congenial sentiment united them. Levayer, as a patriot, hated the very name of D'Erlach, and he in turn despised his *subject*, as the aristocrats of Bern were wont to term the inhabitants of the Vaud. But as Levayer never entered the dwelling of the emigrant, knowing how slight a breath is apt to blast popularity, the opposed youths never met, nor were afforded an opportunity of increasing their political dislike into personal hatred.

A day was fixed for the marriage of the young Vaudoise patriot and the daughter of Brœnner. Mademoiselle D'Humières, in friendship for the maiden, offered to honour

the ceremony with her presence, and to accompany Louise, as bridesmaid, to the altar, a condescension on her part, that would have angered the Count grievously, had he been aware of it. And indeed she herself forgot, at the moment of the proffer, that the rite and the altar were other than she had been wont to look upon as the only holy.

Misfortunes and wandering, however, had taught Rosalie tolération: nor did she retract her promise to Louise. The morning came. All Vevay seemed to participate in the happiness of Levayer, the *fête* seemed to be that of the canton, not of an individual. It had been arranged that the bridegroom should proceed from his native town, accompanied by his friends, and the church of Vevay was the place of rendezvous for the procession of both. No traveller, who hath passed along the banks of the Lemman, has failed to visit this church, which, for the mere view that it commands, is well worthy of a distant pilgrimage. It is

situated on an eminence above the town, which it commands, like a Gothic keep,—and not inaptly too. For the true strong-hold of the little Reformed community was the site of its religious worship. Within, the black slab, sacred to the memory of the English republican, Ludlow, records his gratitude for an asylum granted, and at the same time the courageous and independent generosity of the little state.

Here then were the blushing Louise, and her attendant friends assembled. The town clock had long since struck the appointed hour of rendezvous, and that fixed for the actual ceremony was fast approaching. Still was there no sign of Levayer, nor of his friends, nor tidings of them. Doubt, suspicion, and alarms, diversely founded, spread through the little crowd; and, as it happened for the most part to be a female one, not the silence, but the murmur of suspense began to reign throughout it. Messengers were de-

spatched: but none had yet returned when the minister, in his habiliments, made his appearance at the broad marble table, which serves that religious sect for altar. The clock again told the hour; every eye was directed towards the church portal. And into it at the moment walked a figure in bridal apparel. Levayer the figure certainly was not.

Many shrieked, all clamoured, and poor Louise fainted. Who was the audacious gallant, that had substituted himself in place of Levayer? By what force did he come prepared to support his violence? Was it an act of vengeance on the part of the Bernese aristocrats, to punish the young patriot by depriving him of his bride? These were the questions and conjectures that at first were uttered and entertained. But on beholding the figure bedecked as bridegroom, these all vanished, and gave place to other and more fearful opinions.

The intruder, whom it seemed as if none

dared to question or to touch, was of similar height and form with Levayer, nay, strikingly similar. His garments even appeared to be those of that youth; the features however were those of a Cretin, and of one of the most disgusting and misformed of that idiot race. As most of them, he bore resemblance to a goat, reminding one with horror of the *insani amores caprini*, known to exist in mountainous and barbarous regions: A huge *goître* hung beneath his chin. Evidently deprived of the power of utterance, he muttered some disgusting jargon. And all fled in horror from his approach. The circumstance most strange and appalling, however, was, that in the midst of all this idiot and debased expression of countenance, there still lurked something that reminded the beholder of Levayer.

Superstitious dread laid hold on all present. Such metamorphoses had been heard of; and magicians of power to transform their enemies had been known to exist, especially in the

neighbouring Vallais. That this Cretin was Levayer himself, changed and brutified by some power akin to that of Circe, was the opinion entertained. Brœnner thought immediately of the Frère Bernard, and his menaces; but he withheld his credulity and despair till the return of the messengers. They came at length, and with them the relatives of Levayer in perplexity and distraction. The Cretin had come forth that morning from the apartment of the youth, thus clad, while of Levayer's self no trace nor tidings could be procured. There was no way of accounting either for the disappearance of the one, or of the introduction of the other into his apartment.

Poor Louise was led home in such distraction as may be conceived; whilst Mademoiselle D'Humières, equally horror-struck, was unable even to attempt consolation. The town authorities laid hold upon the unfortunate Cretin, but the uncle of Levayer, himself

of the municipal council, interfered ; and, persuaded that all was the trick of witchcraft and enchantment, led home the idiot in a dubious mood, whether to tend him as his blood, or wreck vengeance on him as the cause of his loss and disappointment.

Rosalie, fortunately for instant relief, or rather the exchange of horror for anxiety, found the Count, in all the querulous impatience of the old and the sick, awaiting her return.

"Here has been your ghostly guide and confessor, Mademoiselle," cried the Comte, as if his peevishness on account of her absence had been excited on the monk's account, not upon his own.

"Frère Bernard," cried Rosalie, startled, "has he been to Vevay this day?"

"He hath been here not long since."

"I wonder he did not tarry, he was not wont to be so impatient."

"He had heard, my girl, of your errand to

yon conventicle, and no doubt thought his services useless."

"Nay, father, can you be so—cruel," said Rosalie, substituting another word for that which was upon her tongue, "as to blame any kindness to an humble friend. In adversity we have but it to bestow in return for many favours."

"Why accept them, girl, especially from the base-born and blind. But I have seen enough of this place and of the hold it has laid upon you, and am determined, while reason is yet left me, to remove to die elsewhere."

"Oh, my father, what a thought! It is Friar Bernard, who has filled your mind with these unhappy suspicions."

"It is even he, a worthy and a reverend counsellor."

"What could he insinuate against poor Louise?"

"Nay, nothing against the girl. I even like

her, her innocent mien and respectful ways— But the very air of the place is odious to me— it is infectious. Democracy riots in it, I hear hourly its bacchanal shouts. And all the town wants, is the erection of a scaffold to complete the picture. The old aristocrat must be gone. Prepare yourself, my girl. Nay, I am not in anger. Some presentiment makes me restless, and urges me to depart. Another evening must not find us on the *Leman*."

Rosalie hastened to obey her parent in making preparations for leaving Vevay. Except for poor Louise, the sudden resolution no wise grieved her. She had been too much weighed down by calamity to admit of her bestowing much affection on the scene and the objects around. And the recollection of *Humières*, bleak and northern as were the climate and aspect of her native place, with all the proud and now sad thoughts associated with them, had not left her leisure to be-

come attached even to the shores of the Leman. Far her father could not journey in his present state of health, so that she must still remain within reach of the visits and tidings of D'Erlach. Perhaps—she hoped, but dared not express the wish—it was towards Bern that their steps would be turned. All selfish fears were quiet in her breast.

Rosalie hurried to communicate the tidings to her friend, who was in that torpid state of despair that precluded her feeling the farther deprivation she was about to undergo, the Brœnners frowned and seemed more hurt than their daughter, as if their aristocratic tenant fled from the evil fortune of their house. But the sincere adieus of Rosalie undeceived them; and the blunt, honest people, plainly intimating how likely Rosalie was soon to be friendless and an orphan, offered, if ever she should find herself in that predicament, their house as a home. The tears of Mademoi-

selle D'Humières thanked them. She embraced the sorrowful Louise; and on the morrow father and daughter departed from Vevay.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Count took the road through Moudon, that led northward to many towns in Switzerland, and amongst others to Bern. Ever fond of a sort of diplomatic reserve, even in trifles, he withheld his final intention from his daughter; and she, refraining from questions, could only learn from chance information, that their course tended more and more directly, as they advanced, to Bern. At Freyburg however, fatigue and indisposition compelled the Count to pause. He took a day, a week, to recruit his strength, but his vigour was gone. A letter summoned General D'Erlach to Freyburg, and the veteran soldier hurried

thither. It was to close the eyes of his old comrade, and to receive from his hand the sacred trust of his daughter Rosalie. The scene and circumstances might allow of more ample description. They are left, however, to be filled up by the reader's imagination,—nay, several succeeding months, as far as they concern the thoughts and sorrows of the heroine, must be supplied from the same source.

Shortly before the old *emigré* had left Vevay, the French, at the same time that they took military possession of a part of Switzerland belonging to the bishoprick of Bâle, had interfered with the Bernese for the protection, or rather liberation, of the canton of the Vaud. This naturally increased the pride and revenge of its ruling city, at the same time that it swelled the spirit of insubordination in the Vaud. Commissioners were dispatched from Bern to see to the safety of the province, and at the same time to demand a fresh oath of

allegiance from the Vaudois. Insurrection was the immediate consequence. And nowhere did it burst forth with more violence than at Vevay and Lausanne, the minds of the people being the more agitated from the recent loss of their most popular leader. So far did it spread, so boldly and quickly did it assume conduct and organization, that the Castle of Chillon, the only strong-hold of the Bernese power in the Vaud, and like the Bastile at a similar epoch, garrisoned only by invalids, experienced the same fate with that prison-fortress, in being taken by the insurgent Vaudois. This was in January, 1798. It was then that the motto of *Liberté et Patrie*, that still adorns the castle of the Dukes of Savoy, and the dungeon of Bonnivard, was first affixed to its walls. And ere that month was concluded (so fully did the work of revolution thrive) the green cockade of independence was in every Vaudois hat, and the Republic of the Lemane was proclaimed, as was many a short-

lived republic of those days, under the protection of French bayonets.

As this, however, was the act of the people of the Vaud, assembled, as they might plead, in legitimate insurrection, the French were not openly at war with the senate of Bern. A pretext was still wanting. And this, chance immediately afforded them. General Ménard despatched an officer accompanied by two hussars to the Bernese commander. Arriving at Thierrens, on the frontiers, they did not answer the challenge of the sentinels, perhaps unintelligible, as delivered in German. The sentinels fired, the hussars fell, and the unfortunate accident, swelled out in addresses and proclamations into a most flagrant act of aggression, afforded to the French the desired plea for commencing hostilities.

Whilst these events were passing in the south of Switzerland, the deputies of the several Cantons assembled in a Diet at Arau, were taking into consideration the critical state of

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and terror possible. "As if thunder had fallen amongst them," says an historian, "the diet separated, leaving, for the instruction of our age, a memorable example of the difference betwixt an oath of the eighteenth, and one of the fourteenth century."

Bern, thus abandoned to herself, felt even within her walls, the difference and strength of opinions, that then divided almost all the states of Europe. De Steiger and D'Erlach were at the head of the aristocratic party, who preferred natural independence to all consideration; De Frisburg, the treasurer, at the head of the other, preached moderation, and the necessity of appeasing the French by submissions. This latter party unfortunately predominated, the Bernese constitution was modified in hopes of satisfying the enemy. But as any thing short of anarchy did not suit the designs of the French, their commands to the Bernese were to dismiss all the existing magistrates, and dissolve the state at

once into a pure democracy. A deputation from Bern was dispatched to the French General, Brune, to obtain some mitigation of this harsh decree. An armistice of fifteen days, to allow the citizens time for consideration, was the sole favour granted.

What was the anxiety, the anguish, that pervaded the house of the D'Erlachs, during this time of suspense and of doubt, as to the continuance or annihilation of their ancient republic! The old General commanded the little Bernese army, that occupied the frontier, and feebly menaced the invading force of Brune. His son, Eugene, at such a time, could not fail to be in the same ranks. When the armistice, however, was declared, father and son returned to Bern, to aid by their voices and exertions the patriotic party, that held for independence and for defending their country at all risks by open force.

These circumstances were of the highest, almost the sole, interest to Rosalie, now resi-

dent in the family of the D'Erlachs. Some months' interval since her parent's death, had assuaged, if not removed, the grief consequent thereon. And midst the paternal tenderness, which she now experienced in the hospitable mansion of the Bernese noble, Mademoiselle D'Humières was scarcely allowed to recollect, that she was an orphan. Ere the cloud of French fraternization or invasion had absolutely burst over the country of her protectors, it had been arranged by them, and agreed to by Rosalie, that, when the space of a year from the death of the Comte D'Humières had elapsed, she should be united to Eugene. The subsequent distresses of her lover's country, however, and the approaching crisis of its fate, removed to doubt and distance that appointed hour. It would have been then even selfish to ponder upon, or sorrow for such disappointment. More was at stake and in jeopardy, than the mere deferring of hopes. The lives and fortunes of Eugene and his family were

involved in the struggle about to ensue. Even she herself might be deprived of her present asylum, as the daughter of an *émigré*, without the prospect of finding another beyond the reach of her enemies.

The same anxieties would no doubt have filled the bosom of Eugene, had it not been necessarily pre-occupied with national ardour and indignation, with martial and patriotic zeal, with the idea of victoriously repelling the insolent invaders, and winning the independence, they feared for, in the bold way which had first obtained it for Switzerland, by the edge of the sword. With all his son's courage, but with more than his experience and reflection, General D'Erlach feared the consequences even of a bold combat for their rights. Still his wish and counsel was to risk that combat, rather than submit tamely to the invader. This opinion he urged on all, and supported every where, that another Morat could alone save Switzerland, or a defeat, worthily con-

tested, alone permit her to fall without ignominy.

It was a severe and dismal winter, the gloom of which the huge German stoves, that heated the apartments of the mansion, did not much contribute to dissipate. The river was heard to roll more rapidly and chilly its accumulated tide. The snow not only covered the loftier Alps, but even weighed down the pine-clumps and groves, that top the minor eminences around Bern. The unusual bustle in the town, the frequent counsels, the shouted proclamations, the passage and repassage of troops, of expresses, through a city, for many centuries the abode of peace, drove comfort and quiet from every heart. Here rode some haughty military envoy and his suite from the French camp, and down the same street poured in an opposite direction the wild peasants of the Oberland, marching to swell the ranks of Bern with their undisciplined and savage number.

"What tidings to-day, Eugene?" asked Rosalie, of young D'Erlach, who had just entered.

"None save the old and customary, dear Rosalie, irresolution, doubt, suspense; neither the courage to be bold, nor the patience to submit. And these French republicans make use of as many wiles, as if we were the strong, and they the weak. They corrupt the soldiers, the people, to treason, to liberty, to I know not what. I fear almost as much those wild Swiss of the Oberland, that swell our ranks, as I do your countrymen themselves."

"They seem enthusiastic for Bern."

"True Swiss, enthusiastic to the highest degree, but as suspicious—A word that they construed wrongly, and they would turn their arms against their very general."

A troop of them in passing at the moment, cried, "Live D'Erlach!" as if in answer to his doubts of them.

"Accept the omen, Eugene."

"Yes, from your mouth, gladly, Rosalie; though I dread and mistrust that of the popular cry."

"Nay, you are over aristocratic."

"I have seen so many specimens of rabble both in your country and mine."

"Yet do you know, Eugene, be it patriotism or caprice, I do feel some yearnings of admiration towards my republican compatriots."

"You, Rosalie!"

"Their gallantry has covered so many crimes."

"I witnessed the tenth of August."

"Mention it not,—I think but of the hundred victories."

"And the Triainon, Rosalie. Have you forgotten that scene, or the fate of—"

The tears that gushed from the eyes of Rosalie checked D'Erlach from uttering the name that was on his tongue, that of Queen Marie Antoinette and Louis the Sixteenth.

after a pause, "or forced
me these recollections.
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"Me reproach!—Th
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But when I reflect on
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"Worthy—no, not worthy of flight, of privation, of misery, of pain."

"Nay, all these I have been used to—they have been my school and heritage. I will teach you to bear them, Eugene."

"But with the chill and savage regions of the Alps for our only place of refuge, with murderous war for our occupation, where would be the place or protection for the daughter of Humières."

"General D'Erlach has promised to be a father to me. I will not forsake him," said Rosalie.

Eugene did not reply.

"But why think of flight, of these extreme disasters? an army still is under your father's command. There are Swiss hearts and hands in it, up and armed for their native land."

"True—'tis too soon to despair."

"Not too soon, my son," said the old General himself, entering, "if for the brave and upright there ever come a time for such.

The armistice was but a trick of Brune's, till Schauenbourg should join him. And now with their united forces, they need no longer keep measures with our feeble council, and our petty army."

"The thousands number few, father," said Eugene, "but they are Swiss, and encamped on the field of Morat."

The General smiled at his son's zeal.

"Rosalie has been preaching courage to me," continued the youth.

"Well done, my girl. But was there cause? Does Eugene D'Erlach need the trumpet of a fair tongue to awaken his spirit?"

"In truth do I," replied the youth, "especially when anxieties for its fate makes me imagine and fear the worst."

"Nay, he was wild before you entered, Sir," continued Rosalie; "he talked of the Oberland, of the savage fastnesses where you were to take shelter,—and where I was not to follow.—Was he not both false and cruel?"

"I know not, dear Rosalie, since you do touch upon the subject.—Defeat would go hard with us; for never will D'Erlach in Bern bow his head to the foreigner. For thee, indeed, I should be then perplexed."

"I will follow you, General D'Erlach," said Rosalie firmly.

"What, to the Oberland?—But come, let us not contemplate so sad an event. Despite the augmentation of the French, I have hopes, on the other hand, of bringing our council to a resolution worthy of them—to one of vigour. The God of justice and of Morat may not fail us."

"Hath aught newly occurred?"

"Brune, after some days cajoling of our deputies, secure at length in his increased force, has dismissed them with commands for unconditional submission. The council must feel at length the uselessness of moderation. We will muster the officers, and entreat them, since negotiations fail to save the honour of

soldiers."

"A glorious project. I
this noon."

"Do, my son."

"How I envy you the ar
anxiety and pain," said R
countries combat one and
rejoice."

"Thy prayers must be f
patriotism."

"I fear so."

"Then—to a happier me

"Forget not Prosper, F
meet my brother in the ran

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council to a firm resolve: the son, by bringing the officers of the army to demand an order to engage; the father, to dispose severally the Bernese citizens to be propitious to the request.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONGST the many and important political truths, which came to the light and to full proof during the course of the French Revolution, there was none more completely established, than the total worthlessness and ineptitude of a government purely or principally aristocratic, to support the state through a trying crisis. Of all other qualities, dignity and courage might naturally be supposed incapable of forsaking a high-born and hereditary assembly of rulers; yet never did history present a more striking lack of both, than in the fall of the two great aristocratic republics of Venice and Bern. The latter, 'tis true,

shewed in the field some personal bravery amongst her sons, by which the famed queen of the Adriatic did not redeem her weaknesses. The Italian city may be said to have been corrupted, and Montesquieu might urge that the decay of public spirit proceeded from the want of morals and private virtue. But this could not be true of the citizens of Bern, who, amidst all their wealth and dignity, retained the austere morals and frugal habits of their mountain ancestors. Yet accustomed for later centuries to trim their way with modesty and caution, avoiding any conflict with the superior powers by which they were surrounded, long acquired habits of timidity could not be shaken off in the right season. The ancient days, when the pride of Austria and Burgundy fled in discomfiture before the freemen of Switzerland, were forgotten. With a brave army of two-and-twenty thousand warriors in their frontier, headed by the historic name of D'Erlach, the descendant

of the hero of Laupen, they still negotiated and delayed, and destroyed utterly the nerve and *morale* of their little army, by evincing from their hourly irresolutions that they despaired of its courage and success. The French took every advantage of this discontent of the Bernese troops opposed to them, and disseminated printed and other reports amongst them, that they were sold, betrayed; that D'Erlach himself, who had long served in France, was leagued with their enemies; and that the council of Bern merely kept up a show of negotiation to deceive the people. Despondency, suspicion, rage, and hidden mutiny, pervaded the ranks of the Bernese.

General D'Erlach felt mortified at the cold reception which he of late received from his army. He could not penetrate their suspicions; it never could have gleamed upon his conception, that a Swiss could have entertained suspicions of his patriotism. He acknowledged however the justice of their dis-

content, which he himself shared. And this was one of the causes which drove him to the resolution which he announced to Rosalie.

His son found no difficulty in collecting the leading officers of the army ; and his proposal to them to petition in person the council, that they might be permitted to engage, was at once persuasion. They accompanied him on the moment of his return to Bern ; and the next morning nearly a hundred warriors, headed by the veteran D'Erlach, presented themselves to the council, and demanded permission to attack their national enemy on the expiration of the truce.

The council could not refuse. Shame prevented some ; the sight and prayers of so many of these gallant compatriots communicated enthusiasm to others. The order was given ; D'Erlach set forth with it to the camp, and measures were taken for attacking the French on the second of March. General Brune was not long ignorant of their disposi-

tion. Though strong enough to have acted the lion, he thought a little of the cunning and at the same time meanness of the fox, safer; and he immediately dispatched an aid-de-camp to Bern to propose farther negotiations to the wavering council. The order of attack was accordingly suspended, more submissions to the will of the French were made and proclaimed. The army was in indignation. D'Erlach hurried to Bern.

This was the moment Brune selected for his advance.

The armistice had not expired. And the first sign the Bernese had of its rupture was the sound of the French cannon, as Brune attacked the two extremities of the Swiss line. The French met with enemies altogether unprepared, and slumbering upon the faith of an armistice. The Swiss were driven in, defeated, and Freyburg and Soleure taken possession of by the French.

Eugene D'Erlach was at Morat with the

the centre of the Swiss, all expecting to fight, on the same field where the bones of their Burgundian enemies still lay heaped, another battle for their liberties. Their flank discovered on both sides by the stratagem and treason of Brune, they could not resolve to quit that spot so dear and glorious to them. In their rage the peccant soldiery seized upon their officers, and slew several as victims to their rage and suspicion. The name of D'Erlach, to which was still attached a lingering reverence, alone saved Eugene from the fate of his comrades. The centre at length fell back upon Bern.

General D'Erlach rallied the fugitives, and taking post with them at Fraubrounn, resolved to strike the last blow for his country: Eugene was with him. Even his old friend De Steiger, seeing that Bern could no longer be served in council, took the field at eighty years, and determined to witness at least the last struggle against the invader. Many of De Steiger's

age joined the forlorn hope of Swiss independence at Fraubruonn. And three hundred Bernese women, armed with forks and implements of husbandry, formed a phalanx, not the least fired with zeal against the French.

'Twas yet dark. The advanced posts of the French under Schauenbourg were within hearing of voice. And for the first time since the breach of the armistice, the murmurs of the Swiss soldiery, those few rallied under D'Erlach, were hushed.

"Have you been to the paternal house, Eugene?" said the General to his son.

"My duty called me not thither. I have been at Morat and am here."

"Much calls thee thither, boy. Thine arm is not wanting here. There are divers objects of importance that must be secured."

"If Bern falls, father, may not all perish in the ruins. Should we have a hope to survive her?"

"Ay, and to avenge. The orphan daughter

of Humières must not be left to these Jacobins. That is a sacred trust, and you must see to its safe keeping."

"To-morrow I will see to it."

"Now, Eugene, or 'twill be too late."

"Do not unman me, father. Thou thyself wouldst be the first to feel Eugene D'Erlach's absence from this last field of Bern."

"Forgive that I feel your presence. The age of Roman fathers is no more."

"Does D'Erlach speak of the last field of Bern," said old De Steiger, who stood near, "rather say the first of Switzerland. The Alps are behind us. In their snows shall the oppressors of Bern find graves."

Little was the old *avoyer* aware how literally his prophecy was to be fulfilled, how soon, or that it was to be by the hands of the most remote of the European powers, of Russia, in fine.

"The Father of the state," said D'Erlach, "should betake himself thither at once, nor needlessly expose his person in this struggle."

"Fear not for me, D'Erlach," replied the old man, "I am no braver than my neighbours. And if Heaven be not pleased to grant me so honourable a grave as I desire, I will not fail to retreat with our standard-Bear."

"Mark you," said Eugene, "the far side of the distant Alps already feels the sun. Their outline brightens, and will soon be golden.—God! that these sublime and mighty masses should have no sense of their land's degradation, no natural pulse to sympathize with it! Shall nature speak to the soul in thousand ways, and yet have none even in her noblest scenes!"

The old men smiled at the enthusiasm and extravagance of the youth.

"Think'st thou then, that the Providence, whose presence thou feelest most awfully in these lofty regions, doth not behold us by our expiring night-fire?"

"I should say, he had removed his face from the earth."

“ Boy, is this an hour to be impious ?”

“ Nay, hadst thou been reared in yon court of France, as I have been, basked in boyhood beneath the smiles of its queen, and the benignant aspect of its meek monarch, and witnessed the slow death by which their noble souls were tortured, till at last their persons were profaned by an ignominious fate. Hadst thou grown up beneath the shade of these monstrous acts, and felt them weigh upon the mind—had ye seen the impious, the low, the sanguinary thrive, and climb to power, whilst all that was virtuous, all that was just, pined, shrunk, and suffered. Had ye seen this the fate of life amongst individuals, as ye now see it amongst nations, ye would believe with me, that Providence, like the Heathen Astrea, had forsaken the earth.”

The Statesman and the General felt too much to allow them to reprove the youth. The sun rose black for the nobly-born in those

days. And those, on whom, just at that time springing up in chivalrous thoughts and hopes, the blight, the unintelligible persecution came, might well be subject both to entertain and to preach the counsel of "Curse God, and die."

"D'Erlach," said his father, "what thoughts are these for the sun-rise of a field of battle? The dull despair of cankered age coming from the mouth of youth is an ill omen."

"Omen!" replied his son, heated in his bitterness of mood; "worse cannot come, worse cannot bode, than is."

"Young man," said De Steiger, "your presumption is extreme. Those who pretend to fathom ill, and say they are at the lowest, may find a pit still deeper. Tempt not ill fortune, she is irascible and vengeful—hark! Schauenbourg's already stirring!"

Day was in truth breaking, and the lofty Alps betokened the sun's approach by their

first faint flush of red. Their peaks were already illumed, and clear to the sight, whilst darkness was still spread o'er plain and valley; and the handful of gallant Swiss at Fraubrounn was scarcely distinguishable from the army of invaders that lay around and before them in treble numbers. The muster, the clatter of arms, the soldiers' murmurs, and the stern commands, were still heard in the twilight. But the instant day rendered each army visible to the other, the cannon of both invaders and defenders loudly preluded the strife.

Schauenbourg himself led on his troops against a handful of women and fugitives, as he imagined; and it was truly a band of heroines, whom D'Erlach could not drive from the field, that first opposed the onset of the French. Nearly two hundred females found amongst the slain, attest their obstinacy. One named Glar, it is recorded, with two daughters and three grand-daughters sur-

rounding her, perished at Fraubrounn. These, to me at least, are revolting traits of heroism; but the disgust they inspire is not excited against the victims, but against those who excited such unnatural zeal.

The records of Bernese valour on this occasion are chiefly and almost alone to be found in the narratives of their enemies, in the dispatches of Schauenbourg, and the columns of the *Moniteur*.^{*} The band of Leonidas and the heroes of Marathon fought not with more courage in the same cause, than did the gallant Swiss. Unfortunately, the intrepidity and discipline, which their enemies had acquired in combating for their independence, was here turned against the freedom of others with signal ingratitude; and even the virtuous de-

* " Ces braves gens, dispersés et sans autres armes que des faux et des bâtons, venaient se placer à la bouche des canons, et se faisaient écraser par la mitraille. Lors même que, par humanité, les soldats Français voulaient les épargner et leur criaient de se rendre, ils se jetaient sur les canons pour empêcher qu'on avançât sur leur patrie." *Moniteur*, 3d. Germinal (23 March), 1798.

spair of freemen availed not against the numbers and military experience of the French. Yet with all this, whilst the combat was betwixt man and man, bayonet and bayonet (for Schauenbourg had expected to carry the field at the first charge), the French were worsted, even by their own avowal. The flying artillery, till that day unknown to the Swiss, was brought forward to mow them down, and force them, not to flight, but to momentary retreat. Every half mile brought a rally and a combat. "Scarcely were they driven from one post, than they rallied upon another," writes Schauenbourg. "It is a thing incredible, that a people, who had not been at war for upwards of two hundred years, could have thus the skill and hardihood to fight five successive actions."

Driven from Fraubrounn, the French still found the little phalanx firm at Uertnee, again at Grauholz, and for the last rally not far distant from the gates of Bern. During the

latter combats of the day's action, fought often hand to hand, as must be the case in hot pursuit and obstinate retreat, the bravest or most alert of both armies came, from a kind of hostile acquaintance formed throughout the day, to recognize and single out each other. Eugene D'Erlach was thus perilously honoured by many of the French, the more willingly and peculiarly so on their part, in that his dress, though ornamented but as was ordained for his rank, still bespoke him one of the nobly-born and well-considered of his country. The young Bernese aristocrat was therefore marked out as a worthy enemy by the French, who felt all the injustice and dishonour of butchering peasants armed and bravely fighting for their native soil.

The French soldiers had not at that time been modernized. The infantry still wore the three-cocked hat, and long gaiters, which disappeared under the empire. The light cavalry, though not so mustachioed as at present,

wore long corkscrew curls from their temples, with drops of lead appended thereto, as singular a piece of military dandyism as any which yet exists in these dandy-corps. The uniform at all events was a complete disguise: and Eugene could recognise none of his old comrades or acquaintance amongst his enemies, the greater part indeed of whom must have emigrated. Amongst the many, with whom Eugene D'Erlach crossed swords in this conflict, was one French hussar of inferior rank—he bore merely the *galons* or V's of a serjeant; none however surpassed him in gallantry, in the foremost place, or the readiest blow. Eugene at first, in aristocratic desire of a worthier enemy, shunned the gallant serjeant, who perhaps felt the slight, and therefore determined to avenge it. For oft checking his uplifted sabre, or striking but with its innoxious flat on the thick heads of the Alpine peasants, he turned its edge with good will

increased from so many blows forborne, upon D'Erlach.

The youths (the Frenchman, though somewhat, could be little older than the Swiss), first exchanged blows at Wertnee, but the rout and retreat separated them. At Grauholtz, however, they met again: after an obstinate struggle the Swiss were driven from its *plâteau*, and young D'Erlach had always the mortification of being forced to fly. This he might have done from numbers, but singled out as he had been, he could not bring himself to turn his back again without putting to fair proof his own strength and that of his peculiar enemy. He therefore faced the serjeant hussar, and engaged a combat with him apart, whilst his father and friends continued their retreat on Bern. There was chivalry enough in the pursuers not to interfere betwixt two equal and gallant foes, especially as the combatant on their side was not of that eminent

rank which made it of importance to aid or rescue him.

Abandoned therefore to themselves, the cavaliers exerted every nerve and art to overmaster each other. But of equal strength and agility, the victory became impossible to decide, and the arms of both dropped by their sides, ere a single scar, or more than a scar at least, had been inflicted on either.

"You have made yourself a prisoner, Sir, for my sake," said the Frenchman, out of breath; "our men are between you and yours, and there is no escape."

"We will try that," replied Eugene, again raising his sword.

"Not another blow, D'Erlach, it is thou. And I am tired of belabouring my best and only friend."

"Prosper D'Humières—the Vicomte—I should say, the Comte D'Humières," successively correcting himself, ejaculated Eugene.

"Corporal Prosper, if it please you, citizen Bernese."

"You disclaim the title of your ancestors?"

"Truth do I, and would so, were I as aristocratic as D'Erlach, when my poverty and my *galons* would alike dishonour it.—But to a more urgent subject. You know the by-ways of this country, and can guide yourself into Bern, avoiding our fellows. You must have somewhat to look to there."

D'Erlach for the first instant thought of his situation. "My father," said he, "will take care of Rosalie."

"He will have little time to care for aught. Brune will be within the gates of Bern almost as soon."

"Let us hurry straight onward, Prosper, thy sister—"

"Will be not better for a corporal's protection. Besides, you cannot pass. If she have not escaped too, she will be safe. We are not the cannibals you take us for. And yet

I would not trust too much to my brother republicans."

"On you then, Prosper. Leave me to my fate, and seek our mansion at Bern. It holds all that is now dear to me, or should be so to you."

"Still the lover. Heavens! how many passions have swept through my breast since we met, Eugene, and are gone without leaving a trace. Thee I find the same sighing,—do not frown,—good, gallant fellow, D'Erlach."

"Time wastes, Prosper. Put spurs to your steed. And let me wander where I will."

"What a lack of invention thou hast, brother aristocrat. As if thou hadst never saved thyself in the habiliments or non-habiliments of a *sans culotte* before! Here are some scores of fellows lying round us. Thy sabre, D'Erlach, must have struck some of their crowns. Why not strip as well as slay, change garments, and pass as one of our troop."

D'Erlach, despite his perplexity, could not

help observing to Prosper, that "his poverty seemed to have improved his humour."

"Pride first soured my temper, and clothed all my mirth with sarcasm: you remember the day. Then came ambition, and intrigue, and all their train—and I was fretful. But when I stretch to you, as I do now, the hand of citizen and corporal Prosper, thou holdest that of as gay, as frank, and as careless a soldier, as ever went to gather laurels for want of a dinner."

"That was not thy case, surely?" asked D'Erlach, as he stripped off his belt and coat to assume that of a French dragoon, tacitly following the advice of his friend.

"Hum! 'twas something betwixt the fear of losing my head, and the want of anything to put in its mouth, that drove me to the army."

"Where, I suppose, as noble, it is denied you to rise."

"My faith, no; my commander and my comrades never yet questioned me of my birth.

That we are all Adam's children, seems to be the republican soldier's creed, and a sound one. Besides, I have risen, I am a man of authority," cried the Count, pointing to his *galons*. "I came late to the ranks, and last come last served, the mess-rule."

"And why come late, Prosper? Your armies are where that cannibal government of thine was to be served, I will not say with most honour, but with least disgrace."

"If not for civility's sake, for something more important, use words less treasonable, with a republican dragoon's coat and casque on you. You heard, no doubt, from time to time my hopes, my schemes. I communicated them to Vevay. My friendship with our rulers, my weight in the clubs—"

"All, all," said D'Erlach, "but of your after fortunes nothing."

"An infant might have conjectured them. Proscriptions marked me for the guillotine in return for all my zeal. I escaped to Humières.

The family estates were sold to a wealthy locksmith by the by, who, after coming to look at his property and mansion, was so ashamed to find himself in the latter, that he shut it up and abandoned it. I lurked therein, and escaped the furies of the convention. They fell, and met their fate. My old acquaintances rise to power, and one becomes a Director. I call upon him, he knows me not—the fellow is Carnot—and yet knew me enough to arrest me as a citizen, that has not taken arms for *la patrie*. Thanks, friend Carnot, I never knew innocent occupation or content before."

"So you call enslaving freemen, and sabre-ing peasants defending their native land, innocent amusement?"

"That's Carnot's affair, not mine," said Prosper. "I hope it may be a crime for the ruffian's sake, if there ever come a future day of reckoning."

"What a school and system of morality is thine, D'Humières!"

"No more of that name to Corporal Prosper. A *De*, just the one letter once pronounced, would strip me of my galons ;

D'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur velin ;
Je suis vilain, et très vilain,
Je suis vilain, vilain.*

"Be it so, Prosper. But, good God, what an hour you force me to listen to banter ! My country—"

"Bah !" interrupted the corporal, "I am sick of the word *patrie*. I never hear sound of mouth, or produce of pen, that it doth not come first and last. Prithee, lament some other woe. The world is the brave man's country."

"My father, Rosalie," muttered D'Erlach, heedless of his companion.

"Ay, there indeed is somewhat, not indeed to pine, but to ride for." So saying, the corporal plied his spurs, and D'Erlach was not slow in following his example.

* Some of my readers may be astonished to find Prosper D'Humières singing a stanza of Berayer's in the year 1798. The circumstance is, however, possible.

CHAPTER X.

THE routed troupes of Bern made another stand before the gates of their chief city, enough to display to the eyes of the citizens within, that had not vigour been wanting in the national councils, her soldiers would have been invincible. Bern capitulated, on the assurance that property should be respected by the victors. That of the state, the long accumulated treasure of the frugal republic, was of course to be appropriated to themselves by the French. This treasure indeed was the true cause of the ruin of Bern and the invasion of Switzerland. The Egyptian expedition was already resolved on, and funds lay no where

so convenient as in the Bernese coffers. The whole was the plan and act of Bonaparte, and neither the first nor the last examples of his injustice and rapine.

The French were already entering Bern, when Prosper and his friend reached the gates. Eugene saw, as he approached, the Bernese banner torn from the walls of his native town. And the sight would have afflicted, as much as it hurt him, did not dearer interests occupy him at the moment. The friends entered the city with the crowd of the victors. They observed some of the officers indulge their love of mischief, it is to be supposed, more than of gain, in plucking watches from the pockets of the citizens. Otherwise there was little serious violence or plunder; the common soldiers, especially, seemed to commiserate the inhabitants, and to refrain even from insult. D'Humières and his friend at length reached the mansion of D'Erlach, which they found to be one of the few houses entered and occupied

by the French. Some superior officers and their staffs were already installed there, and a sentinel forbad entrance to the disguised heir of the house.

Leaving them in the perplexity and pain occasioned by this incertitude, we will recur an hour back, to the time when General D'Erlach, quitting the position of Grauholtz, perceived, with the sharpness of a paternal eye, that his son did not accompany the retreat. The veteran had hoped not to survive the field; but now it behoved his old hand, its duty performed, to save the orphan of Humières. He gave no tears to the probable loss of his only son; their source was dried up by the immensity of collected disaster. Already, as he rallied the thinning numbers of his soldiery, he heard their suspicions and execration burst forth against him, as one of the causes of their being betrayed, and the country overthrown. Him, a traitor to Bern!—the veteran D'Erlach was absolutely sickened at this last blow of

fortune, the unjust suspicion entertained of him by those, whom he had ever looked on as his children, for whom he would have shed his blood. The calumnies of the French had been widely spread amongst the Bernese; and circumstances, the wavering of the council, its counter-order, and finally their surprise and defeat ere the expiration of the armistice, appeared to corroborate the worst reports and suspicions.

Seeing no hopes of further defence, and disgusted by the menaces of his own unfortunate and hapless soldiery, the General turned his horse towards Bern, and reached it, whilst his troops made their last desperate and unavailing stand. It at least, however, allowed time for his escape, for that of De Steiger, and others of the most Anti-Gallican and patriotic.

Rosalie all that cruel day had listened at first to the far sound of arms, at last to its near approach: that told sufficiently the fortune of the day. From time to time a few waggons

of the wounded passed, their cries mingled with the eager questions of those whose brothers, sons, and parents were in action. She envied the rude peasant woman, that could walk abroad, and see, and gather tidings. Yet she could read sufficient in the murmurs of the passers-by,

"While thronged the citizens in terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, 'The foe, they come, they come.'"

At length Rosalie beheld the General return, alone, breathless, on his reeking steed.

"Eugene, where is he?" shrieked, rather than said the maiden, as old D'Erlach entered the house.

"The young cannot be yet spared from the field," replied the General, dissembling at once his sorrow and his loss. "Hasten thee, Rosalie, let us descend to the *char-a-banc* that awaits us. If indeed you prefer not to fling yourself on the protection of your countrymen."

"France is no longer my country, I will go with thee. If you fly, there is no hope for

Bern. But tell me, I enjoin you, where is Eugene?"

"Then truly, girl, and briefly, I know not; I left him in the field, which he would not forsake. If Providence spare him he will not fail, to join us."

D'Erlach hurried Rosalie to the court-yard. And as the cannons ceased, and Bern capitulated, the General, and the daughter of the *emigré*, fled fast as the speed of horses could convey them, taking the direction of the higher Alps, and the inaccessible regions of the Oberland. De Steiger followed the same route. It was the hope of these aged patriots, still to hold out against the enemy in a country, where neither their cavalry, their artillery, nor their discipline could avail them against the zeal and vengeance of the oppressed. They were not aware to what pitch of frenzy, the ill fortune and fall of their country could drive the proud and savage inhabitants of that region. The sorrow of these was rage. It demanded

victims. Confident of their invincibility, if not betrayed, they accused the Bernese magistrates and their General, of all their reverses. And the wild peasants sought to take vengeance in the blood of their venerable rulers, whose long vacillation had deprived them of wreaking it upon the invaders.

Unfortunately these elders, utterly ignorant of the spirit of the people they governed, another striking effect of aristocratic rule, chose for their place of refuge and rallying the very regions inhabited by these angry and routed men. They sought their doom. Even those of inferior stations, the Colonels and superior officers of the Bernese troops, were stopped and massacred by those whom they had a few hours previous so gallantly though so unsuccessfully commanded.

The disbanded militia, all, as well as their magistrates and officers, took the road to the Oberland by Thun. And from mile to mile, gangs of them marched homeward, smarting

with defeat, frenzied under the sense of it, wreaking vengeance on innocent victims, and bellowing ferociously for worthier and more.

Along this road and through this mob did the little vehicle, which he had procured, carry General D'Erlach and Rosalie D'Humières. The noble aspect and gray hairs of the veteran were easily recognised. But none cried, "God save D'Erlach!" Sullen looks came from the first group, not far enough removed from Bern to dare to shew their ferocity. Reproaches came from the next; and Rosalie felt at first not so much alarmed, as hurt, as insulted at such language addressed to her second parent. The tears, that even the incertitude of Eugene's fate had not in that awful time wrung from her, now flowed on the hand of her protector.

"I was wrong to bring thee, Rosalie," said the old man, "I felt so. And yet I had not expected this at their hands."

"And I am rejoiced to be near you," said Rosalie, "that you may have one at least that will love you amongst this ungrateful people."

The *char-a-banc* was joined at this moment by Varicourt, a young emigré, who had been a *gard-du-corps* in the service of Louis the Sixteenth, and who, at the attack of Versailles by the mob, had been one of those who saved for that time the life of the unfortunate queen. His brother perished, defending a door, that he had closed behind him, and covered with his body. It was the melancholy fate of both brothers to perish, victims of gratitude and devotion. He, who now joined old D'Erlach, had been one of this General's aid-de-camps in the brief campaign; as a French emigré, obliged to fly, he too had taken the road of the Oberland. Himself not escaping the reproaches and menaces of the peasant and soldier Swiss, he was more shocked and interested on hearing the same addressed to his General. Selecting therefore Rosalie and D'Erlach, he kept pace on his horse with the *char-a-banc*.

After having passed with difficulty, some crowds of these maniacs, General D'Erlach

bade Varicourt leave them. The young Frenchman would not.

The road lay along the banks of the Aar, which wound its way to Bern. And the distant bells of the city, put in motion to welcome the French, like other panegyrists as mercenary and as hollow, were heard, mingling with the sound of the river's flow. The sun was declining in the direction whence came their sound. D'Erlach, whose reflected gaze was bent towards his native city, now in the hands of the foe, turned towards the luminary, and said, "I shall not see thy setting." History has recorded his words. He asked Varicourt, had he seen his son; and was answered that Eugene was most likely a prisoner, as he had been left behind at Grauholz, and when the evening advanced, had been lost sight of. The short ejaculation of both Rosalie and her protector was the same.

As they advanced, the menaces and execrations directed against Bern's most virtuous

citizen rather increased, than diminished, frequent attempts were made to stop the little vehicle. And the exertions of Varicourt alone extricated them once or twice.

"Were it not for thee, my daughter," said D'Erlach, "they might take the wretched life they so blindly aim at."

"Onward, let us haste on," said Rosalie, who hoped to pass the most infuriated crowds. But fiercer still awaited them.

They arrived at length at Münsingen. The horse that bore them could proceed no farther without refreshment, and another was not to be procured. They were therefore compelled to stop, and no sooner did so, than a horde of those deceived and frenetic savages recognised, and rushed upon the General. It was in vain to speak reason to their clamours—equally vain was Varicourt's courageous defence, Rosalie's tears, or the calm dignity of the veteran himself. They dragged him in the midst of them, and there ensued a brief consultation as

to what should be his fate. 'Twas then that Varicourt, affecting to be a convert to their suspicions, and to shake off indignantly his former attachment to the General, proposed that they should carry him to Bern, and take his forfeit life before the city he had betrayed. The young emigré preferred that himself and the General should fall into the hands of the French, or rather be rescued by them. The mob agreed to his proposal, and binding their aged General upon one of the common carts of the country, and placing Mademoiselle D'Humières at her entreaty by his side, they conducted both on the road back towards Bern.

The stratagem of Varicourt did not serve long to preserve the venerable victim. The crowd that bore him, were soon encountered by another, who on learning the circumstances, and beholding him, whom French calumny had told them was a traitor, insisted on instant vengeance. The French were in

possession of Bern, as they said, and to proceed there, was to deliver the criminal. D'Erlach heard their tumultuous debate, and marked its course with resignation and intrepidity. Rosalie heard nought in her distraction, till she saw the weapons of destruction turned upon her protector. Already a hundred wounds had pieced the bosom of the faithful Varicourt, who in the extremity had drawn his sword in defence of his General. A hundred more at once relieved from its sufferings the spirit of the noble D'Erlach. His gray hairs stained with blood rested on the now inanimate Rosalie. The deed of blood was done. And no sooner did its perpetrators gaze upon it, upon the features and lineaments of him, which they had so long revered, than all separated themselves without a word, each as if he were flying from remorse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE melancholy fate of General D'Erlach proved the safety of De Steiger, who was met and recognised by the band that had massacred his brother magistrate. Their first impulse was to present their weapons against the *avoyer*, who bared his breast to their parricidal blows—his breast, on which hung the insignia of his supreme office. Remorse and shame had already touched the murderers of D'Erlach; and sudden returning veneration for their ruler succeeded to ideas of vengeance. "Fly," cried they, "fly from us, and from the enemy," and the car, on which he was borne, carried the

avoyer away, past this imminent peril, to a land of safety.

When Rosalie D'Humières recovered her senses and extricated herself with difficulty and horror from the bleeding remains of her benefactor,—for in struggling to save, she had clung to him, and was abandoned by the murderers as if she had shared his fate—it was night, a chill March night. The utter stillness of nature, broken but by the murmurs of the Aar, reigned, and contrasted to her ears with the noisy horrors of the past day. The bright moon shone and its rays were reflected from the snow-clad Alps beyond them. Rosalie pondered an instant. A thought struck her—and instantly tearing open the vest of D'Erlach, she laid a trembling hand upon his side—but there was neither warmth nor motion. A flood of tears followed the faint gleam of hope and its disappointment. What was to be done? Rosalie would not desert the body of the General; yet she herself, chill and faint, must have succour

and shelter, if she would not share the fate of the victim before her. She thought of Eugene, and again wept.

In her sorrow she had not noticed the trampling of horses, which approached. The *qui vive* of their loud challenge warned and startled her. They perceived no doubt the little group of the living and the dead, Rosalie had not strength to answer

"*Allons, Corporal,*" said the bluff voice of the chief of the troop, *vois ce que c'est*—come, Corporal, see what's the matter."

"Lieutenant, if it please you, *Mon Capitaine*. I have been Corporal long enough."

"True, my brave fellow, I forgot what I myself had just given thee. Thou dost right not to forget thine epaulette. But see, good Lieutenant, what group is that."

Lieutenant Prosper spurred his charger over the little hedge that skirted the road, while troop and Captain paused impatiently.

"A woman and weeping," cried Prosper.

And at the word, his officer and comrades followed to see and succour the distressed female.

"Whom have we here?" demanded Prosper,

"An unfortunate maiden," replied Rosalie, "whose father lies cruelly murdered at her feet."

"*Morbleu*," ejaculated Prosper, "but that is no small calamity. And here lieth another dead, younger, I should guess, from those locks, which even the moon doth not silver."

"He died in defending us," said Rosalie, "the generous Varicourt."

"Varicourt," repeated the commandant, riding up, "that was the emigré aid-de-camp of D'Erlach."

"This then," said Prosper, "must be the remaining of D'Erlach himself. Gallant, generous veteran, it was not thus I hoped to behold thee."

"What mutterest thou, lieutenant?"

"Little to the purpose in this old man's ear, it is deaf as his heart is cold."

"Perhaps you might not find the maiden's so, who is she?"

D'Erlach's daughter, doubtless—Be silent, or declare yourself so," whispered Prosper to Rosalie.

"This murdered General's adopted daughter," said Rosalie.

"See to her, Lieutenant," said the commandant.

"And the old soldier's remains—"

"They can tarry till sun-rise. Sacred Thunder! Lieutenant, that you be interested in the girl is conceivable, but what is to thee the corpse of her father?"

"The remains of a soldier are ever dearer to me, Sir, than his living daughter." A murmur from the troop expressed their approbation of the sentiment.

"My faith, for a fellow late listed, thou hast made progress in camp-sentiment. Bring then the dead. Here is a cart. But since you insist to have a will in these matters, good Lieu-

tenant, mark—in the division of the spoil, you may have the dead, I claim the living.”

Without trusting his temper with answering this order, Lieutenant Prosper placed his sister on the vehicle, and with her, for she would not part with them, the remains of D'Erlach. He was instantly aware that it must be Rosalie, although she was unable to recognize her brother. His hint to her had been occasioned by his fear, lest she should betray herself the daughter of an emigré, an avowal that would place her completely in the power of the French authorities ; and she, disdaining what seemed unnecessary falsehood, had at once avowed herself to be but D'Erlach's adopted daughter.

On taking possession of Bern, General Brune had instantly pushed an advanced party of cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives on the road to Thun. And the regiment in which Prosper served was ordered upon this duty. In the muster which Eugene D'Erlach could not in safety avoid, the eye of the Captain

discovered him as an interloper, and though rejoiced, as he declared himself, to find so stout a soldier in the place of too many fallen, he must learn more respecting him, ere he could trust him in the ranks of his corps. Eugene, perplexed, refused to give the desired explanation, and in consequence he was forthwith committed to a guard-house. Prosper in the meantime, whose gallantry during the action had been remarked by Schauenbourg, received promotion on the instant, and was advanced to the place of one of the officers fallen. The numbers of these were never filled but from the ranks, and the advancement of Prosper was looked on neither by himself nor his comrades, some of whom indeed shared it, as any extraordinary piece of good fortune.

It was thus that her brother had chanced to come to the relief of Rosalie.

The troop returned to Bern for the night. The chief city of Switzerland in their power, or rather its treasure, which was the principal

object, it was not the intention of the French to provoke the rest of the Cantons to obstinate resistance. They hoped to tame and cheat the savage people of their liberty and independence by negotiations, to invade and revolutionize their country rather by proclamations than troops. The reconnoitring party, therefore, having ascertained that the routed Swiss meditated no further stand, but had continued their flight uninterrupted to the mountains, returned to Bern.

As soon as they arrived, the features of D'Erlach were recognized by some of the citizens, and the story of Rosalie corroborated. It was yet dark. The French dragoons placed the remains of their venerable foe in an apartment of their quarters, resolved that he should not want the honours of a soldier's grave. Prosper, for the first time, beginning to be a favourite with them, directed the act. What, however, was to be done with Rosalie? Dismissed she could not be, as General Brune

might wish to see and question her. At any rate she refused to quit D'Erlach's remains; and in this she persevered with a silent, and almost senseless obstinacy. Love, gratitude, retained her; and perhaps she felt a degree of safety, of protection with that she clung to. Prosper made use of every entreaty to dissuade her from such a wild resolution, but in vain. And he found her to have too little self-command or recollection at the moment to allow him to reveal himself.

Whilst he was thus employed in entreating Rosalie, one of his old comrades, an active, prating, meddling subject, who had, by the by, just succeeded to the *galons* of the late corporal, determined that proper honours should be paid to the deceased general. He accordingly ordered one of the dragoons to mount guard over the remains.

"Mount guard! new master corporal, —, would you have a man fight all day, ride all night, and mount guard in the morning?"

"True, comrade, I should not have forgotten, for every limb of mine seems as if it were cased in lead. But do we as we would be done by; and since one of ye must, march in yon room till day-light, or ——"

"——," again ejaculated the dragoon, "if you must have the living to wait on the dead, take the new recruit, that we left behind, and who has had his first and second nap over long since, I'll be sworn."

"Well thought on, man." And the corporal hurried to the neighbouring guard-house where Eugene D'Erlach lay, as sleepless as any of his new comrades, on the wooden bench.

"Rise! my brave fellow, rise!" cried the corporal, "'tis your turn to go upon duty now."

"Willingly," replied Eugene, glad to escape from confinement.

"Follow me." And the dragoon led the way, obeyed by the young Swiss in disguise.

They reached the chamber. The corporal pointed within, and gave his orders, that the young soldier should stand therein a sentinel, till relieved. "You are answerable for living and dead, the old man and his daughter. I will demand them of you on the morn."

Whilst the corporal, thus entrusting his charge, hurried to much needed repose, the new sentinel in stupidity and astonishment entered upon his duty. He advanced into the chamber, and the first object he discovered was Rosalie. She too beheld him, and shrieked. It seemed a vision—the countenance of Eugene, and in that garb!

The young soldier was not allowed time to undeceive her. His regards fell upon the remains of his parent.

The group might be depicted by the painter's art. Description could not do so: Eugene D'Erlach dumb-struck in horror—the gaze of Rosalie rivetted on him, in a kind of misgiving frenzy—Prosper, the witness of the

emotions of both. The features of the dead alone were calm.

An hour, a full hour elapsed, ere any one of the three addressed a word to each other. Prosper, reclining on the ground apart, left sorrow its way. Rosalie by degrees knew Eugene, and understood dimly the cause of his disguise. He learned from her the particulars of his father's fate. With gnashed teeth the youth cursed his ungrateful country. But to represent his ravings and despair would require the minuteness and life of a drama.

"What fate, my Rosalie, is next reserved for us?" at length asked D'Erlach.

Rosalie cared not, and looked that thought.

"Rosalie," said Eugene, "you must not indulge in this blank and useless despair. My father is happy not to have survived his country."

"I have lost my last friend," said the maiden.

"Be not unkind to those who survive."

"You had a brother," interrupted Prosper.

"He too is gone, or has forgotten me."

"Not so, Rosalie D'Humières, he is here. I am thy brother Prosper."

Rosalie flew to the embrace of her brother, who on his side was affected beyond his wont. It was but lately he had been made to feel that he possessed sensibility. His previous pains and griefs had been but those of selfishness, and having suffered those, he esteemed himself, like many of the worldly, schooled enough in misfortune to be strong in apathy. Such a scene as the present was sufficient to change his very character, at least his own opinion of it, which is tantamount. Prosper wept too. "But this will not save D'Erlach, nor extricate you," cried he. "The morning dawns, and we have spent in idle grief the hours that should have been devoted to our safety. For you, however, Eugene, I at once set free the way by opening this door."

"I cannot yet abandon these remains,"

replied the youth, "I will confess myself, let them do with me what they will."

"It may not be the worst mode of acting. Strange that the simplest and most natural, being most true, was that which struck me last. But thee, Rosalie, beware of being so candid."

"I would not at this hour stoop to a falsehood—no, not to be restored to Humières."

"And why not *now*, sister? For if ever ill-placed be such a sentiment, it is *now*."

"I feel that sorrow exalts me above all that bears even the semblance of baseness. Let them question. I am Rosalie D'Humières, the Emigré's daughter."

All farther council or conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the corporal, who came to announce orders received for the honourable burial of General D'Erlach, and at the same time that his daughter, or the lady found with him, should be conducted to headquarters. "You, sentinel, must re-enter the

guard-house. I will report you favourably, so fear not."

"Let him remain," said Lieutenant Prosper, "on parole."

"You here, Lieutenant. You answer for him. *A la bonne heure*. The demoiselle, however, I must conduct to the General in chief."

CHAPTER XII.

THE portrait of Brune hangs amongst others of the deceased Marshals in one of the apartments of the Hotel des Invalides. Subsequent to the present period, he attained the *baton*. And as if in retributive justice of the base means which he used to democratize Switzerland and to possess the minds of the Bernese soldiery with suspicions of their leaders—suspicions that we have seen to end in massacre—Brune perished by the same fate as D'Erlach. He was slain by a tumultuary mob at Avignon, not long after the restoration of the Bourbons.

In the portrait I speak of, Brune is represented as tall and dark, his head bald, and his

countenance by no means prepossessing.* In the year ninety-eight he must have been still young, and as such we may now suppose him. The French commander was seated in the very cabinet of the late General D'Erlach, in the mansion or palace of the Bernese commander. It was there Brune had established his quarters, not only on account of the spaciousness and commodiousness of the mansion, but also on account that the private *caisse* or coffer of the Swiss noble was as well stored, as those of similar rank were accustomed to be, in an age and country yet ignorant of all the latent wealth that has since been discovered in paper. Schauenbourg, the second in command, a blunt, frank soldier, was at Brune's

* A more wretched collection of paintings certainly never disgraced the Art than the portraits of the French Marshals, of the living at the Thuilleries, and the dead in the Hotel des Invalides. If the Muse of History does not do the Paladins of Napoleon more justice than the Muse of Painting has done, those valiant soldiers will be cheated of their just meed of immortality. The paintings are indeed a disgrace to France, and to the noble edifices they adorn.

side ; and Mengaud, the French resident or envoy at Bern. This coarse plebeian was brother-in-law to one of the then Directors of the French Republic, to which connexion, as well as to the brutal ignorance and impertinence of his nature, which recommended him to his employers without exciting their jealousy, Citizen Mengaud owed his present situation. It is favourable to the moral lesson which history ought to impress, that of all the nefarious political transactions of that period the agents were as contemptible as their acts were base ; so that on viewing or perusing any account of the events, disgust is always excited to heighten the feeling of indignation.

Before these personages was Rosalie D'Humières presented. She was alone ; though Prosper accompanied her to the gate, he dared not enter. What feelings did a sight of that house and those halls call forth in her ! Thrown by the unlooked-for events of that period into that crowd of disasters, which in romance con-

stitute a heroine, her mind had been forced, and of a sudden, to assume the heroic cast of one. Even the weakest of us will turn at last upon ill fortune, when she pursues pertinaciously and close, and thus the victim is endowed with courage proportioned to his griefs.

It must have been some such feeling, that supported Rosalie through the halls, which she so lately trod with the murdered D'Erlach, and prevented her from sinking under the subduing recollections which it brought. Ignorant for what purposes she was now summoned, Rosalie was prepared for ill, though not to meet it with guile. To the first question of her interrogators she answered by simply stating, that she was the daughter of the Comte D'Humières, adopted into the family of D'Erlach. She also related the circumstances of the General's death, which Brune was anxious to hear.

" 'Tis a fearful penalty," said Mengaud, "that tyrant aristocrats must pay soon or late. I knew it, I foresaw it."

"Thou art a very prophet, citizen," observed Schauenbourg, "to see the explosion of a train which thine own hand had laid."

In those days an accusation of crime was always a compliment, and Mengaud took Schauenbourg's as such. "It is not for me to boast," said he, "but I may say, that I have not slept, whilst a patriot's duty was to be done."

"Nor whilst the *bourreau's*," added the General.

"Peace," said Brune, "let us turn to the matter in hand.—Girl, I regret General D'Er-lach's fate as a soldier should—But that is past and irretrievable. You were in the General's confidence."

Rosalie knew not what to reply.

"You know in fact," interrupted the blunt Schauenbourg, acting the bandit openly, which Brune swerved from, "You know in fact where the General deposited his hopes and his treasure."

"If you call that being in his confidence, Sir, I was not, believe me."

"We shall see that," cried Mengaud. "Where is the young rebel, Eugene D'Erlach, to whom thou wast betrothed?"

Rosalie blushed both at the epithet by which her lover was designated, and at the consciousness of his being within the power of those before whom she stood. "Has he too fled or does he linger near his mistress?"

"Eugene D'Erlach remains, for aught I know, in Bern," replied Rosalie, "yet, being here in his mansion and inquiring of his property, Messieurs, you should know."

"A brave wench," cried Schauenbourg.

"An aristocrat *en jupes*," said Mengaud.

"Mademoiselle D'Humières," said Brune, "do not prove yourself leagued with the foes of your country by these unfeminine and unpatriotic replies. Answer us, where the domestic treasure of this house is to be found, we need it for the wants of our country."

"In truth, Monsieur Le General, I am ignorant even of its existence."

"'Tis false, *citoyenne*," said Mengaud, "you could not have been here without knowing."

"Believe me, General," replied Rosalie, not deigning to regard the envoy, but turning to Brune, "and believe me the more from my adding, that did I know, I certainly should not disclose it."

Brune was perplexed; and Schauenbourg exclaimed, "There is no information to be gleaned here. Dismiss her."

"Craving your pardon, citizen General, my orders from the Directory are to seize all children of emigrés, and return them to their mother-country, in order to be educated by honest hands in good morals and love of the republic."

"But this, I tell thee, is the adopted daughter of a Bernese noble, and as such is free."

"If she had had the honesty, or even yet if she have enough to answer our demands, she

may be considered such. What think you, General Brune? Else—"

"You hear the proposal, *citoyenne*," said Brune.

"If my freedom is to be the price of my dishonesty, I cannot purchase it if I would."

"Then, my young heroine, thou shalt to Paris."

"She is over-contumacious," said Schauenbourg, "and I abandon her."

Here the interrogatory closed, and after a time Mengaud himself, taking charge of Mademoiselle D'Humières, conducted her to his own residence, where were already collected many in the same predicament with herself, seized, in violation of every right of nations and of hospitality, as the children of French emigrés. They formed a melancholy collection of orphans, such a one as Mengaud, an amateur of wretched and unhappy objects, found no doubt to gratify his patriotism and zeal.

Prosper did not long remain without learning the fate of his sister. And at first his indignation prompted him to some violent act of rescue or expostulation. But as he walked, previous to any step, to communicate with young D'Erlach, it struck him, that if honourably and gently treated, his sister would never find an opportunity or means more seasonable for being restored to her country. She might suffer some durance, some persecution, which, he hoped, she would have patience and a moderate degree of dissimulation to bear and lighten. Being removed moreover to the metropolis, she would be there, where the friends of the unhappy family might best aid, and finally relieve her. Not a lover himself, the circumstance of her being separated from Eugene never struck him as an extreme calamity; and he hastened to communicate the tidings as a piece of not the worst fortune.

Another part of the Lieutenant's momentary forgetfulness in his anxiety for his sister, was

the other griefs that weighed both upon her and D'Erlach. He was reminded of them on re-beholding the latter, standing in melancholy attitude, and regarding the remains of his parent. Preparations had since been made for the veteran's funeral by his relations, all indignant at the occupation of D'Erlach's private mansion by his victors, to the exclusion even of its late proprietor's remains. There was something more than merely oppressive in the insult, it was revolting.

D'Erlach asked briefly for Rosalie. She was still in detention. He rejoiced, that she was prevented from witnessing the last of the melancholy spectacle. The procession and ceremony took place, and occupied the day. Prosper respected his friend's filial grief, and said merely a few words to lull any rising apprehensions on account of Rosalie.

During her presence and interrogatory before the French commanders, Eugene D'Erlach had avowed himself, the circumstances and

cause of his disguise. Much as such a disclosure might at any other time have implicated any one, especially D'Erlach, still the officer to whom he made it, at once overlooked all in consideration of the youth's loss. He was permitted to fling off the uniform that had introduced him to Bern and to the French guard-house, to assume garments that befitted his position, and to watch over the last duties paid to his venerable parent.

CHAPTER XIII.

SIMULTANEOUS with, or little subsequent to, the fall of Bern, the destruction of the ancient municipal governments was effected throughout all the western cantons of Switzerland. Soleure, Lucerne, and Fribourg were taken possession of by the French troops. Zurich, more commercial than any of its sister cities, and therefore attached to independence on more solid principles than the mere honour which spirited up Bern, was, despite of some energy displayed previous to the success of Brune, compelled to submit. The canton of the Vaud was already democratic; whilst of the neighbouring Vallais, the inhabitants were divided. It was in the latter

region that revolution presented one of its most striking anomalies, viz. that of priests and capucins planting the tree of liberty, and elevating the symbols of French republicanism side by side with the crucifix. This did the good monks of Saint Meurice, despite all the exertions, and machinations, and magical authority of Frère Bernard. He had once, as before related, succeeded in repressing their spirit, since which he had awed and ruled the convent with the sceptre of the nightmare. The brotherhood however were now enabled to shake off his weight and rule; and the devout friar accordingly shook the dust from his sandals, and took his path of departure over the opposite Diablerets to a region more orthodox and congenial.

Seeing his work thrive, the next art of Brune was to divide Switzerland into divers republics, which were to be called the *Rhodanique*, the *Helvetique*, and that of *William Tell*. Those included in the latter were

somewhat flattered by the title, but the exclamations of the rest were loud, and reached even the Directory at Paris, who, reprimanding Brune for his political impertinence, ordered him to dissolve his three republics without loss of time, and constitute *one* of free people instantly. This *free state* Brune obediently created by an imperious proclamation, summoning a new Diet at Arau, after which the statesman-general was recalled.

The mission of Mengaud too was at an end. He prepared to return to Paris with what he facetiously termed his family, viz. the hapless orphans, whom he had collected, as was said of Brune, with more gold than laurels. The leech in fact was full, and whenever a French Proconsul became so, a hungry reptile was always dispatched in his place, in order the sooner to reduce the unfortunate country, the political patient, to a wholesome degree of inanition.

Some of the bones of the ancient Burgundians slain at Morat, and brought back in triumph, made part of Mengaud's, and his military companion Suchet's, procession. The venerable armour, the pikes and coats of mail of the first warriors of Helvetic liberty, were carried off at the same time; and the bear at present living in the Jardin des Plantes, with his brother Bruin, was taken, as emblems of the city, from the fosse of Bern, where they were kept. The names of D'Erlach and De Steiger were graven on collars fixed round the animals' necks, and in this state were they paraded through the *now free* Republic of Helvetia, as trophies bound to adorn the palace of the five monarchs of the Luxembourg.

Mengaud however did not take the road to Paris, without attempts both on the part of Eugene and of her brother Prosper, to rescue Rosalie from his hands. The former even dared to complain of the invasion and plunder

of his private property. A decree in consequence passed by the French authorities, and the provisional government of the canton, to banish the son of General D'Erlach from all parts of Switzerland, in alliance with France. If a harsher punishment was not awarded, it was not for want of the counsel of Mengaud, on whom the obstinacy of Rosalie had made a deep impression. Even after the decree, and in its despite, Eugene D'Erlach gained admittance to the kind of prison-residence of which the envoy had constituted himself the gaoler; and it was not till after having renewed and exchanged their mutual vows, so long plighted, that the lovers once more submitted to a separation, of which they might hope, but could not see, the term.

Prosper D'Humières conceived better hopes of obtaining from Mengaud the liberties of his sister. He had learned by chance of one similarly taken, whom, in consideration of no very immoderate sum, the Proconsul had con-

sented to abandon to the care of friends, instead of insisting on committing the young emigré to republican tutelage. Prosper had no longer wealth. But he had not served in vain in the Parisian school of intrigue, and he hoped, either by flattery or menaces, or in fine, by adroitness, to bend, even if he could not bribe, the stubborn nature of the envoy. With this view Prosper much rejoiced in his newly-won epaulette, which although it was but one, and that on the wrong side,* still it would at least command that approval and attention, which the *galons* even of a gallant sergeant would not have obtained from the no less arrogant, because republican, *employé*.

The lieutenant therefore waited on the envoy, and acquainted him that the numerous friends of the family of Humières had begged of him to interfere for the liberty of their

* A lieutenant wears his epaulette on his left shoulder, a captain on his right.

relative. And, that they, in return for past kindness, were ready to promise and perform aught that was considered necessary for the patriotic education of the young emigré.

"Humières, Humières," said Mengaud, feeling his way to a knowledge of the name and family, of which he affected to be utterly ignorant, "why did he emigrate? was he a minister under the old regime?"

"Not a minister," replied Prosper, "rather an opponent of the court."

"Ay, an *intrigant*, that wished well to himself, rather than to king or country."

The rude impertinence of Mengaud, which the sudden acquirement of authority had endowed him with, happened here to be precisely right in judgment; and Prosper was inclined to honour the envoy for more sagacity, than he had imagined him to possess.

"Perhaps you are not much in the wrong," said Prosper; "however, the liberality of his professed principles are spoken sufficiently

for by the fact, that he remained in Paris during all the early part of the convention, and was only driven from it by the *Terreur*."

"Why not then have returned upon the fall of the Terrorists?"

"Because he did not live to do so."

"Well, I rejoice the Count (was he not a Count?) was not an emigré of the malignant class, of the Coblantz school."

"I rejoice to hear you express an interest in our—that is, in the family."

"Yes, I assure you, I begin to feel much, and should be glad to know the heads of the family, that I might treat with them."

"There's a frank mercenary," thought Prosper to himself. "Might not the negotiation," continued he aloud, "be carried on through the intermedium of me. It need be but a brief one."

"The affair of a moment. But pray, Sir, who the Devil are you?"

"The citizen Humières, the son of him of

old called Comte D'Humières, at present a lieutenant of the *cavalerie légère*, and the Directory's humble servant."

"Tis very well, young master aristocrat, a previous avowal might have spared us some trouble. And now, my good citizen lieutenant, may I beg to ask of you, what has become of the chateau, lands, tenements, &c. whence your parent took his title?"

"It is in safe keeping, Sir Envoy; so safe, that allow me to be silent as to how and by whom it is at present held."

"Then I will myself inform you, that citizen Delposté, my worthy friend—"

"And brother blacksmith—" interrupted Prosper, chafed somewhat by the envoy's impertinence.

"Locksmith, Sir, begging your Countship's pardon, read every man's trade aright. Though I have forged some chains in my time," said the envoy significantly, "I have not altogether wielded the *marteau* of the *maréchal*."

Well, Sir—my brother blacksmith, as you are pleased to call him, did purchase, now I well remember, the property of the emigré Humières. And a good bargain he must have had of it, paying one year's revenue of it or thereabouts. How then can you assure me, knowing this, that Humières is in safe keeping?"

"In your friend's hands, Sir, it is at any rate under lock and key, what more would you have?"

"Young man, I perceive you came here to deceive me with doubts of thy wealth. Thou hast failed. I am not outwitted. But come, I am not so mercenary as you believe me. And the negociation you allude to may be arranged, even though thou art but a poor lieutenant. Verily I have enough of gold—a perfect mine hath this poor land of snows and mountains been to me."

"I doubt it not, citizen envoy. And am glad that, whatever pains it caused in gather-

ing, it is at least productive of generosity towards me."

"It is not an ungenerous offer I am about to make," said Mengaud self-satisfied, yet not altogether at his ease.

"You have only then to point out how we shall shew our gratitude."

"First of all, mark you, the maiden is penniless; secondly, she is in my power; thirdly, she is utterly without friends, except a gallant, who is exiled and a beggar, and a brother, whom I can at a word dispatch to the sands of Egypt if he prove refractory."

"I do not fail to mark your words, as you advise, Sir," said Prosper.

"Next in consideration, I am rich, and a man of authority, of interest to arrive at the first offices, nay, to rule the state."

"Citizen blacksmith or locksmith, whither does all this tend? I am in utter perplexity."

"To conclude, citizen subaltern, your sister is aristocratically born, which in these times

is an irremediable defect. A wen, that disfigured the visage, were more desirable, for that might be eradicated, whereas old and proud blood is a disease not to be cured, except by letting it flow out to the last drop."

"A remedy that I have seen tried with effect, citizen. Well—"

"Now I, on the contrary, am as lowly born as democracy and liberty can require, moreover an industrious artizan bred—"

"As has been seen in your collection of gold and silver."

"All which considered, I esteem both my fairness, if not my condescension, and my generosity, without a doubt, great, in offering, as I do, to wed forthwith Mademoiselle D'Humières."

"Wed Mademoiselle D'Humières!" cried Prosper, with the vengeance of an emphasis, "condescension and generosity!—hearken to me;—wert thou the democratic monarch of the house, installed where thy masters this

moment are, and were every grain of gold which thou hast ground from these hapless people a million, this sabre should afford thy base blood the remedy you have just now propounded for noble, ere thou shouldst wed—wed! by Heaven, thou deservest it now for the pretending to my sister!”

Mengaud had been in a degree, despite his confidence, prepared for a storm; but when the dragoon's hand, in the height of his indignation, touched his sword, the envoy waxed pale. Fain would he have called for aid, but he dared not. And mentally he resolved never for the future, in the high diplomatic and ministerial stations he looked forward to fill, to sit or receive strangers without the countenance of a secretary at least, armed with sword as well as pen.

“So, master aristocrat,” spake he, as soon as he had breath to speak, “you threaten to cut an honest citizen's throat for pretending to the hand of thy nobly-born sister.”

Prosper had no more words. He stood in irresolute silence, not knowing how he should best deal with this fiend in power, or how extricate Rosalie from his hands.

"I pass by the insult offered to the supreme governors of the republic through me their representative. But, no doubt, the high and powerful friends of the family of Humières will interfere to protect the present Count, who has so lately exchanged the *galons* of a corporal for the epaulette of a *sous-lieutenant*."

"I deserve your taunts, Sir, for stooping to mystify you. You drove me to menace you. And no doubt I shall feel the weight of your power, but for my sister, I trust, that after the sentiments you have expressed, you will feel the propriety of placing her under some other care, even until she be conducted to the place of her republican education."

"Bah! citizen, we understand not at present your old etiquette, your *sentiments* and

your *propriety*. Your negociation is concluded, you may retire."

"If I do, citizen envoy, it will be to seek an immediate interview with General Brune."

"It will be to proceed whither it may please you."

"Allow me, Sir, first of all to see my detained sister."

"I cannot."

"I will act the suitor for you, and acquaint her with the honour you intend her, as I feel assured you have not dared yourself to do so."

"Dost thou esteem the attempt more perilous than to demand the lady of a dragoon-brother, who swears and backs his arguments with his sword, even against civilian and public *employés*?"

"If not more perilous, more appalling to thy base heart, to unveil its purposes to her innocent indignation, than to my intemperance. And even this thou hadst not dared,

did you not know me a shaken child of circumstances, that have bent with the storm, and early exchanged my pride of bearing and of purpose for that of address and worldly wisdom. God! it is now that I begin to learn how I have stooped and fallen!"

"Now cometh the fit of Christian penitence."

"No sneer, fellow! while we are alone, you tremble. I have not fallen to thy level yet. Now I release you to recover confidence, now meditate vengeance. But beware—"

With these words Prosper withdrew, and did indeed release the envoy from a state of alarm, that he could ill conceal.

D'Humières, burning with resentment, sought out General Brune, avowed himself, his name and birth. And relating all the causes and circumstances of his interview with Mengaud, earnestly entreated the general to interfere.

"Your words are frank, and your demand

fair, Sir. And with the power to defend you, I might be inclined to do so. But I myself can assure you of the truth of what the envoy states respecting the decree issued concerning the children of emigrés. In that he acts but by his orders. To seize and to see them is his province, not mine. I dare not interfere. And even were it more within my control, you are aware that the Directory esteem their civilian servants as their more immediate dependants, and always defend them against the commanders, of whom they are more jealous. I have myself received my recall, which alone would be sufficient to render me powerless in this case." Such was the answer of Brune.

Prosper craved of him, if not to liberate, at least to interfere with Mengaud for the protection of his sister. But the general, who spoke Prosper fair, merely to keep up his popularity with the army, and who was immersed otherwise in selfish considerations respecting his recall, declined interference of any kind.

Indeed the want of authority which he pleaded, was true. A commissioner of the Directory was all-powerful in his province; and any differences, that arose betwixt him and the military commander, were sure to end in the dismissal of the latter.

Prosper was therefore obliged to acquiesce, and rest contented with the same consoling reflections, which had at first reconciled him in part to his sister's removal to Paris. The new light certainly in which the pretensions of Mengaud appeared, rendered her detention the more fearful; but Prosper, long as he had been separated from Rosalie, and little as he knew her, relied, notwithstanding his old abjuration of aristocratic feeling, upon her pride, if not on her affection for D'Erlach, to repel the base and rapacious sycophant.

In a very few days indeed, both Brune and Mengaud took their departure, the latter taking with him his captives, and amongst them the friendless Rosalie. Mengaud was suc-

ceeded in authority at Bern by Secarlia, one of the regicides, and finally by a personage, Rapinat, whose name was most singularly expressive both of his nature and employment.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXILED from Bern, as he had been from France, Eugene D'Erlach bent his steps to those wild regions of his country, where a free man might yet find shelter. He proceeded to Thun by the same road, by the banks of the Aar, which had proved fatal to his parent. Bearing in mind those who had perpetrated that murder, he avoided the Bernese Oberland, passing by Unterseen and across the lake of Brienz, into the Unterwalden. There at first he directed his course to the abbey of Engelberg, intending to trespass for a short space on the hospitality of its brotherhood, which ruled over a not unfertile tract

around them. The residence of a convent had for some reason fastened on his young, romantic mind, to which fortune had afforded so many legitimate causes of grief. He went therefore to the place most fit to brood and cherish sadness, yet in all devoting himself to despair, he still left open that narrow prospect of future happiness, which youth never fails to reserve, nor, indeed, age itself. And with this view Engelberg was favourably situated near the borders of the canton of Bern, from whence he could watch the tide of events, and take advantage of any circumstances that might remove the obstacles placed betwixt him, and both his native town and Rosalie.

In this nicely calculated choice Eugene was nevertheless disappointed, as he arrived at Engelberg but just in time to learn the submission of its abbot to the French, and to read posted on the gates of the abbey the French acceptance of the brotherhood's sub-

mission, accompanied with eulogiums on monkish liberality.

As D'Erlach gazed in stupefaction at this progress of French power, even within the sacred barrier of the higher Alps, and paused merely to give full flow to his indignant feelings, for the Swiss exile disdained to enter an abode so allied, or to demand hospitality of such degenerate countrymen, he perceived a monk pause like himself to read the French address.

"What!" cried the monk, casting a look, in which lurked all the thunder of the priesthood, at the sacred edifice, "not only betray, but boast your treason. Thus I spurn your baseness, and crush its record beneath my feet." He at the same time tore down the truly base legend, and ground it beneath the heel of his sandal. A brother of the order from a lattice observed the act, but no sooner did he meet the regard of him below, than he withdrew his bald crown in affright. He evi-

dently went to acquaint the abbot and community with the insult, for the clamour of conventual voices was heard to follow.

"My son," said the friar, whom the reader may at once know as Frère Bernard, and who was known as such by D'Erlach, "you seem as if you approved mine act."

"As I approve every true Swiss one," replied Eugene.

"Then draw, and stand by me," said Bernard, seizing a ponderous cross, which had served him for a staff, and holding it forth in a defensive attitude, much, however, too like Frère Jean in the adventures of Pantagruel and Garagantua, to command the young soldier's respect.

"I see no need, reverend friar, unless you would have me assault stone walls with my rapier." As he spoke, it became evident, that if the insult of Frère Bernard had roused the community, it was only defensive war they resolved on, for the ponderous abbey-gates

grated on their hinges, and clanged together fearfully, the placing of bars and fastening of bolts rapidly succeeding.

A laugh, somewhat like the croaking of a raven, announced that Bernard, for once at least, was risibly inclined, an impulse that the most lugubrious spirit and countenance could not then have resisted, at the sight of what Bernard called "the siege of Engelberg, by a monk and a beardless boy."

After a due interval the Abbot made his appearance on the summit of a projecting battlement that flanked the gateway.

"Whence and from what power come ye to affright and insult a peaceful community?" asked the superior.

"We are Swiss pilgrims, holy Abbot, who come to demand aid and succour against the infidels."

"If you would raise the standard of war, ye must seek elsewhere for followers. Our ways are those of peace—"

"Of time-serving and cowardice, Abbot. Ye are betrayers of the cause both of your Master in Heaven, and your country on earth. As such I denounce ye."

"Who presumes to hold such language to the sovereign and abbot of Engelberg?"

"I, Bernard, monk of the holy order of St. Francis, who have vowed that this head shall know no resting-place save this breast, until I tread the banners of the infidel French beneath my feet, as I this day have done the record they have sent of thy shame."

"We know thee, Bernard," replied the meek Abbot, "for a man of zeal, but too intemperate for these times, in which it has pleased Providence to afflict and chastise the land. You curse and insult us, brother: we bless thee, and bid thee depart."

"We have need of neither, Abbot. Did an infidel leader stand here, it would be, Bless thee, and enter, Sir stranger."

"Whither goest thou?" asked the timid and therefore inquisitive Abbot.

"To Schweitz, to the land of Tell, where the Alps still produce men."

"Recommend me to the children of Schweitz, may their designs prosper." The time-serving prelate said this last in a subdued tone, and broke off the colloquy by instantly retiring.

The monk and youth thus similarly disappointed in finding friendly shelter and refuge, turned their steps together from Engelberg.

"You join the rising without doubt, D'Erlach?" said Bernard, after a time breaking silence.

"It is not my intention."

"What! thou a cub of the bear of Bern, and not avenge his fall?"

"It should be then on the Oberlanders; by them my father perished. They have disgusted me of cause and country."

"A D'Erlach allow his private wrongs to

extinguish his patriotism! And are not the French Jacobins the original cause of all?"

"Perhaps so. But my resolutions are unstrung; I need retirement, and as yet can embrace no stirring enterprise. I shall seek some more distant and independent convent, that of Einsiedeln probably, for at least some weeks' repose."

"Hear me!" eagerly exclaimed the friar.

"Nay, holy friar, spare your breath and zeal. I owe it to my parent's memory. And now, I do think, the sight of one of our mountain mobs would, from remembrance of their cruelty, drive me to embrace the cause of the French. I will not accompany you to Schweitz."

"I cease to press upon you, knowing that in the young and noble, patriotism is a spirit not to be put down; moreover, it will not be the task of a day to stir even these mountaineers to vengeance. The French are wily, and affect to reverence the land of Tell.

Weekly do they send poison, in the shape of flattering addresses, to the Waldstette. But the fall of Bern is a wound that rankles in the breast of the proud Swiss, be it my task to keep it fresh and bleeding. Thee, youth, I will aid in thy project. At the first hamlet, or at our resting-place for the night, I will give thee a scrawl for the superior of the abbey of Einsiedeln, whither it is your purpose to go. Thy name alone indeed would make thee welcome, mine, however, yet more so; for we are leagued in zeal, that holy Abbot and myself. An anchoret of a month will find in Einsiedeln shrift and meditation for a life."

Eugene D'Erlach seized willingly the occasion of separating himself from the fiery monk, whom he had known in the Vaud, and whom he had since learned enough from Rosalie to dislike. In his present occupied and distressed state of mind, the causes of suspicion which he entertained, were vaguely

remembered, too vaguely to allow him to question the friar, or put his supposed necromancy to the proof. He accepted willingly nevertheless his recommendation to the abbot of Einsiedeln at the hamlet where the youth reposed. For the friar, he perceived, held firm his vow, and refused to take rest except in the sitting posture, which allowed his head to rest upon his chest.

As they occupied the same little apartment for the night, Eugene could not help regarding the singular instance of resolution and religious zeal. The sight even diverted his thoughts from his own griefs. The friar, wearied in the extreme, had sunk instantly to slumber, which both his restless thoughts and uneasy posture rendered not profound. Muttered syllables and sentences fell from his lips from time to time, such as the mingled nature of his profession and temper suggested, snatches of prayer and malediction, incitements to courage and action, commands of

secrecy, all the workings, in short, of an intriguing, fickle, mysterious spirit.

Eugene on the morrow parted with the friar, who pursued his way to Schweitz, whilst the youth, leaving that town on his left, struck into the wild regions of the Forest-canton on his way to Einsiedeln.

It was spring, the most perilous time of the year for traversing those Alpine regions, but this, with all the wild and wonderful that surrounded and oft obstructed his path, was productive but of delight and excitement to the young soldier. As he wandered through gloomy vales, from which the fir-forests rose covering the steep on either side, their dark surface streaked with brooding and sombre clouds, the spirit of his murdered parent seemed to hover near, to lament, to commune with him. In more smiling recesses, to which some sheltering steep gave a foretaste of the approaching summer, where the young leaf glistened, and the young rose had already

blown, the thoughts of Rosalie D'Humières would exchange a heavy for a lightsome sorrow. But when he trod the snows, and marked the avalanches fall around, their thundering echoes, the true clarion of that mountain land, awoke the soul of the youth to patriotism, and to a sense of the wrongs inflicted on his suffering country.

After some days' travel he arrived in the valley of Einsiedeln, before its abbey, founded so far back as the ninth century, the same to which the Emperor Henry the Second ceded all the lands of the Forest-cantons, of which, however, neither Abbot nor Emperor were ever able to make themselves possessors. "Here at least," thought D'Erlach, as he entered the retired and wild vale, "I shall not be disturbed by either the French or their proclamations." He entered the abbey, and in his simple quality of stranger was welcomed cordially by the brotherhood. The casual mention of his name too procured

him such a superabundance of attention and respect, so much more than at all ministered to his quiet, that he dreaded and forbore to deliver the friar's scrawl of recommendation, thinking that any further claim upon them could be responded to only by further torment.

He awaited therefore until he was near his departure to deliver it. The Abbot was by no means the meek and timid superior of Engelberg; he was, on the contrary, a dark, bold, macerated personage, worthy of heading a crusade by the side of Bernard himself. He seemed particularly anxious and inquisitive respecting the progress of the French, and he was incessant in his inquiries of Eugene respecting the fall of Bern, and the causes of such a catastrophe, which, as a true Swiss, he had as little expected as the end of the world itself. The youth thus found himself still in the torrent of political agitation, which he indeed did not now so much wonder at,

as how he could himself have hoped in any region of Switzerland, however remote, to have escaped it.

He abstracted himself from it as much as possible, listening, nevertheless, to every report that was daily brought by wayfarers and pilgrims from Schweitz.

That little, though renowned city, the cradle of Helvetic liberty, had with the little states around it, been flattered and satisfied with the project of General Brune to erect them into a separate republic, called, "of William Tell." When, however, the discontent of the rest of Switzerland, and subsequently that of the Directory, caused the plan of Brune to be rejected and himself recalled, a new Helvetic republic, *une et indivisible*, was proclaimed, and the cantons were ordered to send deputies to Arau, then occupied by the French, in order to debate and regulate, under the influence of foreign bayonets, the laws

and institutions necessary for the new republic. The Forest-cantons, though they had agreed to the project of Brune, felt insulted by, and averse to this. They dispatched deputies to Bern, who for all answer were refused passports, and bidden to return from whence they came. This was the opportunity sought for by Bernard and other zealous patriots, and the four cantons were soon in arms against the invaders.

Eugene D'Erlach in the retirement of Einsiedeln marked the progress of events, and became by the lapse of time more reconciled to his country's cause, or rather to the step of once more joining its rugged and ungrateful sons. He was witness of the zeal of the inhabitants around, all of whom, previous to setting forth for the gathering, came to beg some of its famed relics, which, he also perceived, were fabricated forthwith to meet the sudden demand. Indeed several secrets of a

similar kind daily revealed themselves to him, and rendered him less and less partial to his present abode.

He avoided the company of the brotherhood, and wandered alone in the wild regions that surrounded the abbey, or by twilight in its gardens, and within the space marked out for the labours of the lower order of its monks. In strolling here he happened upon a certain evening to penetrate, from hazard more than from design, into what was called the Abbot's garden, reserved for the private walk and meditation of the superior. D'Erlach entered it, finding the way open, struck by the peculiar beauty and trim order of the spot.

Traversing some of the paths, he encountered an individual, who started at his approach. Eugene craved pardon for his intrusion, and in French, which was more habitual to him, and came to his tongue in exclamation or sudden speech, sooner than his vernacular Swiss or German. Such was the effect of his

residence in France and his introduction at Versailles.

"Fly not, Sir, you who speak a tongue familiar to me."

Eugene replied, that now aware that he had intruded, he intended to retire.

"By what way?"

"The gate into the monks' garden."

"It open,—why should I be here?" and the stranger quickened his pace, accompanied by D'Erlach, till they reached the portal, through which the latter had entered. It was now however shut, and firmly.

"You are decoyed, Sir," said the stranger; "I can congratulate myself, though not you, on my acquiring a fellow-prisoner."

"Impossible!" Yet D'Erlach, as he pronounced the word, regarded the walls around, which were of a height and fashion to forbid escape, and his astonishment scarce allowing him yet to question, he sought by his looks an explanation from his companion.

"It is for you to explain, I am a prisoner, and have been so for some time."

"If I am so, it is beyond either my comprehension or explanation. My name is D'Erlach, and I have been for some days enjoying the hospitality of the monks of Einsiedeln."

"And apparently are destined to enjoy it yet longer, and at the same time, which will be strange to you, the company of an old enemy."

"I can distinguish your features, Sir, but neither they, nor yet your voice, strike my recollection. I am too young, and have made, I trust, too few foes, not to recognize them."

We have met but through the mouths of others. Yet it is not so much you, as your name that I abhor, that of one of the chief tyrants of Bern, the oppressor of the Vaud.

"Cease then your enmity. Bern is fallen, and my father—"

"Also—Peace be with *his* ashes. Bern then

is no more, the proud cradle of aristocracy, and my native canton is free."

"As free as Bern, both free as foreign bayonets can render them. But who may be my enemy and companion?"

"With the tyranny shall perish the hate. My name is Levayer."

"I remember the patriot of Lausanne. But how came ye hither? I heard another fate—"

"No doubt. My friend Bernard, the Capucin, who conveyed me hither, was not without some speciously conceived tale to cover my disappearance. But of that I have heard. All other things have been kept from me most rigidly; know you aught of Louise Brœnner, the friend of Mademoiselle D'Humières, if Mademoiselle or D'Humières she yet be called?"

"Nothing. Even of Mademoiselle D'Humières little, save that she is in Bern."

This conversation was interrupted by the Abbot, who was somewhat surprised at be-

holding Levayer. "I did not think that this was your hour for exercise."

"I know it, good gaoler, but in your eagerness to entrap a new friend, you forgot your old one—as is the world's way—and left the passage of my corridor free. I then thought it was kindness."

"Return to your apartment," said the Abbot, who beckoned at the same time to two stout and cord-girt attendants, who were ready to see their superior's commands obeyed. Levayer retired, and the Abbot, quieting by his gestures the impatience of D'Erlach, motioned the youth to accompany him down the walk.

"Before I advance a step," said the young Swiss, "answer, good Abbot, am I a prisoner?" and D'Erlach laid his hand to his side, but there was no sword to grasp. It had been taken care of, ere he had left the refectory, and the youth had not missed it. The Abbot smiled.

"You have had a communication for me, young man, why was it not delivered?"

"From carelessness, since it seems I am in your power, from a desire to avoid you trouble."

"I should have thanked you for less consideration. It has excited our suspicions—"

"Of what, holy father."

"That you came to pry, that, in fact, *you* entertained suspicion—Besides, you a youth and a soldier lurking here, while the warriors of your country are in arms, it looks not well. We have reason to be cautious in these times."

"Then I too am a traitor?" said D'Erlach indignantly.

"We say not so."

"Why not say at once, holy father, that you seek a pretext to detain me, and for some hidden purpose, best known to you and to Bernard. 'Twere better to speak and inform me how I thwart your intents."

"In nothing now, except in having seen Levayer; 'tis an unfortunate chance, but for which you had been free. Pardon my suspicions. The word of D'Erlach promising future silence, will suffice the Abbot of Ensiedeln."

"He shall not have it. Since the Abbot of Ensiedeln has dared to detain me to be his prisoner, I will be so, and to his discomfiture. Prisoner, insooth! this is the freedom you would have me be in arms for."

"It is enough, Sir, anon you will be more willing to hear reason;" saying which the Abbot departed, leaving Eugene to digest his indignation. The two attendants of the Abbot still watched his motions; so in order to be delivered from them, he begged to be shewn to his place of confinement, which, save that the idea of confinement was attached to it, might have satisfied the most delicate or fastidious.

D'Erlach perplexed his brain to discover

the cause of the suspicion entertained against him. That he had seen and spoken with Levayer was certainly a sufficient reason for dreading his disclosures. But the previous cause, the grudge of Frère Bernard, was what he could not divine. Perhaps at the first mention which Eugene had made of his intention to visit Einsiedeln, the friar had feared the discovery of Levayer's concealment, had on that occasion proposed his scrawl of introduction, as he termed it, and, lest that should fail, had written to acquaint the Abbot that one interested for his prisoner (as he might well suppose the lover of the friend of Louise to be) was about to take up his abode for a time at the Abbey.

These last suspicions of D'Erlach were correct. The cause of his being first entrapped was what he now conjectured, his subsequent detention was owing simply to what the Abbot stated, and to the angry obstinacy of the youth himself.

He perceived in a short time, that his place

of confinement was not distant from that of Levayer, for he heard the young Vaudois, chaunting forth republican songs, which being in French, merely disturbed, or would have disturbed, had they been audible, by their noise and mirth the silent gravity of the brotherhood. As the vesper bell had ceased, and the evening chaunt of the religious choir began, D'Erlach could hear Levayer pour forth in rivalry, and not by any means to the youth's admiration, the following Hymn, so well known in those times.

Egalité douce et touchante,
Sur qui reposent nos destins :
C'est aujourd'hui que l'on te chante
Parmi les jeux et les festins.

Tu vis tomber l'amas servile
De titres fastueux et vains,
Hochets d'un orgueil imbecille,
Qui foulait aux pieds les humains.

Tu brisas des fers sacrilèges
Des peuples tu conquis les droits ;
Tu detrônas les privilèges ;
Tu fis naître et regner les lois.

Seule idole d'un peuple libre,
Trésor moins connu qu'adoré,

Les bords du Cephise et du Tibre
N'ont cheri que ton nom sacré.

Des guerrieres, des sages rustiques,
Conquerant leurs droits immortels,
Sur les montagnes Helvétiques
Ont posé tes premières autels.

Repands ta lumière infinie,
Astre brillant et bienfaiteur ;
Des rayons de la tyrannie
Tu detruis l'éclat imposteur.

Ils rentrent dans la nuit profonde
Devant tes rayons souverains ;
Par toi la terre est plus féconde,
Et tu rends les cieux plus sereins."

CHAPTER XV.

ROSALIE D'HUMIERES had in the mean time reached Paris under the protection of the ex-
envoy, Mengaud, who, instead of the tyrant,
had acted in every respect the amiable during
the journey. There was something certainly
not very successful in the attempt of the Ja-
cobin *serrurier* to metamorphose himself into
a gallant, in which moreover his years and
experience served rather to counteract than
assist him. The cunning too, which he had
found to be the most necessary instrument in
political intrigue, was in the present case put
in play with a sinister effect. And it demanded
days, many days, ere Rosalie could at first at

all comprehend, or even in comprehending credit, what the envoy wished her to believe and be flattered by. This placed Mengaud's amiability in even a more odious light than his petty tyranny, at least to Rosalie, who with no patient spirit endured this unexpected species of persecution.

In spite of all her sorrows, however, her loss of Prosper, separation from D'Erlach, the memory of what she had witnessed, and the prospect of what she might have to suffer, Rosalie experienced a pleasure, natural to every French-born, in approaching Paris. The condemnation to perpetual exile was at least taken off: the guillotine, whatever Mengaud might threaten, was no longer the punishment summarily inflicted for the crime of being noble, and an imprisonment in some convent established on republican and irreligious principles, so she imagined, would be the utmost severity she expected to fall upon her.

Mengaud, however, towards the conclusion

of their journey, threatened far more fearful things, degradation, penury, misery, and all their train of attendant sufferings, if she refused to accept the other alternative that he entreated her to choose. Poverty, however, was the least evil that Rosalie dreaded; and even had the worst of all been imminent, that death which Mengaud did not refrain from hinting, she would still no doubt have not hesitated in her choice. The envoy spent his words and wiles in vain, and as they drew near to Paris, Rosalie could perceive that he, who was the important Proconsul at Bern, shrunk in approaching his masters into the manners of citizenship and subservience.

After a day of suspense passed in the Rue Vaugirard, which situation Mengaud had chosen for its vicinity to the Luxembourg, and not distant from the Carmes, where the dreadful massacre of September was perpetrated, Mademoiselle D'Humières was informed that she was to be brought before the Directory.

The order filled her bosom with affright, and though conscious of no crime, she oft questioned herself as to what might be construed into the semblance of one. The very name of the Directory, those heads of the sanguinary Convention, was appalling to her. Since her return to Paris, the thoughts of the scenes which had occurred when she was last there, recurred forcibly and fearfully—the form of the gracious and kind Marie Antoinette haunted her imagination. The metropolis was other than she had conceived it—the absence of every friend, or the fate that had closed o'er all that should be so, made its thronged and noisy streets more dreary than a desert.

On the morrow she was summoned to attend. Mengaud conducted her, and at the same time another orphan of a noble emigré. As the carriage was admitted, not without scruple and until after a short parley (plots and conspiracies then daily assailing the Directory), within the portal of the Luxembourg,

Rosalie at the same time eyeing the terrific emblems and inscriptions of revolutionary authority, shuddered at all the horrors connected with their names. The word *Liberté* she construed robbery, and *Egalité*, massacre. They were ushered by the satellites of power along the corridor that now leads to the chamber of Peers. They did not mount however that magnificent staircase, but were conducted along the *rez-de-chaussée*, or ground-floor, to the low, petty, but magnificently furnished apartments, that had been fitted up for Queen Marie de Medicis. The revolution, which in its commencing furies respected this palace, the residence of Monsieur, after Louis the XVIIIth, then the most liberal of the royal brothers, had owing to this left untouched the memorials of Henry the Fourth's Queen. The pictures of Rubens, painted in her honour, and hung with the artist's own hand in this palace, were alone removed to where they still adorn the gallery of the Louvre.

There were present in the low-roofed cabinet, into which Rosalie was introduced, but two of the Directors, Rewbell and La Reveillere Lepaux. The former, who of the five had chiefly undertaken the management of Swiss affairs, was a sinister-looking personage, worthy of being the brother-in-law, as he happened to be, of Mengaud. La Reveillere had, on the contrary, in spite of a broken and humped back, and consequently contracted features, a benign expression of countenance. Perhaps his whim or affectation of being the founder of the new religion of the enlightened, of *Theo-philanthropy*, as he termed it, obliged him to assume the mien of the benevolence he preached. In despite, however, of both countenance and creed, La Reveillere, like the chiefs of most sects, practised persecution at the least, as he was at this time endeavouring with all his might to extinguish at once Catholicism and the Popedom, and excite his co-governors to some rigorous steps against the church.

The cause of Rosalie's being brought before the Directors at present was a wish on their part, similar to that formerly entertained by Brune, when he had summoned her before him. In both cases the intimate and adopted daughter of General D'Erlach was incapable of affording the desired information. In Brune's interrogatory, it was merely the private monies of D'Erlach, that were sought to be discovered. At present the object of inquiry was the place of *depôt* chosen in the Oberland, to which the Bernese council had conveyed a considerable part of their treasure, as well as of arms, ammunition, provision, and all the necessaries for war. The existence of such a *depôt* had alone been discovered by the French, but to ascertain its situation had as yet baffled all their inquiries and researches.

The questions of the Directors could however obtain no more intelligence from Rosalie, than had those of Brune and Mengaud. And as here, in truth, she was not likely to have

been informed of the secret, there was less anger on account of her ignorance.

"Young woman," at length said Rewbell, after his inquiry had ceased, "I need not ask how you have been brought up. Ignorance, bigotry, and idleness, are, no doubt, the aristocratic portion left you. You must throw those off, in order to become the citizen of the great Republic. Liberty, and Equality, be that now your creed, instead of the nonsense you have hitherto been compelled to commit to memory; and remember that love of liberty, like that of the Roman nation, can alone entitle you to give citizens to your country." Poor Rosalie blushed, and was ready to sink into the earth at this coarse exhortation, which made part of the jargon of the times. And her blush called forth the anger of the revolutionist, who looked on modesty as one of the most signal crimes of an aristocrat.

"Blush not, maiden," continued the Director, "at the duties of womanhood. But an-

swer, as it is our duty to provide you, whether you are willing to accept this honest citizen's offer, of him who stands by thy side, whose sister is at present the spouse of me, one of the supreme governors of the French Republic. Dost thou accept it, citizen?"

"No," replied Rosalie, with all the emphasis and disdain that she could express in her perplexity. And the ex-envoy smiled expressive of a vulgar proverb.

"Liberty is every one's right," said Rewbell, "what honest calling then do you make choice of?"

"Calling, Sir!" said Rosalie.

"Ay, calling, by which to earn your bread. You do not think the Republic is to support idle personages, whose high blood will not permit them to work."

"I need not the Republic's support. If I am permitted to seek out my friends—"

"Friends! friends! there is the cry of the helpless proud. Yet you will not accept an

honest republican friend, who proffers himself."

A shudder expressed Rosalie's disgust.

"There are no friends here, *citoyenne*, of royalists and anti-revolutionists. Are you too proud to work for your bread?"

"Not too proud, if it be necessity, Sir; nor yet if it be a punishment."

"It is both then. And to humble that pride, know that Louis Capet, the son of the great criminal Louis, on whom judgment was executed, and of her of Austria, the strumpet-queen—tear her fingers from her ears, brother Mengaud, she is contumacious—even that boy, whom thou wouldst call royal, was indentured to an honest shoemaker, and worked at his trade, as long as health permitted."

"Nay, brother-director," said La Reveillere, interfering, when he beheld Rosalie's extreme suffering, "we have more important concerns to regulate than a young woman's fate or calling. Let them be removed."

“Let them,” said Rewbell, satisfied with his lecture, “and do you, citizen Mengaud, see that these be properly placed.”

The sound of the Director's voice, and the horrors which it uttered, long dwelt in the ears of Rosalie. And such was her detestation of Mengaud and his employers, that she was prepared to enter with joy upon any employment, which the envious hate of those rulers should assign her. The strength of this resolve was soon put to the proof, in her being assigned, or I may say, entered as an apprentice that evening in the shop of a seamstress, who lived not far from Mengaud's quarters.

This life was new to the daughter of the Comte D'Humières; it was awkward, humiliating; it put her in the way of seeing and of hearing much that disgusted and shocked her. It was a bitter lesson, however, that she turned to profit. Misfortune endured in privacy, if it refines the spirit and endows it

with many virtues, confirms it at the same time in all that is intolerant and proud. It is when adversity not only forces us to sink beneath our accustomed level, but also to mingle with the class to which we have fallen, that it becomes fully beneficial, and communicates that equanimity and content, that absence of prejudice and pride, that seclusion, ever so much chastened by poverty, would but cherish and infix. Rosalie D'Humières experienced this, and her pure spirit was enabled to draw all its virtue from adversity, without being contaminated by what was base around her. A month had not past, ere the daughter of the noble emigré was content at her daily travail, at which enough care possessed her thoughts to preserve her from apathy and ennui, and to keep her hopes on the stretch for a more happy future.

In this species of *durance* poor Rosalie remained for some months, anxious respecting D'Erlach, from whom the receipt of no tidings

neither vexed nor surprised her—from an exile she could expect none. The silence of Prosper was more distressing. Could he, who had so suddenly found not only his sister, but his brotherly affection for her, have relapsed into his former indifference? Surely some exertions on his part might have discovered her prison or retreat, if indeed, as was not improbable, Mengaud had not refused every clue. She soon however obviated this by writing to the French army in Switzerland. But neither did this produce answer or effect.

She was in this state of sufferance and anxiety, when called upon during the course of the summer, to attend, in the duties of her humble calling, upon a lady, lately arrived in Paris, a lady of rank too, at least of such rank as France in those times acknowledged, when, like Turkey, *her* despotism knew no rank save of the despot's immediate creation. No dignity then existed, but that of an *employé*, or public functionary. It was in vain that

the pride of Rosalie endeavoured to evade the humiliating duty. She was on purpose selected for it; and accordingly she did wait upon the personage in question.

Rosalie found her as arrogant and as difficult to please, as any *parvenue* could possibly be. And she was perhaps the more so, as Rosalie lost all remembrance of her duty and new profession in regarding the not unlovely features of the lady, and allowed her thought to wander far wide of all the interesting mysteries of mantua-making. The regards too of the new comer were fixed profoundly on the form of *corsage*, and the shade of silk not noticing the attendant nymph farther than asking a hundred rapid questions. Ninety nine remained unanswered, and Rosalie's reply to the remaining one was so utterly irrelevant as to call forth in sharp rebuke the voice of the young lady, who at the same time turned in impertinent wonderment her eyes on the object of her ire.

Poor Rosalie was in tears.

“ Good Heavens !” twice, thrice repeated, expressed the double, triple surprise of Louise Brœnner. She was the lady of rank. The reason this:—her father was appointed one of the deputies of the canton of the Vaud, dispatched to petition the Directory against some legislative hardship affecting the newly liberated canton. And to dissipate the still enduring sadness of Louise, the honest Vaudois had brought her with him to the great metropolis of fashion and revolutionary liberty.

Paris had already almost turned Louise’s head. Yet what seemed most likely to turn it altogether, viz. to behold the daughter of the Comte D’Humières in tears, and at the feet of her, a lady of consideration—had the contrary effect. It recalled all the simple goodness of her nature. *Airs*, impertinence, silks, and *corsages* were forgotten in a moment, and Louise embracing Rosalie, and even

blushing after at the boldness of her cordiality, mingled her tears with those of her ancient acquaintance.

I could no more paint their delight, than I could follow their multifarious conversation, their thick-coming questions asked again and again, and eagerly answered. Rosalie forgot her very trade, and more extraordinary still, the pretty *Suisse* forgot the *robes* and *garnitures*, that had almost superseded the idea of Levayer in her breast.

To add to their joy, Brœnner himself entered, the honest Brœnner, flushed and excited with the honour of having addressed the French Directory, and having been complimented by them in their high-flown answer. Importance certainly sate somewhat awkwardly on the round face of the deputy; but still his very awkwardness rendered his *bonhomie* the more conspicuous, and, as in such cases, made the beholder laugh, and at the same time love the object of his ridicule.

He was as touched at Rosalie's distress as Louise, and as rejoiced at finding her. And, as being now a man of business and importance, he was about to return instantly to the Directory, and demand the liberation of Mademoiselle D'Humières, just as if Paris was his native village, and Rewbell and Merlin his brothers of its municipal council. He was soon, however, made to comprehend the gravity and difficulty of the affair, and the necessity of taking more tardy and efficient steps.

Rosalie was obliged to return for the time to her humble occupation, to the distress of Louise and her father. Neither, however, lost sight of her a single day. The Deputy himself, in spite of the importance which the flattering speeches of the Directory had at first flung into his countenance, soon discovered that not only his private requests respecting Mademoiselle D'Humières were slighted or taken in ill part, but that the more serious reclamations that he

and his colleagues had been dispatched to make, met, in reality, despite their fine words, with as little attention from the Directory. In the former and minor endeavour, the malice of Mengaud counteracted his exertions, and Brœnner was compelled to have recourse to the interference of a more influential personage.

This he found in La Harpe, not the weak man of letters so named, but the famed tutor of the late Emperor of Russia and his brothers, who, a Swiss by birth, and deeply imbued with the love and principles of liberty, had chiefly contributed by his writings to the patriotic and revolutionary spirit of the Vaud, where, after quitting Russia, he had for a time taken up his abode. Colonel La Harpe was now in Paris, respected at least, if not possessed of power, and him Brœnner succeeded in interesting for the misfortunes of Mademoiselle D'Humières.

His generous exertions at length procured

the manumission of Rosalie, who immediately took up a more comfortable and dignified abode with her liberators, the Brœnners.

CHAPTER XVI.

EUGENE D'ERLACH had in the mean time, in concert with Levayer, made his escape from the Abbey of Ensiedeln, which, be it here anticipated, was visited not long after by the Vaudois patriot in company with a battalion of his French allies, when, Mazeppa-like, he took upon it all the vengeance of devastation.

It was in vain that D'Erlach, as he crossed the wild country toward Schweitz in company with his fellow fugitive, endeavoured to set aright the latter's mistaken patriotism, and to convince him of the unjust acts and selfish views of the French. But Levayer had been so deeply imbued with Gallicism, that he even

admired and enjoyed the disgraceful wiles of those, whom he considered as his countrymen, more especially as attended by success. The youths therefore parted, the one betaking himself in the first instance to Lausanne, not preferring to brave the enmity of Bernard at Schweitz, whilst D'Erlach directed his course towards that town.

He arrived in the very crisis of popular excitement. A general assembly had been convened, in which war had been resolved on. A committee had been framed for that purpose. Warriors flocked in from every canton, and Aloys Reding, the *landamman* of his canton, appointed chief of the little army, did all that the experience of a soldier, and the eloquence and energy of a patriot could effect. Neither was Bernard, nor Paul Styger, his brother, as capucin and zealot, idle. Relics and prophecies were distributed from their stores, more abundantly than even arms from those of Reding. The cross was set up as

the *labarum* of the righteous war; and the ecclesiastics, somewhat it must be confessed in the style of the Italian preacher, who attracted his audience from a neighbouring puppet-show with the assurance that the sign of Christianity which he held, was *il vero pulcinello*, asserted on their part that the crucifix was "*Der wahre Freiheits Baum*,"—"the veritable tree of liberty." What was singular too, the national colours were opposed in the present case to the same hostile colours worn by the house of Austria's followers during the time of their domination and oppression of Switzerland.*

Not only was war resolved on and declared by the little state against the most powerful nation in Europe, but offensive war. The plan of the Swiss was not to await the enemy, but to advance to his attack. The hallowed

* William Tell, says Zschokke, is always represented in ancient pictures as clad in the three Helvetic colours, green, red, and yellow; the bailiff Gessler, with his satellites, in red, blue, and white, the French tricolour.

standard was therefore pushed on, and the first feat of Swiss arms was the capture of Lucerne. Whilst, however, the troops of Schweitz were thus pursuing a victorious career westward, the tidings came that the enemy had advanced upon Schweitz itself from the north by Zug, and by both sides of the lake of Zurich. The Swiss had scarcely time to fly to this unexpected invasion of their enemies, and defend their own sacred cantons.

This narrative, however, must not be converted into the history of a campaign. And as the attacks of the French on the heroes of Schweitz were on many and distant points, any attempt at a general description of the fight would form no other than a bulletin. Suffice it to relate, that in one of the first days of May, if not upon the very first, D'Erlach stood amongst the bravest warriors of the Waldstette, who occupied the pass of Rothenthurm against the French. His old

enemy Schauenbourg was still the hostile leader; while the gallant Reding headed the little army of his country. The French had been hitherto victorious, had driven back the Swiss from all their advanced posts, those foremost and routed bodies all rallying, as they retreated, around the village of Rothenthurm, which Reding occupied with what might be technically called his reserve.

It was by no means an advantageous position, and the victorious French were descending upon it from commanding ground. Near it, crowning the summit of a rugged pile of rocks, was the high level of the famed field of Mergarten. There too another body of Swiss stood to oppose the enemy, and at the same time both combats engaged. The Swiss could not be made to await the near approach of the enemy. While these were at the distance of many hundred paces, and ere they had yet terminated the descent, which gave them

the advantage, the little band of Reding rushed to the encounter, received, without relaxing their speed, the fire of five times their numbers, and meeting them hand to hand, drove them up the mountain they had descended. The annals of war present not a nobler feat, nor one unfortunately so unproductive of aught save that of redeeming, even amidst the country's fall, the character of Swiss valour.

The mountaineers, however, retained for that night possession of the heights they had won. The position of Rothenthurm was never carried, nor abandoned, until the tidings of the troops of the cantons being overpowered in other quarters, rendered defence useless.

Eugene D'Erlach joined in this glorious combat, and little as it tended to promise final success, still it gladdened him, as healing the wounds of national vanity at least, if not those of national independence. I will not

again tarry to describe any individual traits of valour which my hero or others might have displayed. D'Erlach sought in vain for Prosper D'Humières amongst the French; he was even anxious to obtain a momentary parley with some of his foes, that he might learn was the brother of Rosalie still amongst them. The strife, however, grew too fierce and too full of animosity to permit him to enjoy any such opportunity. It was in one of these moments of his being in contact with the French troops, that a small body of Swiss pressed from behind to charge the enemy. They were evidently, from their speed and cries, of the most zealous combatants, and D'Erlach recognized at their head his friend Bernard. Their impetus succeeded in repelling the French a considerable number of paces, during which the foremost Swiss became mingled with those whom they impelled to retreat. And it was here that the inscrutable zeal of the friar Bernard was

doomed to be poured forth. He fell under more than a dozen blows of bayonet and sabre; his followers in their ardour passed on to the pursuit over the body of their holy leader, and D'Erlach stood by his side, deeming it vain to offer him assistance or support. One struggle the friar made, which was an attempt to re-erect the cross that had fallen with him, and his last breath was spent in the vain endeavour.

Word at length came to Reding, that the post of the Haggen Egg, which alone kept the French from Schweitz on the other side of it, was held by female combatants only, all the men had perished. In this extremity, Reding was necessitated to entreat an armistice of the French, and he dispatched D'Erlach to General Schauenbourg for that purpose. It was demanded to allow time for an assembly of the people of Schweitz to deliberate upon a capitulation. Schauenbourg granted the request of the little warlike army

whom he admired, and even added, that he was prepared to grant the most honourable terms. To young D'Erlach himself, whose gallantry Schauenbourg had now twice witnessed, and whose unjust robbery and persecution by Mengaud he bore in mind, the French General expressed himself in terms of admiration and friendship, that did not fail to make impression upon one for some time accustomed to the frown both of man and fortune.

The assembly of wounded and armed warriors met at Schweitz in fearful tumult and agitation. The very subject which they met to debate, that of submission to an enemy, was sufficient to inflame the multitude to frenzy. They all cried, that the only choice worthy of them was not to survive. And this undoubtedly would have been the final resolution of these brave men, had not the terms offered by Schauenbourg been mild and honourable in the extreme, and had not their

venerable curates and Reding recommended them submission. The terms were that they should accept the Helvetic constitution, that no Frenchman nor foreigner should enter their country, and that religion, persons, and property should be in every way respected.

On such conditions Schweitz submitted, and with her Switzerland. Schauenbourg immediately after, to evince his respect and admiration for its gallant defence, instantly withdrew his troops from the canton.

Whatever indignant feelings still rankled in the bosom of D'Erlach and of his brother Swiss, there was no longer hope or opportunity for bringing them into action. Switzerland was for the time no more. Neither courage nor patriotism could longer serve her. Nothing remained but patience, and the hope, that as their own modes of liberty and independence were not allowed to the Swiss, that at least

their regenerators would substitute somewhat of the kind, and thus fulfil in part their mighty promises.

As for Eugene himself, he felt that his private affairs could now alone occupy his interest and attentions. He first set about inquiring for Prosper; and Schauenbourg, who had expressed some friendship for him, informed D'Erlach, that through some machinations of Mengaud, he had been drafted from Switzerland elsewhere, and most probably to join the expedition to Egypt that had about that time set out under Bonaparte.

The endeavours of the youth to recover that part of his property, of which he had been despoiled, were equally unsuccessful. Nay, those who had possessed themselves of it were powerful enough to counteract all the generous efforts of the French general to procure a repeal of D'Erlach's exile. Monsieur *Rapinat*, a personage that boasted of his name and

its expressive signification, was the civil ruler at Bern; and he had tasted too deeply of the treasure of D'Erlach to permit the return of the Bernese general's heir.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE first use that Levayer made of his liberty was to hasten to his native town, where his re-appearance was looked on as little less than a miracle. When he explained, however, to his fellow-citizens and to those of Vevay, that he had been conveyed from his bed by the hands of a stout capucin, and transported to the mountains by no more magical conveyance,—neither winged chariot, nor griffin, but simply by a stalwarth monk, their astonishment was turned at first into anger at their own credulity, and straight into joy.

He too was delighted to see his best dreams

of liberty realized. He saw around its Tree, its ensigns, and the *Liberté et Patrie* of the independent Vaud inscribing every inscribable place—as indeed may be supposed, when even the old walls of the castle of Chillon, bearing the accumulated dinginess of many a dark century, was whitewashed in part, that it might display, as it yet does, the beloved legend. It was somewhat mortifying to him certainly to think, that in all this he had no part, and the fabric had been not only based, but raised without his aid.

The Brœnners were still absent from Vevay, but tidings did not fail to reach them at Paris, of the safety and the revival of Levayer. The latter would have hurried thither, if their immediate return had not been expected. The lover of Louise related to her by letter the mode of his compulsory disappearance, his subsequent confinement, and his release through the means of Eugene D'Erlach. Tidings of *her* lover, therefore, came to quiet

the anxieties of Rosalie D'Humières. She learned that although still exiled from his native canton, and from those occupied by or in amity with France, he still enjoyed liberty, not without hopes of an opportunity to defeat the malice of his enemies.

The persevering enmity of Mengaud, although foiled in the endeavour to retain Mademoiselle D'Humières in the durance of a disgraceful situation, still prevented her from quitting Paris and retiring to Vevay, as was their plan, with the Brœnners. This delayed them in Paris fruitlessly, till the impatience of Levayer led him to join them in that metropolis. His shrewdness was more calculated to succeed in an undertaking of this kind, than the blunt honest-heartedness of Brœnner. The Vaudois patriot, who for some months past had been shut up to his own reveries, throughout which his imagination had revelled in a kind of Swiss and French Utopia, was grievously disappointed on coming so suddenly into collision

with most unfanciful facts and most matter-of-fact personages; and on finding in lieu of liberty, patriotism, and public spirit, nothing save the coarsest tyranny, selfishness, and intrigue. He at first joined his endeavours to that of Deputy Brœnner, to interest the French rulers somewhat more deeply in the true happiness and independence of Switzerland, and he found them, like all upstarts, domineering, and therefore unwilling to quit the sceptre of despotism, which they had grasped—obstinate at the same time, and, like all stupid people, resolved, since they had no other, to display the talent of determination.

Though deaf, however, in their public capacity to the appeals of a true patriot, Levayer found means to bend them in favour of an individual oppressed, such as was the emigré's daughter. And they granted this demand, as soon as he sunk to it from higher and more important ones. It would be doing injustice to the patriotism of Levayer, to say that he

commenced hopelessly with the greater requests, in order the more certainly to obtain the lesser. In this way, however, he succeeded. And Levayer, the Brœnners, and Rosalie D'Humières, set forth on their return to the Canton of the Vaud, none regretting the metropolis of revolutionary power. Mademoiselle D'Humières had found there but fresh reasons to regret the brilliant and happy days of royalty—the Brœnners, at least the father, did not pretend to higher political principles than became the atmosphere of a small municipal council—the daughter indeed echoed the sentiments of her future husband, and these were now much subdued, far more moderate than those with which a twelve-month since he had declaimed against the tyranny of Bern.

Rosalie once more found repose in the solitude of Vevay: a stray tear to her father's memory, a sigh for the absence of Eugene, and the uncertainty of Prosper's fate or ways,

at times came to disturb her happiness, not however with any deep or hopeless affliction. She shared too the joy of Louise as her own; and that soon reached its height. A brother monk of the Frère Bernard disclosed whence the Cretin, who had replaced Levayer at his bridal, had been brought from. And the poor idiot, who had been superstitiously tended since that time, was removed to his native chalet in the neighbouring canton. The bell of Vevay's church once more tolled to the bridal, and the good folk that came to witness the ceremony were not disappointed. Nay, it was even more honoured than the last, for the French insisted on gracing it with a guard of honour; than which, be it said, no one thing could be more grating to the feelings of the young Swiss patriot. But it was now too late and impracticable to read a recantation of his Gallicism, and Levayer would not disturb the quiet of his *fête* by vain expostulation. All passed without disaster or in-

terruption, though many yet believed and foretold, that the necromancer of San Meurice, even dead as he was reported, would not allow the day to pass without displaying some act of his malice or his power. These were however disappointed. The friar slept his long sleep in the pass of Rothenthurm, and friends and enemies were alike delivered from his zeal.

D'Erlach had in the meantime taken refuge in Piedmont, where he was tolerated by the amiable man of letters, Ginguéne, who acted there as ambassador from the Directory. The impertinent arrogance and activity too of French envoys and emissaries had abated since the tidings of the ill success of the expedition to Egypt had reached Europe. The oppressed powers of the East and North rose up upon the news. Austria prepared once more to invade Italy, and even Russia, it was asserted, purposed sending her troops to contend in the same regions.

Under cover of these rumours, which turned

the vigilance of the French to more important objects than watching individual exiles, Eugene D'Erlach passed the San Bernard, and crossing in disguise the Alps of the then democratized Savoy, he arrived at the little village of Meillerie on the borders of the Lemman. Every one knows it as the place of St. Preux's sufferings, as the scene of his passionate recollections. Too few years had then elapsed indeed since the time of Rousseau, to make it a wonder that the scene remained the same. Still it was a pleasure to observe its identity—the little *plateau*, on which the lovers stood, the torrent of melting snows, that *chariait avec bruit*, as says St. Preux, its charge of sand and pebbles, the dark pines that overhang one side of the situation, and the oak-grove that skirts the other. Eugene was not St. Preux, neither in the force of his sentiments nor the unhappiness of his passion:—the feelings of the world and the fortunes of life had been originally and were

still blended with his affections—they checked his enthusiasm, without, however, corrupting its purity or strength.

D'Erlach ventured over the lake to Vevay, although as one known there during the Bernese domination, and moreover not loved in name or person by the inhabitants, it was hazardous. He saw, and once more embraced his betrothed. Disaster had humbled him also; nor did either Eugene or Rosalie feel, as they would have felt a twelve-month previous, that it was condescension in them to be happy in the humble mansion of the *bourgeois* Brœnner. These visits of Eugene, were, however, as prudence commanded, of short duration, and made but at intervals. To have proceeded to a union would have been impossible then, and as impossible almost and impracticable to effect it elsewhere, so extended was the colossus of French power or French influence. Thus in suspense, that purgatory of love, did they remain many

months, waiting for circumstances, which, big as they appeared, and mighty as they portended, were still months and months in unfolding themselves and finally taking place.

During that period many events occurred that will ever fill a conspicuous and interesting place in history :—amongst these the insurrection of the little country of Nidwalden against the French, its long and successful resistance against Schauenbourg and his numbers, and the final defeat and massacre of its whole population by the exasperated soldiers of that leader, form a subject, than which none more pitiable ever drew tears from the reader of romance. The gathering too of the orphans of the desert valley by the celebrated Pestalozzi, might not be forgotten, and his benevolent experiment upon them of his system of education, which has proved so beneficial since to Switzerland. But this, with all the minor though numerous insurrections that burst forth in Switzerland during

the reverses of the French, had no effect on the fortunes of either Rosalie or Eugene.

Whilst the countries on both sides, both to the north and south of Switzerland, saw the French armies fly before their enemies—while Jourdan retired in defeat upon the Rhine after the battle of Stochach from the archduke Charles, and Scheren retreated before the Russians and Austrians in Italy, Massena still held his ground and pushed his conquests amongst the Alps. Even the Grisons, which had not before acknowledged French supremacy, or that of their sub-directories, were subdued by the arms of Massena, and compelled to undergo real dependence, though accompanied with clubs and popular assemblies, and all the free phenomena of Jacobinism.

The firm and bold position of the French commander in Switzerland, however, drew upon him those chivalrous defenders of ancient monarchy, the Russians. Leaving the

already reaped laurels of Italy to be gathered by his Austrian allies, Suwarrow chose the path and the post of peril, and crossed the St. Gothard with his army in order to drive Massena from amongst the Alps. But here the hitherto invincible Suwarrow met with a rival worthy of his troops. After a campaign, the horrors and feats of which are far indeed beyond any that preceded or followed, the Russian was defeated in the battle of Zurich, and abandoned Switzerland in a pique, worthy of his fiery character. It was in this action, or rather the occupation of Zurich consequent upon it, that the celebrated Lavater, who inhabited that town, received his death-wound from a French soldier.

The moment that Switzerland, freed from one contending army at least by the victory of Massena, began to breathe after the horrors of war, it was pressed upon by the rival horrors of anarchy and oppression. There were no terms nor moderation in the rapine, the contri-

butions demanded. Some members of the French Directory, Rewbell amongst others, had been turned out by intrigue, and were succeeded by others. It was necessary for Switzerland to imitate not only the form of their parent government, but to suffer the same convulsions also. An analogous change in the Helvetic Directory instantly took place. And miserable intrigues were commenced and carried on between Swiss, who struggled each to hold the first place in the mock-government that sanctioned the country's slavery. Amongst these La Harpe, to the disgrace of his formerly fair name, played a conspicuous part. For a long time, at least comparatively long with the short prizes of power held in those days, he was Supreme Director. Often then did it occur to Levayer, that his interest might serve D'Erlach. But the Vaudois patriot scorned to ask it, to approach, or far less to be indebted to one, whom now every true Swiss must despise. The little knot

of friends suffered on in honesty, awaiting and still awaiting the fuller *denouement* of events.

The first circumstance that promised a change was the sudden and unexpected return of Bonaparte from Egypt, accompanied by some of his officers. This was followed by the overthrow of the Directory, and the transference of the supreme power into the hands of Bonaparte, as First Consul. He no sooner felt the reins of government in his hands, than he felt the necessity of securing them by fresh victories. The routed bands of Italy were gathered at Lyons; and the Austrians were preparing to oppose their descent into Piedmont by the Mount Cenis. The French commander had even bolder views: he resolved not only to combat the Imperialists, but to cut off all retreat for them in case of defeat, by coming in their rear. It was a lion-like resolution, the success of which

could not fail to bring Austria to instant submission.

The French troops accordingly, instead of taking the direct road to Italy over the Mount Cenis, marched into Switzerland, to Geneva, round the Lemman, and up the valley of the Rhone, where they crossed the chain of the Alps by different passes; Macdonald by the Splugon, another general by the Simplon, and Bonaparte himself with the greater body of his troops by the San Bernard—the very conception of crossing which with artillery bespeaks the audacity of the hero.

In despite of the sufferings of Switzerland from French alliance and domination, still the troops of Bonaparte were welcomed as they passed through the territories of Geneva and the Vaud. Past ills were attributed to the Directory more than to the nation, and in the First Consul they beheld the destroyer of

that hated Directory. Moreover his affable behaviour in the Vaud, when he last passed, was not forgotten. And the daring enterprise on which the little army was bent, procured for them the sentiments of friendship and admiration.

Such were the feelings with which the inhabitants of Lausanne, Vevay, and other towns on the Lemane, came forth to mark the battalions of the French, as they marched along the brink of the lake. In addition to these Rosalie had others, for her eye sought her brother Prosper in their ranks, deeming it true what Schauenbourg had informed Eugene, that he had been in the expedition to Egypt, and hoping that he was of those few who had returned with their general.

He was so. Rosalie was right both in her hopes and conjectures; although her regards sought in vain to recognise the object of her search. The sun, and sands, and hard-

ships of Egypt had much embrowned and orientalized the soldier's countenance, whilst his gallantry had effected as great an alteration in his external garb. The *galons* of the corporal had long disappeared; and the solitary epaulette of the lieutenant was already balanced by another on the opposite shoulder. Moreover it was not in the brilliant group of the General's staff, that Mademoiselle D'Humières sought her brother. And there in truth he was to be found, not only his soldier-like qualities, but his noble birth and name having recommended him to the embryo-emperor, who already began to display imperial propensities, a love of rank, a respect for title and aristocracy, and for all the *faste*, to which his oriental sojourn must have increased the tendency.

Prosper D'Humières, however, or the Comte D'Humières, as he already began to name himself, feeling that the revolution and its prohibitions were fast passing away, had made

sufficient inquiries in Paris respecting his sister, to enable him to direct his steps, when at Vevay, at once to the house of the Brœnners. There he found Rosalie.

The good Brœnners, and even Levayer's self, were somewhat abashed at the multitude and magnificence of the soldier's trappings, but his frankness did not fail instantly to set them at their ease. Rosalie overwhelmed him with questions, but he deferred answering any till his return from Italy. He had vowed, he said, like a true pilgrim, never to recount feat, while the Austrians were on this side the Mincio. Eugene was still in the Chablais; and Prosper assured Rosalie, that his influence with the First Consul was fully sufficient to restore the young Bernese not only to his country but his fortune. At the present moment, however, every thought and interest was directed towards the approaching campaign, and to distract by a request

foreign to it, would be impertinent and selfish.

The stay of Prosper was but that of a short evening. The warriors hurried on, and Rosalie was left to hope, that the cause of republican France, which she had never before favoured, might now at least meet with success. In the general distraction and suspense, D'Erlach once more betook himself to Vevay, that he might join his hopes and fears with those of his friends. As the young Swiss saw the rear of the gallant troops marching in haste to join their comrades, and heard the rattling of their cars and ammunition, his inaction filled him with regret and impatience:—but there was neither side on which he could combat with ardour or honour. He was without country or cause, dependent for happiness and existence on the success of his ancient enemies. For some days the cannon was heard to resound amongst the

Alps, occasioned by the resistance of the little fort of Barde, at the foot of the San Bernard. Soon, however, no sounds save rumours reached them, and these were more of evil than of good fortune.

CHAPTER XVIII.

To conjectures and reports at length succeeded certainty. The Austrians were defeated on the plains of Marengo, and it was then that the consequence of General Bonaparte's bold manœuvre became evident, when the loss of that single action proved decisive. The Austrian surrendered not only his army, but all of Italy that he had conquered. And one day's generalship repaired the disasters of the First Consul's absence. Rising Europe fell back, intimidated by the signal success; and every conquered country submitted to its fate, or looked for better days from the wisdom and clemency of the conqueror.

After enjoying some days' triumph at Milan, the First Consul with his principal officers returned to Paris, to perfect in the cabinet the supremacy which he had well won in the field. The Comte D'Humières returned immediately to Vevay. And his first communication to Eugene D'Erlach was a permission from the Consul for him to return to France or to his native city. The condition, on which this was granted, rendered the pardon still sweeter. It was secret, and enjoined him to pursue and accuse with what virulence he pleased, those agents of the overturned Directory, who had despoiled him. These means, amongst others, Bonaparte used to vilify the government that he had superseded; and, though himself entertaining no objection to plunder, he bore a grudge to those who had preceded him but too largely in that field, and who had left him but a scanty harvest.

Prosper engaged the Brœnners and Levayer to accompany Rosalie to Paris, where he as-

sented it was necessary that she should be present. And as it was thought advisable in the Vaud to send another deputation to Paris, in hopes that it would be more successful with its generous warrior than with cold-blooded politicians, Levayer found himself able to join public duty with his inclination. Once more therefore, though under very different auspices than formerly, Rosalie found herself turned towards Paris.

Eugene D'Erlach betook himself to Bern where he found Rapinat trembling for his throne of extortion, or rather for all that he had amassed beneath it. The arrogance of his tone was changed, since the change of his masters, and he proved so ready to make restitution of all that was restorable, that D'Erlach felt it almost impossible to put in practice with respect to him the secret commands of the First Consul. He took possession of his mansion and property, not only exhausted like those of his brother citizens, by rapine

but by the enormous contributions that had been, and were still levied on the property of the patrician families. During his arrangement and the renewal of his connexions with the kindred families of his native city, Eugene was enabled to collect a mass of evidence inculpatory of Mengaud for every species of injustice and extortion, that he hoped in the pursuit of him at least to punish his own and his country's enemy, at the same time that he obeyed the injunctions of the ruler, who had befriended him.

Prosper in the mean time was exerting himself in a similar manner, though without either the same right or the same hope of success, to recover Humières. The mansion in the Rue St. Dominique had fortunately escaped confiscation, having been overlooked amidst the multitude of forfeited property, and abandoned, like indeed all the palaces of that patrician street, to their ancient *concierges* or

Suisses, though they no longer dared to call themselves by the latter name. Rosalie therefore had the delight of welcoming her protectors to her mansion, in return for having been so long sheltered in theirs.

It was the paternal property of Humières, that was the great object to recover. Prosper in the first instance betook himself to the citizen Delposte, who seemed an honest timid man of business, retired in wealth from his trade of locksmith. When questioned respecting the property, which he had bought at the national sale, he declared at once that he had got rid of the old place, and its desert acres, which he should have feared to inhabit, he asserted, even if it were walled with iron.

"To whom had he disposed of it?"

"To citizen Mengaud, who had taken a peculiar fancy for the property."

"'Tis to be hoped you were paid little?"

"A strange hope, Sir—why?"

"Since you will have to refund."

"As how, Sir? The property is as firm as the revolution."

"Perhaps so. But not the less worthless. Humières was sold as the property of an emigré. I am the proprietor, I can prove I never emigrated."

This, though not true as well as true, being the one in justice and reality, but the other in revolutionary law, was sufficient to frighten the purchaser, who still however waived the question, by saying that it concerned Mengaud, the present possessor, and not him.

Prosper now looked upon the loss as irretrievable. Mengaud had evidently acquired possession from the enmity to the individuals of the family. He was too cunning and too versed in revolutionary laws and ways to be terrified from his hold, and any compromise with such a character, so disposed, was impracticable.

The Comte D'Humières nevertheless made some attempts, though without hope to bring

Mengaud to understanding. He saw the ex-envoy, and found him mild and malicious, and like a serpent coiled up in deceit. Neither he nor Prosper had forgotten their last interview, and for this once Mengaud took especial care, even though reduced to a private capacity, not to be alone. Prosper smiled at his precautions, and Mengaud replied by another, applausive of his own prudence.

"I have to return you thanks, citizen Mengaud," said Prosper, "for the care you took of my fortune after we last met. To take me out of your way, you threw me into that of promotion, and I sincerely thank you for both."

"Glad it has turned out so, citizen Count or Colonel. All was done with a view to serve the Republic."

"It has served me, which touches me more. All I hope is, that it was in the same spirit of benevolence towards me, that you lately purchased my property."

"You mean Humières, Sir."

"The same."

"With the most benevolent purpose, Sir, if you so will it."

"How?"

"I repeat my words. And with the same confidence re-declare to the officer of rank, what I before said to the lieutenant, hoping at the same time that years may have abated his propensity to choler."

"I admire, citizen, your constancy and courage, but as the lady has declared her resolution to prefer the son of the late General D'Erlach to thee, I see not on what hope you can pretend to recur to such declarations."

"No doubt, the restoration of Humières to the family is a trifling consideration, speedily overlooked."

"I am prepared to give you double what you paid for it."

"Suppose it at the same time worth fifty times that sum."

"And without any fair title for it."

"My title is the revolution and its contracts."

"Can we not then in any way arrange the affair à l'aimable?"

"In none, except in the way I propose."

"And that no doubt is an *aimable* way, but at the same time not agreeable to the parties. So we must trust to fortune to arrange for us in some more feasible manner."

"'Tis not in fortune's power, I tell thee."

"Nay, now you blaspheme the very goddess of our beloved revolution. Hark! a knock—'tis a *huissier* of hers, or I am no prophet."

The door opened at the moment, and most singular did it appear both to Mengaud and the Comte, when they beheld, that in verity it was a *huissier* or officer, not exactly of fortune, but of him who was next akin to her, of the First Consul.

He advanced, put a paper into the hand of the ex-envoy, and immediately retired. Mengaud opened what seemed the contrary of a *billet*—

doux, and paler grew his pale cheek upon the reading.

"What, in the name of magic," muttered Prosper, "can have come hither to befriend me?" His eye at the same time discovering that the paper was a printed one, of such form and fashion, as the law professors of all countries love to shape their correspondence.

"I am beset," said Mengaud. "Malice is always too powerful for the honest patriot, and serving one's country is a task that always brings ruin on the fool that undertakes it."

"When undertaken in certain ways," added D'Humières.

"Ay, Sir, sneer. You are at the bottom of this; the contriver, the enemy, the accuser."

"Oh! 'tis then an accusation, Master Mengaud."

"Most truly, Sir, a summons before the Five Hundred, to answer accusations of peculation, fraud, injustice, rapine—a string of them, you see—"

"I see," replied Prosper, with a smile.

"And the accuser, Sir, your friend, and your sister's friend, that wandering exile and traitor the son of D'Erlach, the aristocrat. Yet you feigned ignorance of it?"

"The word of a soldier, I knew not of it!"

"How then prophesy the appearance of a *huissier*?"

"The prophecy of *gaiété de cœur*, which is a kind of inspiration, that I have before seen to pierce the future."

The ex-envoy paced the room in considerable agitation, of which Prosper now began to expect a more favourable term.

"Perhaps," said the Comte after a time "there is now some mode of arranging the affair without alluding to Mademoiselle D'Humières."

"Perhaps so, indeed," replied Mengaud with not the most complacent of grins. "Your *huissier* was no contemptible contrivance. Can you recall this threat, Sir?"

"I think I might take upon myself to promise so to do."

"Then take Humières, and begone."

"Humières—why 'tis not the tenth part of what yon paper would make thee disgorge—And the blood spilt, the despair caused, the——"

"Peace, Sir, I would rather to the *Cinq Cents*, than listen to more of your reproaches.—Here, here are the papers, the titles of your estate; write me your promise, and begone."

"Well, to be rid of thee, citizen. Although thou deservest another punishment."

"Write—the giving this up, and with it a dearer hope—"

"Out upon your sentiment!"

"Is deeper punishment than either thy dragoon tongue or sabre could inflict."

"To the pleasure of seeing you again," said Prosper, retiring from his successful mission with the customary parting salutation.

"To the pleasure," replied Mengaud, sinking in his *fauteuil*.

Prosper returned in joy to the Rue St. Dominique: Eugene was there. On his arrival he had lost no time in laying his information before the First Consul, and the immediate consequence was the summons sent to Mengaud which arrived so magically *à propos* for the success of Prosper's interview. Mutually did the friends wish each other happiness, and embraced. The next step was to keep Prosper's promise to Mengaud, for Eugene declared it was beyond his power. The Comte D'Humières however, by a frank disclosure of all the circumstances to the First Consul, by enduring patiently through the storm of fiery tempers that agitated Bonaparte on seeing a victim, at a just victim, escape him, succeeded in procuring from him the oblivion of all Mengaud's crimes and injustice, at least as far as D'Erlac and his evidence were concerned. The ex-convict was rendered more happy than he deserve

but pain is apparently so often scattered with an indiscriminating hand, that to restore the balance, happiness must be allowed sometimes to fall upon the undeserving.

Eugene D'Erlach received Rosalie's hand at the Hotel de Ville, and from thence, with Prosper and the Brœnners, they betook themselves to Humières immediately, in order to be united more secretly and sacredly by the poor Curé of the village, who performed that aristocratic and forbidden ceremony. The enlightened French, even of the present day, would call this prejudice and bigotry. It may be, though I do not believe it so. Whatever it be in life, the old rule must certainly hold in romance, where heroes and heroines could never, I fear, be united to the satisfaction of the reader, if but yoked in the *civil contract*.

Rosalie D'Humières could scarcely recognize the house of her fathers, so waste, so ruined was its every feature. And although a French chateau is that which would either

defy or ally best with ruin, so solid and unornamented is it, except with the durable ornaments of terraces and ditches, and broad alleys opened through woods, yet even there ruin was conspicuous. The never-opened *jalousies* crumbled from the windows—the *fosse* was green with accumulated weeds—grass had usurped the immense lawn of pavement, if I may use the expression, and indeed so far was an improvement. The interior had suffered most, broken furniture and half-burned family-pictures remained to attest the devastation; the roof and walls, however, of the honest architects of the preceding centuries were indestructible, and the former still displayed, without a single mark either of decay or repair, the date of 1664 in coloured slates upon its surface.

If however the *chateau* had gone to ruin, the cottages and the village around had undergone improvement in inverse proportion. The wretched hovels and ragged inhabitants of

times had grown into the comfortable and well clad. Independence sate upon every countenance, and if joined with a rudeness of manner, perhaps a total want of the ancient and proverbial courtesy, it was merely in the manner, for the distressed found them as hospitable, and their superiors more trust-worthy than before. These ameliorations, which Levayer took care to point out, his aristocratic friends welcomed and acknowledged. Prosper looked on his estate no longer with the eye of a feudal possessor, but as the retired warrior and citizen. He withdrew to it as much as possible from the new court that sprung up in Paris. And though his sword has since been drawn for his country, the veteran still inhabits Humières, beloved and respected by all parties, by the royalists as one of their caste, by the people as one of their heroes who has enhanced the national fame.

D'Erlach and Rosalie spent the early years of their marriage altogether at Humières. Sub-

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THE SECOND VOI



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HISTORIETTES,
OR
TALES
OF
CONTINENTAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."

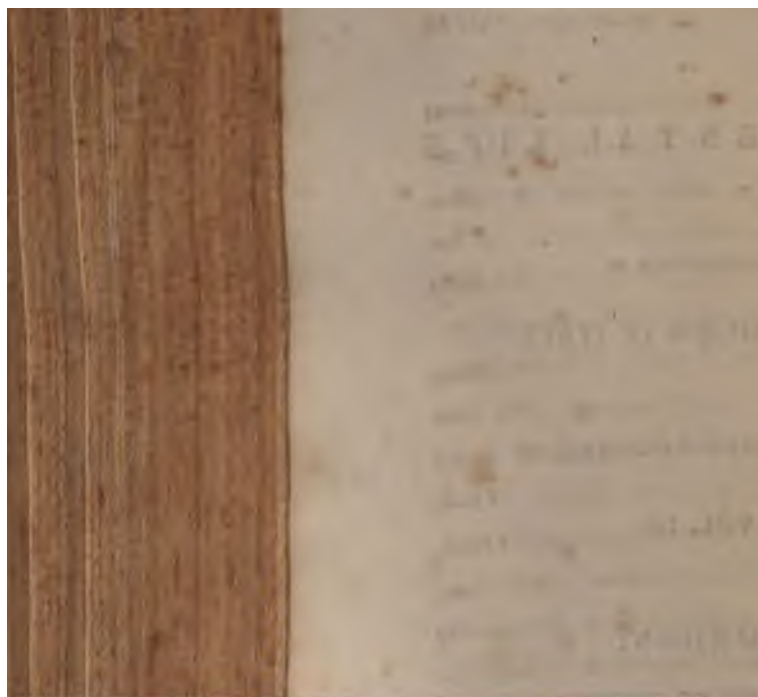
IN THREE VOLUMES,

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PEREGRINATORY INTRODUCTION.

How is it that all the powers of imagination and description cannot afford nor convey to us any just idea of a scene, that we have not beheld? As to the mere baseless anticipations of the fancy, it is conceivable that they should not square with reality. But that a place, of which we have read ten hundred accounts, descriptions both in verse and prose, both topographically and poetically limned,—a place, in which we are on every account so interested, that not a sentence or a word of information respecting it could have failed to command all our powers of memory

and attention—a place, where every point of view has been presented to us, where every stick and stone is marked and consecrated by some particular association—a place, in fine, the localities of which, from pondering on and perusing of, we should suppose ourselves as well acquainted with as our native town or village—to visit such a place, I say, and find it any thing but what was expected, is enough really to make one cashier imagination for the rest of its term, and leave books of travels, topography, and campaigns to the shelves and counters of their venders.

I have myself seen some few cities and some few scenes, and with all my previous putting together of wall and palace, tower and steeple, wood, verdure, and water—the simple component parts of landscape, it has never happened to me to arrive at an *ensemble* in the least resembling what I would fore-present. Cities, to be sure, are unmanageable subjects of description, depicted so neces-

sarily in grand, and seen as necessarily in petty, that there perhaps the wonder at our erring is less. But a scene of mere hill and vale, pasture and corn-field, diversified perhaps with but a farm or a sheep-cote, to be perplexed and disappointed in this, must either be the fault of the describer, or of the reader's distorted imagination.

Certes, if ever volumes could make me know a scene, and have it in my mind's eye, even as though beheld, it was the field of Waterloo. So numerous, so unavoidable were the accounts of it, not confined even to type, for the graver and the pencil have perhaps been even more busy with the spot; yet on visiting the field, I found that I had had no more just idea of itself, of the principal objects, their bearings, and the general character of the whole, than I can have this moment of the Bazaar of Ispahan, which a traveller lately told me it would require a day to ride around.

As the sight therefore was so new and strange to me, maugre my reading, I am tempted to think that my description may be new to my readers. And the best and simplest introduction to this tale, will be an account of the short and delightful peregrination, which led me to the famed stream and lovely scene, where it is laid.

I quitted Brussels by the *Porte de Halle* and jogged up the ascending pavement on a long-tailed Flemish steed—and let not my reader suppose from the length of my horse's tail that I am about to assume the dandy—no—there was not a single curvet in the animal, he was past such vanities, as was I beneath the military air, which the author of "*Advice to Julia*," prescribes as befitting him who bestrides, "in the ring at least," a steed so garnished. His most endearing qualification to me was, that he ambled *two hours* in the one—I mean, so much space in so much time, hours answering to leagues in the lan-

guage of the worthy Flemings—that he knocked up never—and that he was, like myself, a citizen of the world, managing contentedly whatever was set before him, oats here, beans there, and in Germany the black bread, which the female ostler takes from the family loaf to break into the animal's manger.

So equipped, and pondering on all those obvious thoughts natural to the expedition I was bent on, and obvious to the reader, I trotted on in a train of unbroken reflections, until the wood of Soignies struck me with fresh excitement. It is the first forest—bating the fir-ones that clothe the Alps, and those are never of gigantic size—I had beheld upon the continent. It is only in coal-countries, that the monarchs of the forest are allowed to attain maturity and grandeur, as in England, and in a circuit round the coal-mines of Mons, which was called by the French, in their allotment of Belgium, the *Département des Forêts*. Elsewhere the woods

of every *commune* are doomed to undergo the axe every forty years at farthest, oftener than once and twenty-five. And thus the loveliness of the continental scenery is far more marred by the species of fuel in use, than even the atmosphere of their cities is improved by it.—A hint for John Bull, one of the unpardonable crimes of whose climate is its eternal impregnation with coal-smoke.

Even Soignies, whose thick shade and venerable trunks are hallowed by our victory, is doomed to undergo the general fate. The sovereign of the Netherlands had then already sold the National Bank; and it grieved me to see the axe resounding in its depths.

As a vista marked to me the conclusion of the Forest, the church of Waterloo, recognised from many a print, stood fronting it, though on the right of the road. “Here,” said I, “at length,” and hastened my pace.

The church was the first object of my attention. It has been enlarged for the reception

of its increased congregation, which proves however not to be of living votaries, but of tomb-stones. The porch that was by the roadside is now made to contain the altar, whilst the little place of worship lengthened out in the opposite direction, hath its new entrance on the side where its old altar stood. A glimpse sufficed me, as my countrymen are accused of spending hours in spelling o'er each tombstone, and I had designed, for vanity's sake and other reasons, to pass for a Frenchman in the village and on the field.

I failed not to be waylaid by a guide, not Coste,—I tried to shake him off—but he was obstinate, declared his settled fee from an Englishman was five francs, but from a *vrai Français*, like *Monsieur*, meaning me, thirty sous and a *litre* of beer at Mont St. Jean would content his heart. John Bull might not consider this a compliment. I did so, however, considering my equipment and intentions.

From Waterloo the road ascends, with the

exception of some inequalities, a hill of considerable length, much upwards of a mile, to Mont St. Jean, as is called a straggling hamlet of black and wretched hovels, that skirt the way. The field of battle is even beyond this. And the first symptom of its approach is an enclosed yard with sheds, on the left, whither a great part of the wounded were either carried or dragged themselves along.

Advancing over this high ground, it sinks of a sudden, and displays a valley, which the road traverses, straight as an arrow. It is the field. You pause to contemplate it. You stand on the position of the British, which unfortunately not Wellington himself could recognize. *His* tree is no more. The whole crest of the hill, or rather of the brow of the hill, has been taken off, and piled in a huge pyramidical heap a little to the right, erected for the purpose of commemorating the action. And this it does with a vengeance, for it supersedes the very memory

of it. The whole identity of the scene is destroyed. And if one of the many brave that perished there, were to raise up his head, he could no longer recognize the spot, that his blood had hallowed.

For a moment my attention was taken away from the field and its recollections, by the rising mound and the wide surface of yellow clay that appeared betwixt me and it. A few wooden huts and offices stood here and there for the superintendants and other people connected with the work. The manner of piling up the pyramid was most singular. The clay was carried up by women in baskets, which hung behind from their shoulders. Those beasts of burden shewed an economy of time, most Dutch. They went in files, all spinning at the same time that they wound circuitously up the heap to deposit their basket of clay on the top. The leader of the file did not spin; she was the guide, not only of the march, but of the song. Thus they trudged, earning cer-

tain sous per day, by portorage of earth to immortalize Belgian valour, earning certain more sous by their *tricotage*, and at the same time cheering their double labours with a Flemish ditty, sung in chorus.

Shades of the glorious brave! are your memories thus to be superseded by the ludicrous, even on the site of your tombs? I turned to view the field, and descended in the first instance to *La Haye Sainte*, a farm and farm-yard inclosed with high walls, as is the custom in Flanders, and which stands on the right side of the road, as it descends in the vale. Here had been perhaps the hottest strife and carnage. The heavy artillery of both armies had been posted near the high road, and that of the French had chiefly played on this farm and on the position over it.

The marks of ruin and devastation, I must own, were far less than I could have imagined possible. The doors were perforated in many places; the walls displayed the mark of every

shot, or of its repairs, yet the delapidation must have been wonderfully little. The same struck me at Hougoumont. Without at all lessening the honours of the brave, I began to conceive better, which I had never before been able to do, how so many scaped unhurt from a field of strife.

The short distance that separated both armies, or rather the position of both generals, surprised me; but certainly a straight paved road shortens distance wonderfully to the view. The simplicity, the insipidity of the ground was another surprise, nothing complicated in the marking objects, which written accounts had led me to imagine. A slender black column is seen to rise to the left, in the distant part of the field. It marks where the Prussians came in contact with the flank of the enemy. On the English position, there are two or three monumental pillars, one to the memory of Gordon, the Duke of Wellington's aid-du-camp, another to the Hanove-

rians. The rising and intersected ground on each side of the road, where they stand, was no doubt the key of the field, that most important for the enemy to win and us to keep possession of.

I asked the fellow some questions, to see what names amongst our heroes were preserved traditionally. Poor Picton's name seemed not familiar to him; that of *Bonsonbé* was, however, and he took upon him to shew where that gallant soldier fell. A living hero he well knew as the Marquis De La Jambe, which, methinks, is an exceedingly pretty title.

From the field of battle I struck off by a by-road towards Wavre, whence it was my object to gain Louvain. During the journey of that day and the next, not forgetting my sojourn in the rude inn at Wavre, it was my good fortune to observe the uppermost thoughts and affections of the peasantry. The principal of which was a strong predilection

for France, and as strong an aversion to their Dutch king, his Dutch predilections, and Dutch religion. The Flemings indeed are to Holland, what the discontented Irish are to us. Although they are in every way free, politically and civilly, with the seat of government amongst them, yet their discontent is not the less. One of the most general and vulgar complaints is, that all the silver is sent to Holland, whilst all the copper falls to their share—true enough, though otherwise to be accounted for, by the respective wealth and industry of the countries, than by the partiality of the monarch. Strange, that the very plague of *brass money*, which a Prince of Orange, amongst other weighty evils, delivered us from, should be here an infliction of one of his family, most complained of. Certainly nothing but copper farthings are to be had in Belgium. A pound sterling in the current coin would put a traveller as deep in ballast as a Dutch dogger. A juster cause of discontent

is the enormity of taxation, which weighs chiefly on the poor, and is collected in the manner most calculated to make them feel it. There is a heavy duty on killing a fat beast—to cut the throat of his pig, for example, costs the poor labourer more than his week's hire. To bring a sack of corn to the mill demands a duty even more onerous: this tax on grinding is most severely felt, and the expense of *watch* and *ward* to prevent fraud, eats up a greater part of the profits. A conduct diametrically opposite to this would tend more to the security of the Netherlands, and at a less expense, than the frontier-fortresses, in the repairs of which, by the by, there has been sufficient embezzlement to entitle his Flemish majesty and his Flemish chambers to an inquest after the Ouvrard fashion.

Louvain is the Oxford of the Netherlands. Previous to the rise of Brussels, it was the capital of Brabant, and in appearance it bears every mark of a most ancient and somewhat

decayed city. The narrow filthy streets, intersected by canals and bridges, bespeak the true latitude of the place, which the traveller would be apt to forget on beholding the noble and highly ornamented Gothic architecture of the Hotel de Ville, which was built under Spanish rule. Louvain, as the university of the Low Countries, originated the resistance and subsequent insurrection against the liberal innovations of Joseph the Second; in which attempt it was but too successful. The present monarch of the Netherlands, however, has revenged the insult and opposition offered to the Emperor, by crushing the old university, in which hierarchical power and prejudices were so interwoven, and by substituting a *philosophic college* in its place. The very word *philosophic* is bitter for the Doctors of Louvain to gulp down. The Pope, however, has shewn himself obsequious, and the Doctors must submit. The city is as famous for its beer, as for its establishments of education

and the odour of the former far prevails over that of cloister or college.

I had asked a good Fleming, what kind of road I should find eastward of Brussels, towards the Duchy of the Rhine.—“*Vilain pays,*” was his answer, “*tout monter et descendre;*” information that delighted me not a little, who was glad to exchange the dead canal-level, that the Fleming loved, for the *monter et descendre* of the country of Liege. The country was high, but that was all—one more desert, that is, of picturesque beauty could not well be found, as that betwixt Louvain and Liege. It is precisely the tract that war might ravage without causing harm or exciting pity. I shall for this reason, ever read of a siege of Maestricht with more complacency, more oblivion of the horrors of war, and more unclouded enjoyment of its excitement, than I have ever yet been able to do of any hapless fortress.

How desperately and deeply commercial the country is! I speak this to its credit. But

for myself, who travelled for other tidings and variety, than those afforded by the price of silks and cottons, I own, I felt somewhat disappointed. With most sanguine hopes of lighting upon a mine of romantic anecdote touching the old revolutions of country, would I fasten my company upon a gray-haired wayfarer. But he was dead to all accidents of church and state. I had always found, that to make a peasant of any country communicative, and to give his tongue its freest motion, the best subject to start is the last famine. Throughout all regions of the habitable globe, there has been such a visitation within man's memory; and the peasant is always sure to be fraught, to be full of recollections of the disastrous epoch. It is an amusing touchstone, that I have oft tried on the French peasant, and with what *bonhommie* the inhabitants of that happy land tell their tale! In one place the vintage failed, and they had nought but pure water to season their bread

and onion. In another, bread, the staff of life had failed, and the whole community lived on potatoes ; by miracle, as the narrator added they alone survived such hardship.—I thought of a visit once paid to the Island of Saints and felt little of the pity that I was compelled to affect.

In the fertile plains of Flanders, Brabant and Liege, however, I found no signs, nor even traditions, of starvation. The dearness of tobacco during our exclusion from the continent, they alone lamented with German pathos. And the whole heroism of their annals during the reign of Napoleon, centres in the daring and adroitness with which they smuggled coffee and sugar, and conveyed it secretly from place to place. This was their theme—for the life o' me, I could not make out a hero—I mean, for the *Historiettes*.

Liege is of most hideous approach from Belgium, of most lovely from Germany. It is placed in a profound hollow, on the banks of

the Meuse, surrounded by mountains, as they merit to be called, although the houses of the town clambering up their sides give them the appearance of hills. It resembles Bath in situation, but far more grand, more imposing, more antique, and picturesque. Switzerland has no spot more beautiful than the exit towards Mons. I recollected Quentin Durward ; and a more apt rabble certainly than that of Liege never shouted sedition. The Bishop's Palace, not that mentioned in Quentin as near the town, but the Palace in it, is the only building that I ever beheld out of Venice, worthy from its character and grandeur to adorn and belong to the Queen of the Adriatic. It is a pile more romantic than noble, the most apt certainly that reality could present to the romancer. Without, an immense line of Gothic and sacred architecture, making one side of an obscure and filthy street—within, a noble piazza and colonnade, the columns massy, and of a polished black, such as might have stood in the hall of

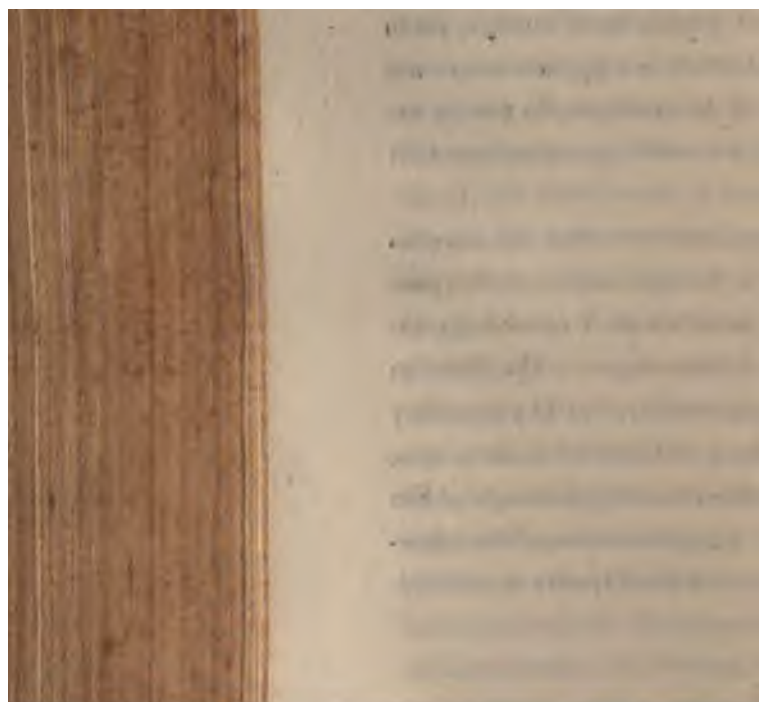
Eblis. The gim-crack toy-shops beneath them were not lost as a contrast.

From Liege proceeds a splendid mountain-road, which though bleak itself, commands throughout its course a noble prospect over the woody country around Mons and Namur. The retrospect upon the old episcopal city is one of the finest views I ever beheld. Why Chenier has called it the "*plaintive Liege*," I can't imagine—it is a lovely city, but from its being so sunk, it depends totally on the state of the weather for its effects. When clouds darken its hills, it stands gloomy and sunken, as Sodom in the day of its destruction. Lighted up by the evening sun, no village in Languedoc can strike one as more gay.

There are few pleasanter sensations, or rather anticipations—for the pleasures of travel are all in the past or the future, in fore-imagining or recollecting—than that of passing a frontier betwixt two respectable kingdoms. Aix La Chapelle is in Germany, truly so, as its lan-

guage witnesses : Liege is in the Netherlands, as its Walloon jargon also most strongly indicates. Though a single stride removes us from one country and places us in another, yet in imagination that stride is a gigantic one :—not only the idea, but the contrast, the novelty expected awakens the mind to curiosity and its enjoyment.

There was more, however, than the mere delight of visiting a foreign region, in the pleasurable feelings with which I entered the ancient capital of Charlemagne. The Prussian eagle, with all its novelty, was but secondary in my view. The great hero of the dark ages, and all his Paladins, rose to my thought.—But his native place being the scene of the following brief tale, for it I shall reserve my descriptions.



THE
GERMAN LOTTERY.

THERE is something either very alarming or very amusing, as may be the mood of the listener, in first having the ears assailed by numerous voices in a foreign tongue. After the first delight of placing my foot on continental soil, and looking out from my foreign window upon the foreign town and harbour of Dieppe, I never shall forget the gloom and depression which succeeded, when familiar sounds no longer reached my ear, and in their stead the din and jargon of the Norman fisherwomen. I was young in those days, and possessed of that elasticity of spirits, which can

afford to be melancholy for trifles. But as cares grow with our beards, and sorrow, instead of the poetical hue of russet, begins to appear in veritable and appalling black, we are wont to grow weary of her company,—to pass lightly over, if we can, avoid, those trains of thought that denote her presence—to welcome her, when she doth intrude, no longer with the sigh, but a sort of impassive and self-complacent smile—and, even when forced to undergo her influence, we affect to control it with an ironical and contemptuous regard, assuming often in our self-defence an apathy and a misanthropy, in reality not o'er-profound.

The German tongue becomes sweet, melodious after a time—what will not in woman's mouth?—But in verity, in first approaching it, 'tis as ungracious, as, in a similar position, are those to whom it is vernacular. On pausing in the square opposite the *Hotel de Ville*, and admiring the edifice, in part of which, still standing, Charlemagne was born, a crowd of the

young Lazzaroni, that always attend a watering place, surrounded me with their offers and their jargon. My vocabulary and my patience both failed me, and I spurred on in search of my friend Gorissen's in the Alexanderstrasse, where I purposed housing. Somewhat dubious, I stopped an honest citizen to inquire of him the way, or rather to inquire if I was pursuing the right one. "*Yawohl*," cried the fellow, without deigning to stop, or return my salute, and in a tone, that, in sooth, a bear might have been proud of. Ah! charming France, thought I, never did I leave thy shores for those of any other save my native land, that I was not compelled instantly to feel cause of regret.

It was not my purpose to remain very long in Aachen, so the German inhabitants call Aix La Chapelle. And it was at the same time my wish, for the short time I did remain, to enjoy the beautiful scenes around, uninterrupted by what in travelling is the greatest of all necessities, and at the same time the greatest

some curiosity to behold the
of Charlemagne; the soon
the more leisure. And as it
evening, with some hours to
of supper, I descended in
hotel in search of a guide to
Münster or Cathedral.

There were crowds of you
about, but my careful old
a stranger to no one, save o
old Karl was no where to be
preparing to submit to the
the morrow to the Münste
evening, when a gentleman,
profoundly occupied in stud
liste of Aachen, or the regist

see it again, to oblige me, as the public gambling-table did not open till nine."

The last part of the sentence was uttered so frankly, as to do away with any suspicion, which might have arisen had it been slurred. Indeed, the honest Hibernian, I guessed so much from his accent, was as blunt and straight-forward as any one of his countrymen. He had no idea of a round-about in either speech or thought.

"Pray, Sir," said he, "were you born in the county Galway?"

Unluckily I had not that honour, being, as to nativity, plain Hampshire. So I told my companion, Fearnock, if I spell aright his pronounciation. The confession in nowise disturbed our amity, and on we proceeded to the Münster.

This famous church, which Charlemagne built one thousand years ago, and dedicated to the Virgin, wears its antiquity in the strangeness of its architecture. The original

though not spacious octagon
in each of its sides stretch
to the foundation. This giv
a most antique effect. In
octagon within is a slab co
of Charlemagne, *Carolo M*
scription. Above is a gal
pillars round, so beautiful,
thought them worth trans
during the revolutionary war
that they rifled the tomb
hopes of finding treasure;
they found but the monar
thigh-bone. I asked to se
Briton's curiosity: "Ah!
the verger, sexton, or
... ..

balmed and regally clothed (such at least is the tradition of his cathedral), sate upright in a marble chair placed within his tomb. Otho, however, thought proper to bury him finally, and transport the said chair to the gallery above, where it became the seat of the Emperors at their coronation. The remaining intervals betwixt the columns were occupied by the Electors at that solemnity. The present Emperor of Austria, when restored to enjoy his crown and free will in eighteen hundred and fourteen, took possession of the chair of Charlemagne, and sate himself in it at the Congress. A ruder piece of manufacture need not be; and truly, the honour of the seat should be great to recompense for its discomfort.

To the little octagonal church of Charlemagne, which is now a kind of aisle, a choir and chapel were subsequently added, which resembles our own Gothic buildings of the time. It contains many relics of the time of

the emperor most revered
I did not ask for the relics
are a precious list, for exa
the Virgin's, the end of Aa
of the manna of the wildern
must enjoy an inveterate pr
ing safe and genuine, if t
impious spoliations of the
them rest, however, with the
magne, taking a peep, as
eve grew dusky, at an Albe
on both sides of the panne
Rubens.

I was proceeding back to
the necessity of getting rid
and Flemish money, that I
me. I begged of my con

heavy silver coins to carry with convenience. I said so.

"Without a long line," observed the money-changer, "there is no catching of fish."

A very pretty proverb, thought I, but what hath it to do with o'erloading my pockets with Prussian dollars?

"But if you want more by and by," continued the money-changer, "you have but to descend here, and a written word will be sufficient surety for me, I know *Messieurs Les Anglois*."

"And I am sure you know me," said my companion, advancing to the counter.

"You are an old acquaintance, Sir," replied the man of money, politely, but at the same time removing his *Thalers*.

"Come," said Fearnock, "let us see your venture. You are, I promise you, at the very head-quarters of Fortune, be it good or ill."

I followed his guidance, which happened

to be stair-ward
what of a quandary, until
brilliant saloon, I found n
gaming-table, beneath w
changer had conveniently
I was no wise annoyed
was one of the principal
ling in fame even the
without having seen it, w
grace. Frascati was a
compared with the publi
Aachen—here were all
German, French, and E
Italian, not a few, all r
ness, quite against all m
the lenity of the Prussi
times a congress, thou

risking, than spendthrifts of other nations—nay, why they should be so much so, considering their greater superfluity of cash. But although money be of less comparative value with us than with other nations, yet it is of more importance to possess it. An Englishman in fact is nothing without it, he is a lost, despised, starved man. Now here a man may play hide and go seek for a long time with want, without altogether sinking.

The Englishman games with all the consciousness and nervousness of crime. The wild sons of the north here rush to it as a savage to spirituous liquor—it is a furious appetite, and then, whether it lead to mirth or disaster, it is intoxication. There was near me a young Russian, in scarlet boots too, which caused me to remark him, who lost and won sums that might have made or marred a prince. But he was a heated player. Those worth regarding were the phlegmatic Germans, each full of his theory, and watching the turn of



from any passer-by a plainer direction than that of *Yawohl*, I soon learned all the tidings and topics that for that day interested the gay sojourners at Aix. Scandal, of course, that atmosphere of *Eaux* and watering-places, made the greater part of these. It was confined, however, to what was visible and present. For as the company was gathered together from distant and strange countries, each of which neither knew or cared aught for the natives of the other, there was no petty tea-table gossip, no village traditions and scandals. Calumny and envy were on a grand scale, and therefore more respectable than the, at once mean and poisonous, slanders that kill or wound reputations in our little towns of lath and plaster edifices, with their lath and plaster population, on the borders of the ocean.

It was not debated whether Count so or so was somewhat of an unfair player, whether the Princess, &c. was somewhat indiscreet—



The Baron seemed, nevertheless, a highly respected personage, and to be a very obstinate and unfortunate attendant on the present scene of interest. He arose each morn with a fresh scheme for catching and ensuring fortune at the table, paid for it dearly each evening, and lay down to dream of fresh projects and calculations.

I had just made my way so far in information respecting the visitors of Aix, which, by the by, I was gathering chiefly from the young Russian, when my Irish friend cried out that he had enough, and left the table with, what was unusual for him, a considerable share of gain. I hastened to join him, and return to the hotel in his company. He stopped, however, on the stairs, and producing his winnings, commenced counting them with what I deemed to be unseasonable avarice. When, however, he numbered the sum, and dividing it, offered, nay pressed upon me the half, I was of another opinion.

It was my luck that he had borrowed, he averred—that he would and should pay me. I resisted, however, and was damned as a fool by my companion, who with the ready warmth of his country at once constituted himself my friend.

“Well, if it is to be mine, by —, I’ll not pocket it,” said Fearnoch. “I’ll send it whence it came, though by another road. And here is the very house for the purpose.”

So saying, he began to knock at the door of some house or office, which was shut up; my friend, in the heat of his purpose, determined not to wait till the morrow. With a world of grumbling in guttural German, he within unbarred his door, demanding ever and anon who we were and what we wanted. But Fearnoch answering, that he had a hundred Reichs-Thalers for the personage within, the said personage made his door fly open without delay.

“What in the world is this mad Irishman about?” thought I.

He was simply about purchasing a ticket in a lottery, a German lottery, which he began to explain, but which I was far too sleepy to listen to. Besides, I had seen him a few hours since without a single penny, and here was he paying away a handsome sum for a lottery ticket. This vexed me, but to very little purpose. Fearnock purchased his ticket, and we returned to the Hotel of Carlomagne.

Supper and Rhenish attended us. It was my first night in Germany; it was necessary to do justice to German beverage and German fare. A jovial companion was at hand, superlatively jovial from having his pocket so suddenly and unexpectedly overflowed. Frank he was too, as if all the world were brethren—he confessed that the gambling-table had been his ruin, and Miss Wyerbusch his hope. He had beheld her first at Brussels, from which place he had followed her through all the *Eaux* in Germany from Aix to Tæplitz.

“ Hopelessly ? ”

He did not know what my question meant. The lady smiled. But the Baron looked grave. What was more vexatious, the German noble was never angry. To Fearnoch's proposal, he merely demanded of him, to prove himself a *millionaire*, or something very little less, with a dozen and a half quarters of nobility. Now he had sent to Connaught for the latter requisite, which he possessed, he said, if ever man did, though he might not be able to put it on parchment. And as to the first, he said, having but two hundred pounds yearly, Irish pounds too, ill gathered, worse economized, and received by that most tardy of posts, which brings money to the needy, he could hope for it but at Fortune's hands. To the goddess he accordingly paid court. A gambling-table he averred, was her best levee. And courtier certainly never was more assiduous than he.

In waiting for these proofs of lineage and fortune, my friend Fearnoch shewed every

species of devotion to the lady—learned her language by very instinct, he said, for love of her—in truth, a book, I believe, he had never opened—and propitiated the Baron by that inexplicable mixture of impudence and good humour, of which Irishmen alone have the receipt. Suitors, however, the young lady had in such abundance, that she had remained long, and was still, perplexed. Beaux of all nations aspired to her smile ; and although it was notorious that the Baron's attachment to play must have eaten up the greater part of his Baronial possessions, still did his fair daughter reign peerless, and increase her conquests in proportion as her heritage diminished.

The next day of my stay at Aix I beheld the lady, a fair-haired Saxon. Her forehead, I remember, of immense breadth, and her eyes proportionally distant, which is a German feature. Those eyes, however, were of a blue, and the complexion, that relieved them, were

of a freshness, such as the swart dames of the South can never rival. If the space betwixt her temples were such as an unaccustomed eye would mark, her shoulders were at an interval proportionate, whilst a general *embon-point* reconciled and harmonized peculiarities, which some might think defects. She was a superlatively fine woman; and no one, who had ever heard her, could think of German but as the most dulcet language in the world.

A swarm of admirers thronged around her during an excursion to the Louisberg, as a mountain situated to the northward of the town is called, celebrated for the loveliness and extent of its prospect. The Russian endeavoured to attract the attention of the lady to the French Opera; dancing and party-coloured boots seemed to be the young man's *forte*, and scanty as were the objects of his interest in affording conversation, he contrived to be somewhat elegant thereon. The Germans disputed the various merits of their va-

rious *Eaux*, the superiority of the gambling, mineral spring, or society, which one place possessed in preference to another. And, although health, of the rudest and broadest, shone on their honest visages, all seemed to think that to taste of a mineral spring, or bathe in peculiar waters, for a few weeks in the summer, was absolutely necessary for self-preservation. A spa to them, and the sea to us, is what Mother Earth in the Fable was to her giant son, who, however worn by exertion, took fresh vigour at every fresh contact with the soil. In their comparison of the different watering places, Ems, I remember, was that to which the palm of agreeability was given; as to Spa itself, it was condemned as over-run with *milords*.

"It is singular," said Fearnock, "that neither the French nor Irish can establish watering-places, though stinking springs both countries have in abundance. And even if they had not, it would be easy to make them."

The Germans stared at the Hibernian's mentioning his country, or at least at his coupling it with France. And to keep him in countenance, I myself asked, "why?"

"Because there's so much treason and high spirits in both, that one half of the company would surely shoot the other, and itself give work to the hangman. Now of the quiet, pipe-loving company round us," he spoke in his own tongue, "not one the less will return to winter in their dull and desert castles."

But my story lacks altogether of that length and incident, which would allow me to spin it out in dialogue. This was my last day at Aix; and it was not until my return from distant wanderings that I learned what fortune had befallen my Hibernian acquaintance, or how he had prospered in his games of hazard and of love. This I shall now relate; though having heard, not witnessed, the *denouement*, it must be related in the third person.

Fearnock, as I afterwards learned, remained

constant in his devotion to the fair Wyerbusch. Frown of rival, and caprice of maiden, all the untoward incidents peculiar to his situation, the Hibernian bore with successful courage and unshaken good humour. The heart of his mistress could no longer resist, but the Baron's head, remained firm in the contrary sense. And as neither the sixteen quarters of nobility from Connaught, nor yet the proofs of more solid endowments, made their appearance in behalf of poor Fearnoch, the old German shook his head, and looked blank at the young aspirant. Whilst thus inexorable respecting the wealth and nobility of his future son-in-law, the Baron's own wealth and nobility were about to forsake him. One indeed had already winged its way, and the sale of his Baronial residence and domain, necessitated by immediate want as well as by debt and mortgage, was about to deprive him of the other; since in the regions, where

Wyerbusch was situated, the honours followed the feud, not the blood.

The contract of sale had been some time concluded with a certain company, of either Frankfort or Vienna, who were in the habit of buying up estates, like other merchandize, to part with them more advantageously. They indeed never took possession, they agreeing to find a possessor within a certain time, to whom the old occupant was to surrender his rights, in short, to give him seizin. This was to the Baron the most grievous part of his necessities, the obligation to attend himself, and to be present in the surrender of his little paternal property to a stranger. These circumstances naturally weighed upon the spirits of both the old man and his daughter; and the latter, in the midst of her own and her parent's grief, had neither heart nor leisure to bestow on the sighing Fearnoch those daily smiles, on which affection can alone live. In vain did

the warm-hearted Hibernian endeavour to penetrate into the cause of this sorrow and seclusion, to alleviate it by his sympathy.

It was a secret to none but him. For certain advertisements in the German Journals informed the quick-eyed visitants of Aix, that the lands and tenements of Wyerbusch, situated in a certain circle, were about to change proprietors. The red-booted Russian accordingly no longer haunted the residence of the belle of Aix; divers other suitors of different degrees displayed the same coolness or reflectiveness in their passion. The friends of the Baron were strangely visited with the same apathy, as the admirers of the daughter. And Fearnoch was at last utterly singular in the daily respects, which he made it his habit to pay.

The Hibernian himself had acquaintance in Aix, some who called themselves friends; and these at last, from the purest interest in his welfare, and not moved in the least by the love or the itch of scandal, kindly came for-

ward to put him on his guard, and to inform him, that he was wasting his good heart and valuable courtesy upon the fallen and the penniless.

Fearnoch really was grateful. He could have embraced the little, keen, selfish smoker from a pipe larger than himself, that was his informer, for tidings the most agreeable he had heard, since he first set his wheel in motion after his mistress. He lost no time in making use of his friend's advice; and his movements, instead of being what his informant intended, viz. ordering post-horses or shutting himself up, was no other than to hurry to his mistress, lay his fortune and heart afresh at her feet, magnify the virtues, the beauties, the charms of old Ireland, and vow that there the Baron should have no cause to regret either house, land, or title, for *his* land overflowed with all good things, and, above all good things, with a generous welcome.

The old German stared, and the young

German smiled, gratitude. But Fearnoch's suit was not yet won.

In a few days the Baron Von Wyerbusch and his daughter left Aix without acquainting any one, not even Fearnoch, of their intentions. His mission was of too painful a kind to be communicated. But the folks of Aix were not in fault in conjecturing that the Baron had gone to perform the stipulated surrender of his property.

Except from old associations, and the intrinsic value of the land, there was little indeed to regret in Wyerbusch. It was a ruinous old chateau, placed in a swamp, artificially made too for the adornment of the grounds, as a channel had been cut for the purpose of bringing water to fill canals and *fosses*, but the canals or the fosses having either never been perfected, or else allowed to go to ruin, the introduced water poured over the lands, so as to yield an extensive plain of ice in winter, and of reeds in summer. The

property was in about the latitude of Cologne rather to the southward of that town, and consequently on the very verge or limit, which may be said to divide the north from the south of Germany, vines, which are the great test, growing on one side, but not towards the other. A few stunted ones adorned some sandy hillocks at Wyerbusch, and although no doubt their produce sold and went for Rudesheim or Hocheim, it is to be doubted, whether it was more sour, or the site that grew it more desolate and bleak.

Such was the possession which the Baron prepared to surrender to a new occupant. He had arrived on the preceding evening, had arranged as dry a *gîte* for himself and his daughter as the chateau afforded, dreamed disastrously at night of his ancestors and their grim family pictures, which seemed to rise in angry insurrection against him, of *roulette rouge et noir*, and finally, of the stranger that was to come and oust him on the morrow. His

daughter too was not without her visions. She too had dreams of the grim stranger. And when both rose the next day in expectation of him, they had formed a fearful idea of the grimness, the forbiddingness, and the every way unworthy mien of the future Baron of Wyeërbusch.

Mid-day had passed. The old spendthrift and his daughter had terminated their frugal repast, when the sound of horns, the advance of couriers, and trampling of many horses, announced the new lord. The Baron grew pale, and yet with a sort of side-thought he reverted to the possibility of the new-comer's loving play, and at the same time not understanding it, of his spending the evening at the château, of, in fine, the fortune of chance making him reparation at the last. The daughter had not one coquettish idea; she had given her heart to the Hibernian, and only regretted that poverty now rendered her and his wishes as hopeless, as pride had hitherto done.

The six horses of the carriage drove up in

state, the vehicle itself paused, and shook with dignity, on the sudden termination of its course, before the portal of the chateau. There appeared the ancient Baron, supported by his Bailiff, prepared for the humiliating task of surrender; the young lady peeped from a lattice on high, with curiosity, amidst all her sorrows, to behold the new Baron.

The carriage was opened. He appeared—to be no other than Fearnoch himself. The lady cried with astonishment, the Hibernian ran to greet her, whilst the Baron stood in moody anger at the impertinent intrusion, for such he deemed it, of one come to witness his degradation. Fearnoch, however, presented his printed title to the property, signed duly and sealed in proper form. The Baron adjusted his spectacles, and by their aid, with a little reflection, he was convinced of the reality and truth of what he beheld.

The reader will, I am afraid, be with difficulty made to believe, but that these incidents,

and the means of bringing them about, are purely fictions. Let me assure him to the contrary. Indeed, every one, that had been in the habit of looking over even Parisian journals, can remember to have seen announcements of these German Lotteries, in which the prizes, instead of being, as with us, so much ready money, are always estates, landed property, castles, territories, or domains. It is a wonder that a custom so general and well known as this, and daily happening, has never been taken advantage of by the authors of minor dramas. I know of no incident founded on fact and custom, better calculated to wind up a fifth act with interest, and solve the enigma of a complicated drama. For my part I make use but of the raw material of fact, and in its rude state, without any garnishing of fiction.

Fearnoch had in fact obtained a prize in the German Lottery. To the company, which conducted this lottery, the Baron of Wyer-

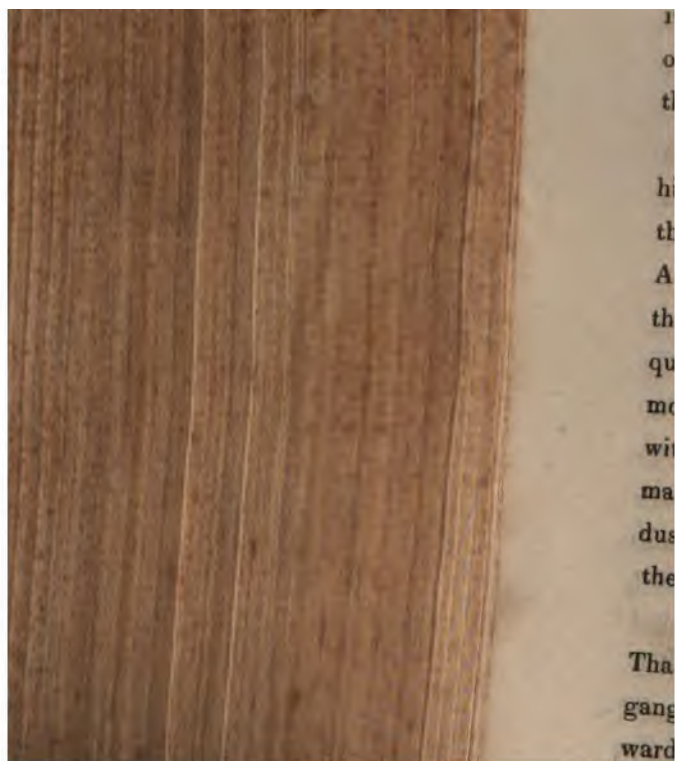
busch had sold his property. It was announced as a prize amongst many others the inhabitants of most European capitals were amongst the holders of tickets, but the Hibernian's was the number of fortune. He had won it.

The Baron heard, and proceeded to perform the ceremony of surrender; but Fearnock stopped him, pressed his old proposal, backed as it now was by the estate and the nobility of the house of Wyerbusch. The Baron had no cause to resist or gainsay, he was delighted with the compromise. And all matters were arranged upon the condition, to which Fearnock pledged himself, and which he inexorably demanded of the Baron, that they should all three take up their abode for the time at the chateau, forswear *Eaux* and gambling-tables, drain the swamp, new-roof the chateau, and live as happy and as retired as became old princes of the empire.

END OF THE GERMAN LOTTERY.

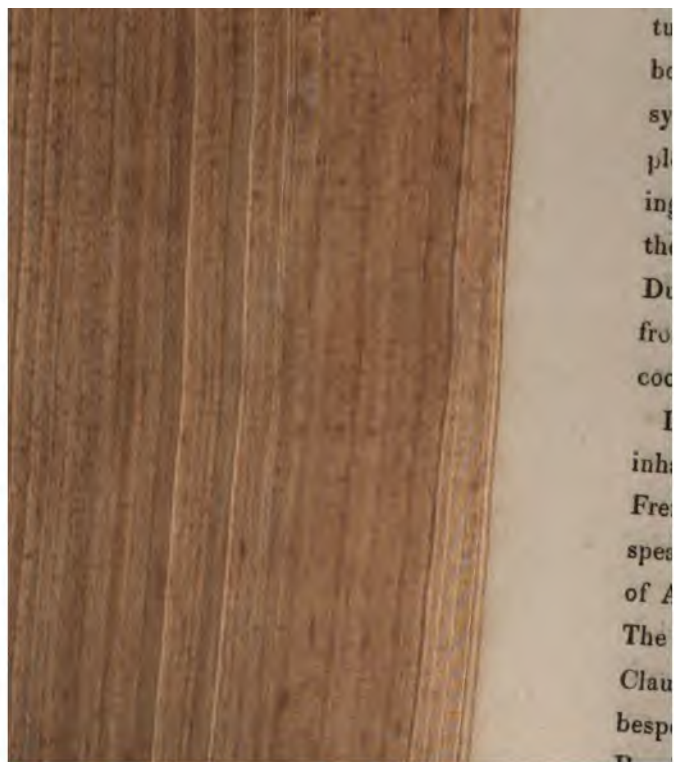
THE RHINE.

My impatience did not allow me to tarry at Aix La Chapelle for the evolving of Fearnoch's good fortune. All my eagerness and anticipations were directed to the Rhine, to whose stream I was bound in a kind of pilgrimage. Except Grenada and the Alhambra, which I know from Lord Porchester's beautiful poem, and interesting notes, there was no spot in Europe, that seemed to me so peculiarly the region of romance, as the Rhine and its famed valley. From Livy and Tacitus, and the historians of the olden time, down to the poets of our own, every



appearance and garments—their trowsers velvet, and of such width, that they flapped around their ancles, like a main-sail when the boat is in the act of tacking—their coat, I have no other save that vulgar and common name, embroidered—a little scarlet cap on each head, covering but the space of a cleric tonsure—these with pipes five feet in length, and ornamented with tassels (the colour and size of which tassels, adorning which pipes, are strictly defined by the regulations of the university), constituted an academic student, and distinguished him from the *Philistines*, or unlearning inhabitants of the towns wherein universities are situated.

I joined converse with the most humanized in appearance of these youths, and chattered with him some time. Finding I was an Englishman, he wished to give me a favourable idea of his information, and he accordingly dealt out to me divers anecdotes and repartees of Frederick the Great, and other



woody height, an immense plain is discovered stretching beneath, bounded by the horizon, and traversed by the broad stream of the undulating Rhine. This is the verge of that immense flat which extends from some miles southward of Cologne, northwest through all Holland, to the very mouth of the river. A knowledge of its great extent communicated an idea of still greater magnitude and sublimity to the portion of it which the eye embraced. After a moment's gaze over the extent of prospect, my attention was caught by the distant steeples of Cologne glittering in the beam of the evening sun, and contrasting with the dull and sombre plain that encircled them. Far to the south appeared the line of hills that commence the mountainous and lovely region, which forms and surrounds the valley of the Rhine. Four or five of the blue peaks of the Seven Hills were distinguishable. The prospect was extremely drear, I could not but confess, yet I

have seldom looked on one more interesting to me. It typified Germany; where the pleasures of novelty await the traveller, 'tis true but where the sun, and the smiling scenes and the luscious vegetation of the South are wanting.

As I trotted along the straight road, which leads across the already commenced plain to the city, its cemetery struck me to the left, a work of the French, no doubt, as the dead must, previous to the revolution, have reposed in the vaults of the many churches of this archi-episcopal city. The affected inscription indeed, spoke its authors sufficiently,—it was I forget what,—the last abode, or some such synonymous Latin word, *Agrippinensium*. The square wall and rampart, with which Cologne is surrounded, without zig-zag, or bastion told at once that its fortifications had been modelled as those of the Roman camp, in which they were erected, and long ere this art of Coehorn or Vauban had been meditated.

I have seldom entered a narrower-streeted, filthier, or more dismal city—'twas so far Roman within, as well as without. An old church, with its succession of little Saxon arches on high, and its lofty windows of the age of the Carolingians, and this too fronting a square, where Prussian recruits were drilling, was the first incongruity that struck me—but not the last, for Cologne is a mass of them. In a few minutes I had established myself at the hotel of the Grand Rhinberg, and stood gazing forth from my window at the rapid flow of the celebrated river.

The scene was stirring. Beneath me was the quay, the busy quay, alive with the commerce,—the mimic commerce certainly, compared with that of a great sea-port—of the river. A bridge of boats spanned the broad stream in a curve to Deutsch, a little suburb on the farther bank, and the wailing of the rapid waters past the opposing barges, or the rattle of carriage or cavalry crossing the wooden planks,



labyrinth of lanes. Workmen were busy upon it, but it was no longer to perfect, as yet is the fate of the rival cathedral of Milan: here the works were limited to preserve what already existed. A low roof, for example, at not one-third of the planned and proper height, was erecting to screen the worshippers and costly tombs of the cathedral within—a wretched and poverty-stricken expedient, for it could be looked on as nothing else, mocked by the stupendous pinnacles, which had, one of them at least, reached almost their destined height. Though that not altogether, for on the summit of the highest, yet stands the crane first erected for raising up the stones. The timbers of that crane have been rotting for half a century; the fretted and richly carven work of the front are mouldering away, as much by age as by defacement. Such a union of the inchoate and the abortive, the new and the decaying, the magnificent and the miserable, of human enterprise in short, and human vanity, never did



however those, whose
of the stream, enter upon it

On the German or eastern

"The castled crag of D

one of the seven hills, which

in company together, crag

their summits, some crown

with ruins. Nothing is s

more exquisite, than the

changing views in which

sent themselves, as you f

or proceed against its

At every five minutes' l

different prospect, the

under the same forms ;

them the same. I can

thing, save by calling

of the picturesque.

Not far up the strea

of it is encountered, ca

at situated

vent was the very object of my destination, as since the expulsion of its recluse inhabitants—but let its pathos come before its bathos. It is the convent in which the mistress of Roland took the veil on the eve of his return from the Holy Land. On the opposite shore rises a circular mount or mound, surmounted by a ruined castle. 'Twas this that Roland built for himself, where he might contemplate the abode of his lost mistress. One of Schiller's most famous ballads tells the story under the name of Knight Toggenburgh; and Russell has worthily translated it.

“Where from the shade of dusky limes
Peeps forth the convent tower,
He chose a nigh and silent spot,
And built himself a bower.
And there from morning's early dawn,
Until the twilight shone,
With silent hope within his eye
The hermit sate alone, &c.”

Now instead of limes read poplars, and instead of the old convent *tower*, represent to yourself an extensive well-slatted, gay-windowed man-

landsee opposite to it, and
Nonnenwerder.

Of late years it was more
kind of boarding-house or
for the lovers of the picture
or lingered in these regions
of my friends here quartered
and I was soon ferried across
the Rhine to one of the great
tainly, that ever caused
convent to resound with laughter.

The friend whom I expected
not, unfortunately, made
He was wandering among
or other beautiful regions
quaintance, however, I
elderly personage, whom
my last passage from England
at that time I had some

rules of life, which prohibit the formation of sudden friendships as puerile and vulgar, prevented me from displaying all the wish that I felt for somewhat nearer intimacy. His age, however, and official rank, which last his appearance bespoke him to possess, were still greater obstacles to my desire of intrusion. At Ghent, where we again met on the subsequent day, I happened to be too late for the public conveyance, by which I had purposed proceeding to Brussels. He offered me a seat in his carriage; 'twas accepted. And I was grateful to fortune for the enjoyment of his company. He was about to visit the Rhine: my steps were bent in precisely a similar direction; but this, though I hinted, he seemed not to notice. He evidently had no wish for a *compagnon de voyage*. Nor, in truth, upon reflection, had I; for though friendly ardour then, in its first hour of kindling, did prompt me to desire his company, I am well aware that I should have regretted

can repay the meditative for
the rapt moods and reveries

In despite of these cons
I was somewhat piqued at
the gentleman in question
farewell to me was one of
such as years joined with a
so flattering and touching
rather of the hurt and the

On making inquiry at h
for I was so far curious,
indebted for my agreeable
to the Comte De Laach.

The Comte De Laach
found by my side at Non
curious re-stumbling up
dently unsought by eit
as it appeared,

and if I might judge from his conversation, he had united the life of the soldier and the statesman in that happy degree, as to combine the frankness and boldness of one, to the full knowledge, the passionless, unprejudiced opinions of the other.

His countenance seemed to express that he had experienced some hours of sadness since, and at the same time that he had regretted parting with one, who promised (so he was good enough afterward to confess to me) to be a sympathetic, without being an impertinent companion. His words and demeanour, therefore, at present made me amends for any past coldness. We chatted much and long, longer than even the Rudesheimer lasted. The rest of the party had betaken themselves to gaiety, and left us alone together.

The Comte informed me he was about to visit a property of his in these regions, which he had made the resolution, for certain and perhaps futile reasons, to visit alone. It was

reality, and, on his be-
sented. His house, his ca-
words, and jumbled them
leave me in doubt as to its
ruined and out of repair, i-
able. But there was a cor-
house in which we sate, wh-
the abode of nuns and fri-
converted into a place of
tainment.

To convey to me this in-
formation, seemed irksome
have proceeded far enough
story as commenced, and m-
ere I continue my narrative

THE

CASTLE OF THE CONVENT LAKE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the primitive countries of the Rhine the hour of dinner is mid-day. The very name of dinner in German, which is *mid-day eating*, bespeaks as much. My companion, therefore, calculated that we should have time to reach Bröl ere night. I had meditated spending some days at Nönnenwerder, and from thence exploring each morning the beauties of the *Siebenberge*, or Seven Hills. But like many another famed scene of the picturesque, upon

ruins, nay, the very names and memorials attached to them, stood so thickly huddled together, as almost to give the mind of the beholder a surfeit of the ruined castle and the bandit lord.

One peculiarity too is to be remarked, that there is none of the terrific, the chaotic, the wonderful in these scenes of the Rhine. The ruins indeed frowned in desolation, and the green heights and knolls on which they stood were blank and desert—they told of the stern pride, the fierce passions of the feudal times. But the charm was owing to historic and traditional associations; Nature's own would have been insufficient. The discovery, I may call it, of Mont Blanc was but of yesterday. Its appalling, its surpassing scenes have no association, no link with the past, except indeed that their immensity excites the thought of the eternity of their existence. There Nature works alone in her sublimity. But the grandeur of the Rhine is not to this amount

too much of the truly grand
and in retrospect. They
highest point of the sublime
with the terrific.

The Drachenfels is the
abrupt precipice on the Rhine
too with its castle; yet the
scene predominates over
deed it may be considered
gular spots, of which these
ties dispute possession; for
or a gleam of sunshine, we
the superiority to one and

My companion and myself
about an hour, after which
silence side by side, both

of prose, would in my despite rise into the quicker and loftier pace of verse. Ere I reached Nönnenwerder indeed, sentiment and the Muse had got the better both of me, and of my careless prosaic mood. I had then got through a stanza or two; and many more—more, truly, than I shall weary my reader with—shaped themselves into stanzas during my after ride. I must set down some, however, were it but to record one of the veritable incidents of my wandering; and their rudeness will bear me out in the assertion that they were composed to the jog-trot of my Flemish steed.

No—'twill not be. Despite my love
Of solitude in scenes like these,
Despite mine idle wish to rove,
And all that vagabond disease
That mars Imagination's child,
Despite the health that bids me stay
Reproach, that calls me fickle, wild,
No farther can I turn away

From thee, the better part of life.—
Beneath me flows the purple Rhine,
Above me of chivalric strife,
The turreted memorials shine

Nor could the legends of the
More fully their dark story

The noblest ages of mankind
Have here their god-like
The Roman victor here re-
His sword, ne'er sheath
Here stooped to quench his
Of conquest, in yon dark
Here of that truth grew cold
The vainness of an hero

The Roman fell, the Franks
The Empire's flowing
While, whelmed in feeble
All, that ennobled man
Still here the generous spirit
Though doomed to last
Till forth, in Europe's name
The kindling flame of

But enough—I must speak
magne, his Paladins, and

added wonderfully to its prevailing tone. My companion seemed to enjoy my admiration of these, his native scenes. He was proud of their influence, though he avoided to prove them or interrupt my contemplations by a remark. At length I said, or rather asked abruptly,

"This is the territory of Prussia?"

"Yes," was the reply, "we are Prussians for the present."

"'Tis a strange parcelling forth of Europe, that brings the power of Prussia hither."

"A finesse of the statesmen at Congress, of your minister especially, which gave this immense duchy to the House of Brandenburg, that she might at once cover Hanover, and by being made *limitrophe* of France, so be interested to watch the motions of that ambitious land."

"And previous to eighteen hundred and fifteen—?"

"We were French, part of the Great Nation,

the department of the
honoured by our share
conscriptioas."

"And still previous to

"O' my faith, one mi
spot where we tread,
sovereignty of the Elec

"Strange," said I, "
with peculiar loveliness
time, be cursed by cl
dered insignificant by

"Beauty and misfo
animate or inanimate
Is not such the rule of

"It is not that of j

"But is what you

man of spirit can be born under, is to have none."

This was spoken in a tone of feeling, to which I could not bring myself to reply in the cold spirit of argument. So then our converse ceased, and in a little time we reached the inn at Bröl.

I love these little Rhenish inns, that is, if the weather be such as to allow one to dispense with the alluming of their dark stoves. Their fare too is passable—the fresh fish of the Rheinstrom serving to vary the eternal veal, which is the standing dish of Germany. And the Aarbleicher is to me a far more delicious beverage than Johannisberg. We were near the vineyard of its growth, and the good landlady no sooner beheld the visage of the Comte De Laach, than the warmest of welcomes, the profoundest of courtesies, and the best both of larder and cellar, made their appearance with alacrity.

Amidst all the good dame's reverence, how-

had been, and was, the
the times of French do
have kept possession of
tongue. And even when
for her lingering in the
or devoured, she still
and seeking tidings res
affairs of her master, w
some time absent from

Her great anxiety an
to respect the *jungfrau*
whether I spell aright
lena, but so at least it
was a daughter of the
learned. He informe
was well, and that h

—pious and many were her ejaculations—the old times were to come again—and she prayed Saint Genevieve,—a Saint of those regions, though her relics were stolen by the French—that she might cause them to last.

“And the Schloss,” so she called the castle, “was to be rebuilt.”—“No such difficult or expensive task,” her husband, whose reverence had hitherto kept him outside the door, though with ears erect, burst in to prove, “for the fire had burnt but the slated wing, which his highness the late Count had built, where the family, as the Count well knew, resided”—here the Count coloured and grew impatient—“he had cause to remember it,” continued the host.

“No more of that,” said the Count, imposing silence.

“It is not for me to recall griefs,” said the innkeeper, “except to tell your Highness, that a thousand Rhenish dollars would put every

847
"It is enough, my good
Count, "I will trouble
night; we are weary and
retire immediately."

Mine host, with his
what reluctantly, though
could scarcely have gone
through the town and
We for our part retired
to our apartments,
willing to indulge, by
and slumber, joined with
the plashing and waving

On the morrow I
than the Comte. His
had been such, was
league from the village

fore sallied forth alone, and clambered one of the mountains that overhang the little town of Bröl, in which the ruins of the Castle of Rheinek rose, offering me thus not only a splendid prospect thence, but also objects worthy of being minutely explored therein.

The region is volcanic, the only spot indeed which I have beheld on the Rhine symptomatic of the great convulsions of nature. Lava-blocks are here and there visible; the green soil frequently broken by excoriations, as of a calcinated earth beneath: and the whole scene transported me in imagination from the country of the old archiepiscopal electorates to that of southern Italy, from the banks of the Rhine to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Having satisfied myself with the picturesque, and at the same time awakened my appetite, I descended to Bröl, in hopes that by this time my companion was arisen. On arriving at the village, previous indeed to entering it, I found

male and female, to whose
object of curiosity. Then
me, and at last shouted.
come and honour me.
scarcely do more than as
in the German tongue, I
stood, it was only from
better class. The dial
nish peasants was uttered
me. The word *Graf*,
recognized as signifying
no means solved the e
ments.

Breakfast, however, a
matter of such vital im
my way, in despite of t
with some difficulty, t
D. L. - D. L. at the

still greater deference, which as he evinced by addressing me in the third person, I was as much perplexed as ever. Anon came mine hostess, who was jealous of the sound of her good man's voice, and then to a fresh strain of courtesy was I obliged over again to duck and bow, disclaim in Anglo-German, and look foolish. At length I caught, that the old dame actually applied to me the title of Fice-Graff, or Viscount, which called forth fresh and earnest disclaimers on my part. Jost, however, shook his head, till I gave up the dispute, and allowed myself to be Viscounted, provided I got my breakfast.

The Comte De Laach joined me at my meal, and he too began to perceive some more than ordinary trouble, some more than common significance in the countenances of the good people of the *Rabe*. Jost himself entered with a broiled trout, a fresh bottle of Rhenish, and cast a grin of delight first on me, and then on my companion. The latter immediately ques-

in his head, or where
utterly lost the good man
of his station.

The innkeeper made a
what he imagined. I
seize its import, except
he supposed me to be
whom the Count was
noble's countenance fl
sorrow mingled at the
and bidding him peren
old fool, scarcely gave
contradict so evident a

The road or rather pa
soon after, led from th
bach or valley of the
given both to the s
through which it ran.

must have been most thickly inhabited. Ruins moulder on every eminence, while the more recent though not less decayed remains of many villas are seen in peaceful positions, visited alike by the destructive hands of war and time.

I thought that my companion, since he had solicited my company, might have contributed somewhat to my information or entertainment, by letting me into the secrets of these thick ruins, their fate, and that of their lords. But the Count seemed absorbed in meditation of the most unsocial kind. Perhaps he divined my thoughts, for after a time he observed,

"I was wrong, Sir, in wishing you to accompany me. The approach to my native place calls forth many and painful recollections, which now I could not coldly communicate, and without a full acquaintance with which, you could scarcely sympathize with me."

"The novel scenery," I asserted, "was sub-

to me."

" Besides when we do have scarcely a roof or a

I was hurt and ill at back.

" It is twenty years Count, perceiving that came necessary betwixt the place we are about young to remember, b to you the period—it Emigrés, amongst who France, made Coblenz the scene of at once th and counter-revolution comes my honest ser Jost, one of the most r the Rhine, and who, a

—that is, if you have patience to listen. But tell indeed he will, so that lest you should offend him by a yawn or an impatient remark, likely nevertheless, I will not anticipate him. Moreover his coming will interrupt us. I dispatched him before me to make what preparations were feasible; and whatever was feasible, three-handed and three-tongued Jost will have performed. But that I may not altogether baulk your expectancy, I may inform you simply, that with some other nobles, my betters, Kings, Dukes, and Counts—myself was there a sort of German sovereign, a Count Palatine, so we were termed.—I leagued in favour of the ejected Bourbons to exterminate the republican French; in which not succeeding, as you may have learned, the republican French, whilst I was beating up their quarters with a wild troop of emigrés, came with one of their divisions athwart my unfortunate castle, took, sacked, burned it, and—dispersed my unfortunate family—”



small buskined feet the point. His dress was as singular as his person—red embroidered pantaloons, like those of an Hungarian soldier, striped, slashed, be-frogged and be-looped jacket, and a casquet or cap, composed of a fine circle round his head, from whence fell a long red cloth bag with a tassel—indeed, I think I have seen such upon our own stage in some well-dressed melodrame;—and so, for all the novelty of the dress, might have spared myself the trouble of description.

“ Well, Jost, how are the old walls,—are they habitable ? ”

“ Thunder and lightning, your Highness, three snugger rooms the Prince of Neuwied could not stretch himself in than I have prepared, roofed, tapestried, and all.”

“ Roofed, Jost ? that was expeditious.”

“ Fi fal la, let Jost alone for cording a tent. But the walls were black,—ya, black as the breeching of the old Elector’s one four-and-twenty pounder, when she fought the whole

me, but his master cut
story.

"You will put up with
said the Count to me.

"But the Herr won't
quoth Jost, "for I have
the lake to whitewash for

"Whitewash the Lake
Count.

"Whitewash the
Lake?" cried I.

"Let us hurry to pre-

"Thunder and lightning
Jost, "as if whitening
make a castle spruce,
well as make a soldier

"You are a Goth, Jost

The Count hurried on without waiting for any farther of Jost's exculpations. We were soon at the foot of the Veitsberg, a noble mountain, from whence Jost informed me, I might look down into the Laach Schloss, nay, to the very bottom of the lake itself, if my sight could penetrate so far—a kind of proviso, that would improve many prospects. As we turned the mountain, we gradually came in view of the Convent Lake, and the Schloss in question. But its description I reserve for another chapter.

CHAPT

As we partly mount-
lessly it seemed, exce
attaining an imposing
ther we journeyed, b
looked down, certainly
ficent scene in the neigh
the Seven Hills themse
We had ascended cons
left Bröl, and even the
lately trodden, was far

reposing thus high. It lay at the foot of the Veitsberg, amongst a number of beautiful hills, all clothed with trees and vegetation—villas and villages were scattered round, the long white fronts of the former, and the twin steeples that rose from each church of the latter, enlivening the animated prospect. With this was contrasted the barren brow of the lordly Veitsberg, rugged and of variegated hue, here rearing up its granite peaks, and there displaying dark and gloomy spots, where lava blocks still rested.

It instantly recalled the lake of Avernus to my mind, or that of Albano; the Convent Lake was, like them, volcanic, as its pale blue and transparent waters would have alone evinced, if there were not abundant proofs around, in the lava, in volcanic springs, and exhalations, like those of the Solfaterra, and Agnano. As we rapidly descended to it, the old Count being more eager than even myself or Jost, I was enabled gradually to mark

previously discussed.

At a short distance from it, separated from it by a slip of land, was the Convent which gave access to the Lake. It had been the property of a rich Benedictine that claimed, ere the French took the territory to themselves, every feudal remnant that remained in vassalage the chief of the tribe. They asserted the same property of the Counts of the Empire, representative of which was Comte De Laach—and that of Altenberg being the pages of one of the finest works of fiction.

held their claim beyond the walls of their refectory, as such, coming to the ears of any of the succeeding Counts of Altenberg or Laach, might have seriously endangered their repose.

The Castle was also on the borders of the Lake, at some distance from the monastery, and on the only mound or eminence that rose immediately from its brink. It presented the usual aspect of old Rhenish castles, its great square tower or donjon, its lower line of battlements, and at each corner a round tower springing. A fosse cut around it had of old been filled with the waters of the lake, and perhaps still remained so during the months of winter; for the present, however, it was dry, and afforded the only access to the ruins, whatever bridge formerly traversed it, being utterly destroyed.

The work of whitewashing, fortunately, had not been begun, and we were in time to cast out the preparations, that Jost had countenanced, into the lake. One wing of it was



and Jost's boasted roofing was confined to stopping a few apertures with straw. The necessary furniture already transported, made two or three apartments look very habitable, at least beneath a summer's sun. And the Count felt so satisfied, that he ordered a messenger to be dispatched forthwith to Mayence (Coblentz, though nearer, and a *chef lieu* during the dominion of the French, as well as the residence of the Elector of Treves previously, not abounding in expert artizans, or in the produce of their handy-work), in order that every thing requisite for the perfect repair and furnishing of the castle might be expedited down by the Rhine as speedily as possible.

Statesman as was the Count, and by profession a meddler in the important affairs of modern states and of European politics in general, he still felt pleasure in the planning for masons and carpenters; and he, whose head had been usefully and well employed in the business of a Congress, seemed equally

tower forming a kind of
ber, and being scarcely
what once had been a
waters made their way
however little one might
the latitude of Naples
was certainly incommo

Little happened worth
remembrance for several
that I was once on
ancient and venerable
seemed to take an interest
watching and following
climber, and a quick
whose aspect inspired
my gowned and cinctured
almost made him
cross and to re-cross

mind, as much as his actual person did my steps when wandering, I resolved to commune with the fiend, if such he should prove.

I found him, however, nothing more than an active, inquisitive old man. He seemed to have taken into his credulity the same mistake that had procured me such honour at Bröl, and wanted to discover whether or not the Comte De Laach had adopted, or considered me as his son. I soon undeceived the friar, and as by so doing I had acquired, methought, some right to his confidence, I questioned him in turn, not doubting but that from his gray hairs, I should extract some story or information, either amusing to me or useful.

He had been a friar of the old convent—a happy friar, he said, when he could beg the whole year round from door to door, or under pretence of begging, visit cottage after castle and castle after cottage, and meet a welcome in all. The happiness of human life seemed

monarch, what they had lost from his revolutionary enemies, the poor remnant of the monks of Laach resumed their gowns, their cords, and tonsures, with a prospective view of being re-installed in their abbey.

Friar Guy was one of these. Day after day they were anxiously negotiating that at least the abbey walls might be restored to them, which his Majesty of Prussia would willingly, out of his known love to Catholicism, have granted them, if he knew how to repay the purchase-money which the existing proprietors had paid at the revolutionary sale, a pact that by treaty the monarch was bound to respect.

Now the Comte De Laach was known to be high in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He had himself become proprietor of the greater part of the abbey lands, and the abbey itself, which he had under-let to a kind of half farmer, half innkeeper. To assail the Count in the proper time and place, to

was the great object of F
of the Count's having eit
a son, alarmed the friar a
seek an interview with
events; indeed, he, better
to be impossible; since
present at the fire of t
trated amongst its smok
as well, as even Jost his
saved, and what peris
adopting any one woul
fatal to the old convent'
step could but be taken
the family name; and wi
tion, the dismembering o
would scarcely harmoniz

I relieved his anxiety
for how short a time

than dislike for the sandal-shoon, his old heart either yearned towards me in kindness, or else he thought it expedient to make a friend, especially one resident in the castle of the Comte de Laach, by any means and with what haste he could. The cunning old fellow was not long in finding out my weak side, and he took advantage of it by pouring in my ear at every opportunity the old legends of the Rhine, and the more modern events that befel, and anecdotes that respect, the lovely and parcelled out territories along its banks. I found accordingly the old monk a far more agreeable, and less impertinent source of information than my friend Jost, to whom the Count had recommended me.

The Castle of the Convent Lake was in the mean time filled with furniture and visitors. The shattered battlements resumed their warlike and embrasured line—the burnt and blackened pannelling of the interior was o'erhung with tapestry—each turret boasted

with the temperance
or oftener, as occasion
the joyous wassail, with
Diplomatists from Frank
importance of the German
now a Professor, freed from
from his lecturing duties
the learned Schlegel, from
new chair at Bonn—German
of the old powdered scholar
seemed to have kept the
quette safe *en papillote*
of French influence, so
quoted, were these
dames too, of other schools
from the fashionable
circles of München or
to improve their health

for his summer residence; and it behoved husbands and fathers to give up Tæplitz and Carlsbad immediately, and proceed more westward to do homage at once to Fader Metternich and Fader Rhein. Perhaps a dandy of my own nation would make his appearance betimes, a scene-hunter like myself, or a melomane. But they were afflicted with that English disease, the fidgets, which I shall not dignify by the name of ennui; over night, indeed, they contrived to drown the foul fiend in draughts of Rhenish; on the morrow, however, it was found infallibly that they had fled from their natural enemy ere cock-crow.

At length arrived the Count's fair daughter, Helena—fair indeed, of that happy mixture of French and German beauty, which unites the piquancy and inimitable grace of the one to the full and generous charms of the latter. She came, accompanied by,—I hope I translate the degree of affinity aright—a great-

5
sense of the word, was M
With her, it seemed, Hele
chiefly resident during t
diplomatic and political r
Manheim, the old capit
was Mrs. Milberghause
and residence, and there
by the Rhine's brink, l
loveliness, in enthusiasu
very great-grand-aunt's
feeling also.

The old lady was mo
her details of, and re
which at that period oc
interests of Europe—
servile heart—filled m
mind with wild and c

power, in the person of a man of letters, a native of Germany, and one whose talents should have raised him above such baseness. This had taken place at Manheim. And as the commission over which the Count presided had been appointed on account of this very event, the old lady was determined to afford to him all the information, not to be told in a small compass, that she had gathered respecting the subject.

I listened to the old lady with far more patience than did the Count, and at the same time was not long in perceiving that Helena, although she too listened, seemed not to agree with her aunt's conclusions, nor yet to listen to her strictures with patience. The young girl would even at times venture upon an interruption, such as,

"Now you know, aunt, the young student never beheld the — in his life before, and therefore could have no personal animosity to-



never see the Austrian and Prussian eagles pinioned together into one ensign."

"And a very pretty popinjay they would both make for a band of free-shooters to take aim at," observed the vivacious Helena.

"Ha, ha! my pretty maiden," cried the alarmed father, "be these your principles, this the wit ye have learned at Manheim? Where may this arise from, good Madame the Baroness Milberghausen?"

The old lady shrunk from the severe glance that accompanied the question. She, however, pleaded her excuse with sullied gravity, vowed that she had kept her young ward's attention aloof from all such considerations, as far as was practicable in the present degenerate and easy ways of society, which there was no escaping from but in seclusion. But indeed Heidelberg and its university were so near Manheim, that all the youth of both sexes were become inoculated with the wild and pernicious ideas of the students.



lena's cheek, at this observation gave place to paler. The Count remarked it, thought an instant, then seemed to smile at the absurdity of the suspicion that had crossed him, rested satisfied that the mere allusion to murder, or the utterance of the word, had been sufficient to shock the feminine nerves of his daughter, kissed her, and directed his attentions to another visiter, his thoughts to another topic.



was open, and my clothes—not either valise or purse, for the former was unrifled, and the latter lay, placed expressly on a chair—my coat, vest, and pantaloons had disappeared utterly. There was not a trace of them. I bel-
lowed for Jost: Jost came, shrugged his broad shoulders, put one eye-brow up in wonderment, whilst the other went down in suspicion, but he could neither explain, nor help me. My wardrobe was of the scantiest, and I was compelled to step down stairs to breakfast *en grand tenue*, as if to a ball or to a dinner of ceremony. I told my story—some disbelieved me—others laughed—the Count questioned Jost, got the same explanation that I did, and, like a great politician, forgot both me and the circumstance the next moment, more especially as he was posed and perplexed by the first page of a new pamphlet, which M. Gentz had been good enough to send for his perusal. Jost somewhat consoled me for the laughter of Helena, which was sorer to me than all the

luntary smile at times, when the subject was alluded to, betrayed a symptom of knowledge, if not complicity, in the larceny. But then her smile, when such took place, was always followed, or perhaps checked by a sigh, an aspect so woeful and pensive, that I always banished the thought upon the instant.

I resolved, however, to be more chary of my inexpressibles, especially in a country where they could be replaced but by scarlet ones; and accordingly I lay more wakeful, than is my wont, in my chamber of the western turret. It was either owing to chance, or to this resolution, that, lying awake one night, I heard a footstep stealthily cross my chamber. I looked. A figure crossed the window, and so became manifest to me even in the obscurity. It crossed, moreover, not from the door of the chamber, but to it, turned back the precautionary bolt, on which I had so much depended, and tripped along the corridor. I rose hastily, though without disturbance, and

well the windings of
length I discovered him
me in whispering dialog
a female voice. I conj
domestic of Helena.
to beseech and pray, at
tulation and denial, w
daring to penetrate so
what he desired was im
he returned laden, and
tles in a basket, as we
ance of his burden, I c
sion for the hungry.
pared to respect the
had he but whispered
by his saints, I shou
accountable loss, ha

less likely to produce mistake, to watch the fellow to his place of entrance. This was my final plan ; following him, I found him repass my chamber, and disappear through the western turret, in which, on examination, I found a door, a very palpable door and staircase communicating with the *basse cour* and lower apartments.

The part of accuser is not an agreeable one in most circumstances : to me it seemed best to warn the damsel of Helena, that her midnight acquaintance had been seen and watched, and to recommend, both to her and him, more prudence for the future. I thought not very seriously of the person or the adventure, until I perceived that my hint had reached the ears of Helena, nay, and affected her also. She directed at times a supplicatory look towards me, seemed to seek an opportunity of saying a word in confidence, that would banish my fears and distrust ; but Madam Milberghausen, her vigilance sharpened by the late rebuke of

the Count, acted the du
she had been on the bank
not the Rhine.

That there was some
and perhaps a delicate
dent; and either to fa
seemed impracticable
was but one alternative
unpleasantness, and thi
parture. This resolution
and fixed the time for i
spite of the dissuasions
more earnest, though r
his daughter.

Still keeping my d
peared to expostulate a
Thi

He said he came to fling himself on an Englishman's generosity—that he was a student of the university of Heidelberg, suspected unjustly of having been an accomplice in the late assassination at Manheim—that he had been compelled to fly, and had sought shelter in these wilds.

“Why these wilds?”

He had known them and their recesses from youth up—the Prussian police too was less rigid and vigilant, than that of the smaller states—and—to throw off disguise—he knew, he loved Helena De Laach, whose humanity secretly provided food for him and his companions, although she refused to see or converse with him.

His dress, that of a student, bore witness to his story, as did his accent and manner more powerfully. His sombre gait, fashioned too like that of Hamlet on our stage, his diminutive cap, and rapier by his side, harmonized with a tragical and mysterious story.



"Shall be told only to those who fully trust me."

He departed. Helena the next morning confirmed the truth of what I had heard. And so I consented to remain till after the arrival of Schrueber.

M. Schrueber was a vulgar, *bourgeois*-looking personage; the Count introduced him to me as a peer, but whether a peer of the little state of Hesse Darmstadt or that of Baden, I forget. Suffice that the name of peer, and the idea of nobility attached to Schrueber, endowed him with a character eminently ridiculous, as every step which he took to support his dignity, marred it. He was a politician of the right Austrian school—he had a horror of the words *representative* and *constitution*—firmly believed that the *jury* and the *liberty of the press* were inventions of the foul fiend, who peculiarly ruled heretic England—and confined his admiration exclusively to that *civil inquisition*, which French statesmen have dig-



to constitute a patron, and who, like many a minister of despotic power, yearned as much to liberality in heart, as he was compelled to frown upon and crush it in act.

"And, M. Schrueber," asked the Count, "has any thing more been discovered relative to Sand's affair? I think you charged yourself with the inquisition into the probability of the student of Jena having accomplices at Heidelberg?"

"For that matter, they are all accomplices," said Schrueber, "Heidelberg, Jena, Halle, and Göttingen are united, the students affiliated in secret societies. And this last act emanated from one of their conclaves."

The Count shook his head, in doubt of an accusation, which inculpated the rising generation of Germany in the crime of murder. "The youths' was an inflammable mind, that caught the spark from the general agitation—no more—if otherwise proofs could not be wanting, and there are none."

"A band of
withdrawn themselves on
my inquest," said Schruet
this look like?"

"I hope you did not
M. Schruet, with pur
examination, such as im
even might have frighte
or an insulting accusati
might have disgusted
most honourable of th

"I was not able to
on my arrival I found
a throng, and deaf
that in self-defence
the aid of hussars,
"

"Not at all likely, that they would have fled for such a trifle, or from such a man as I am known to be."

"No, in verity," quoth Madam Milberghausen.

Helena, I perceived, during this conversation was every moment on the point of bursting forth either in denial or in sarcasm, but dread of her father, of his severe dryness of manner and instantaneous penetration, checked her. She rejoiced, however, to see, and she had hitherto held a contrary opinion, that the Count was by no means so thorough a satellite of power, as to think the effervescence of juvenile spirits a crime meriting condemnation, inquisitions, and imprisonment. Helena held her peace, and wisely; for, left solely to encounter the questions and observation of the Count, M. Schrueber, in his narrowness, in his wish to please, and fear to exceed, and ignorance of the proper limit to stop at, en-

than an open declaration
tation of his principles
duced.

CHAPTER IV.

A HUNTING-PARTY was resolved on, which put Jost to the greatest possible bustle and glee. Hunting-spears and fusils, nets and dogs, were sought and collected. And all the company of the castle one fine morn sallied forth to the woods that surround the lake and clamber up the Veitsberg. All a stranger's curiosity was awake to observe in what manner they would proceed towards the capture of the game. None were mounted. The dogs were few; but in lieu of these, a pack of bipeds, or peasants of the country, were collected to an immense number, and were soon in full cry with zeal and alacrity, ere sight had been ob-

tained of a single
reached a spot nigh to the
noisy council of chase was
presided, the Count being
the cabinet than in the field
was determined by strength
indeed to excite suspicion
breasts of the least wary game
and what was to be done.

I was rather impatient
for the stirring comment
appointment, I was led up
or lane, and placed between
stout trees in ambuscade
men of the party were on
the same side of the wood
our vigilance and cogitation
forth to surround it on all

nor was it a circle of men that hemmed them in, narrowing gradually, so as to close them round the sportsmen in the middle, as is, I believe, the custom in great German hunts. We were alone at one side, and the pack of country-folk at the other, so that having once run the gauntlet of our fire, the game escaped. And this appeared to me by far a more generous way of proceeding, than the more orthodox and murderous fashion.

Methought, my own ought to have been a disagreeable position for a bad shot and an inexperienced sportsman, as the shouts of the many voices and the baying of the dogs began of a sudden, and drowned by fits in the thick fastnesses of the wood, emerged and grew nearer, thus driving upon us the wild beasts of the forest; but as no one seemed to contemplate either unpleasantness or peril, of rare occurrence, I dismissed the idea. Soon a fox was seen to steal past, and other diminutive animals, not worth the sportsman's aim;

It was one of the last stragglers, for the game had almost passed altogether; and Schrueber, relying on this, sallied forth from his ambuscade into the alley in order to make more sure of his prey. He had scarcely raised his musquet, when, to his dismay, the grunt of another animal resounded behind him. The terrified Schrueber turned, and saw this new foe. 'Twas too late to regain his ambuscade, and he fled, pursuing one boar, and pursued by another, at the same time holding at arm's length from him, lest a brake or branch should touch the trigger, the musquet that he dreaded to use. As he fled in the line of the game too, there was a possibility of his receiving the fire of some brother hunter, who in his hurry and surprise might have done the peer the honour of taking him for a beast of prey.

Shots in stunning succession resounded in the mean time, and the shouts of the country people, having now nearly traversed and cleared the wood, with the barking of their

unexpected species of gar-
ance—a band of German
garb was to be believed,
about ten. Driven from
joint-tenants of the forest
collected in a mass, in order
to make good their retreat.
When they passed, the foremost gave
me a look of recognition. I for the first time
saw his countenance, which,
though I could not but
choose, was
choice.

I followed them. To my
hand, and the sport seemed
I hurried to the road
to get a glimpse, if possible, of
the disaster. The *bourgeois*

sink with terror. The sportsmen in ambuscade seemed to have enjoyed the dismay and danger of the poltroon, for none stepped forth to his aid. The Count alone took pity on his visiter, and stepped forth to intercept the boar, that seemed to pursue with rage and alacrity the prey that had started up before him. The Count fired, wounded, but did not kill the animal, who thereupon turned his rage and grinning tusks at the old noble. Another shot had still less effect. The beast closed on the Comte De Laach, drove his tusks into his leg, overthrew him—and a general shout and shriek arose from his terrified friends and too distant attendants. The tusks of the enraged boar would in an instant have been in the stomach of the foe he had overturned; but that at the moment the foremost student, who had far outstripped his comrades with incredible speed, arrived, and seasonably plunged his knife or dagger into the brute's neck. Even then he did not die without struggle,

him. The Count too was
some hasty bandages were
that was trivial, except wh
sufferer were considered,
in silence and astonishmen

"Who is this young
the Count, "to whom I a
servation?"

The question was repea
youth by the by-stander

"It matters excessively li

"On the contrary, my
Schrueber, who had mus
deliverance, and rejoined
ters much. We must k
to heap our thanks and in
for the precious life he ha

boar, eying the youth at the same time more attentively than he had hitherto done. And the incongruity of a student being of a sudden found in the depths of a Rhenish forest struck him. The costume too was perfect, that of the most thorough Brusch, and Bonn as yet contained none such.

"You are from Heidelberg, young master?" said Schrueber.

"From Bröl, Sir, if you seek to know my place of birth and residence."

"Your parents?" asked the Count.

"Sleep by the Rhine's bank. They are no more. My uncle is known by the name of Friar Guy, an ancient Benedictine of yon Convent, Sir; may you live well."

This last expression was tantamount to bidding adieu to the company, and accordingly after uttering it, the speaker turned to withdraw, and rejoin his comrades, who lurked at some distance from the scene.

But both the Count and Schrueber made

De Laach, for interfering to
boar?"

"No prisoner, young man,
which I owe you, impels me
from that fate. And my friend
seems by his looks to entreat
ing you, that you and I together
be able to clear up. His
be precipitate and summon
you to favour me with your
castle?"

"If you owe me gratitude,"
replied the youth, "let it
ing my path free."

"Respect the advice of the
Count. "Bear me to the castle,
man will follow. And let

The latter were found somewhat impracticable, as the domestics in approaching the little band, found the students with rapiers drawn to oppose them. They would hear nothing, till they were assured that their comrade was at liberty, and that he went of free will to the castle of the Comte de Laach. Learning this from his own mouth, they withdrew to their fastnesses, as before, affecting to be one of those parties, who wander for the purpose of studying botany and geology through the mountains.

Fritz, for so his comrades named the youth, accompanied the wounded Count and his followers to the castle, wearing certainly an air of uneasiness and agitation, that confirmed apart the evidently evil opinion entertained of him by Schrueber. That personage remained behind, occupied in his own cogitations, and in the mean time the rest of the party reached the castle.

Helena was naturally in distraction on be-

of colour and surprise
than when she beheld th
of his followers. The g
hausen was equally pet
and the Count could not
young student, howev
was not one to either
female guardian.

The wounded lord
veyed to his chamber,
closed, throwing a co
the spirits of the party

CHAPTER V.

FRITZ and I became friends. He was often called to the chamber of the Count; and as we were all in the habit of entering there, in order to enliven the dulness of confinement, I was witness to one of the conversations that took place betwixt the young student and the old noble.

"I hope you have kept your promise, my young friend," said the Count, "in asking pardon of the Baron Schrueber for the insults you so gratuitously offered him."

"My promise was but to try to do so," replied Fritz; "I did endeavour. But 'twas



earn that fate, by what ye jurisconsults would call a *crime* worthy of it."

The Count frowned sadly. "If you have been an accomplice in the crime of Sand, as Schruieber believes, and as your words render credible, you have done enough. And then indeed we may part."

"I knew nought of it; I first heard, and then admired."

"Is it not inconceivable," said the Count, addressing me, "that such principles should be taught, held, and vaunted?"

"They are the children of despotism," said Fritz. "One evil can be combated by another. And such a permanent crime may be well bartered for a passing one."

"That is, tyranny for assassination."

"The same."

"What jesuitical sophist taught thee this?"

"My country's wrongs, my own reason."

"It is folly to argue with a madman. Doth

your enthusiasm urge you to imitate the man patriots?"

"It doth," said Fritz proudly.

"Then remember Fabricius scorned that which you applaud, and his count recorded it to his praise."

"So have they recorded and praised the daring of Mutius on a contrary principle."

"Ah! their moral code was somewhat different. But we are Christians," said the Count. "At least, whether we believe or not, we walk in the light of Christianity, and feel the truth and divinity of its precepts, even when we are led to the discovery to our own sagacity. You do not know what you abet, what you applaud, when you ever see blood?"

"Often," replied the youth with a smile.

"From your finger, or the scratch of a sword-pier? But was it the life's blood, wrung from the heart even of the veriest wretch, by the hand of a murderer? Go, I cannot believe that you are so easily beguiled with the sanguinary paradox you use."

I am bound at least by gratitude as well as humanity to endeavour to recover you from it. Chance or providence may aid me."

I had retired to a lattice, and was gazing forth from it upon the lake and the lovely landscape that surrounded it.

"Another word," continued the Count; "where knew you my daughter, Helena?"

"At Manheim. From Heidelberg thither is a frequent excursion of the students. I met her in society."

"Never in secret."

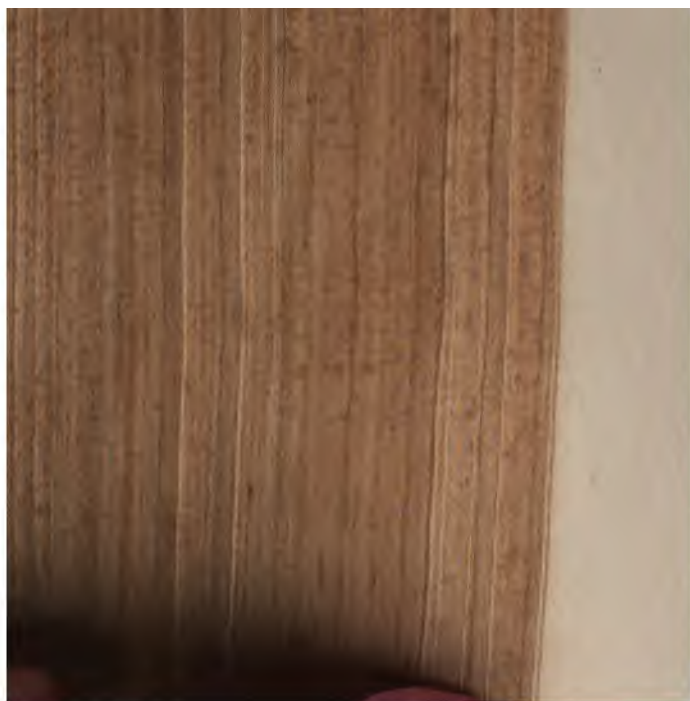
"Never," and the youth flushed.

"Who introduced you to her, or what circumstances?"

"Chance," and he was still more confused.

"You are frank, and I dare say honourable—you must make me a promise on this point. Let me not have the air to dictate it."

"Then if you allow me freely to converse and cultivate friendship with Helena De Laach,



of his affections, he still did not wish to communicate.

"You are anxious to see a gang of wild Bruschers," said he, "and you shall. What an amiable, generous, noble old man!" continued he, abruptly turning his thoughts from his rude comrades to the mild and prudent friend, whose counsel still sounded in his ear. "How different I deemed him—the proud aristocrat—and can the minions of tyranny be like him, humane, considerate, reasonable, liberal—impossible—yet he is so—this 'tis to take one's ideas of the world from the hatreds and prejudices of the cloister or the college!"

"Why even there should an unjust opinion have been formed of the Comte De Laach?"

"Why—he has been sent here chief inquisitor,—to lend his ear to information,—to shut us up in dungeons, and force confessions from us,—to uproot our societies, our bonds, and decimate the youth, that are the hope of Germany."

"Nay—you exaggerate."

"It is his duty, his office—he has accepted it—he is paid for it. A dozen of us had sworn his death."

"You are imprudent to make me a co-danant of meditated murder. There——"

"Fear not. Thou hast seen that in the hour of opportunity, this hand was raised to save, not to destroy."

"The having meditated it, but for an instant, is crime enough."

"Thou art a canting Philistine," said the student. "Have dreams never tempted you? Nor the enemy of mankind, in a solitary hour, o'ershadowed you with his wing? Have you never felt the first inchoate thought of crime, of a selfish, or luxurious one, if not of the self-devoting and the noble? Go—I took you for an open-souled man."

I stood, more astonished than hurt, scarcely understood what I had heard. I hurried on a few paces and returned. "Come

said he, "your reproof was right. Providence has saved me from a great crime."

"I cannot understand you. Methought that you were the lover of Helena De Laach. How then in return meditate evil against her parent?"

"By treading private affection under the feet of public duty."

"I will regain the castle," said I.

"You shall not—shall not leave me to my passion, my remorse. I have to meet friends, fiends like myself, yet no, fools, and that is all—school boys on Roman stilts. Come with me—I exaggerate—I play the fool—and am not what I still would seem."

There was a strange mixture of the noble and the criminal about the youth.—His belief, or rather his past belief, in the heroism of crime wrought for great ends, such as he no doubt esteemed public liberty—then the frank, self-accusing passion in which his remorse confessed itself—and the fondness and paradox

me as now fit for Bedlam
executioner, and at an
niche and fame. I was
shocked; and commis-
combat and succeed my

We walked a mile or
and gained at length a
and curious aspect. It
an earthquake, or some
cident to these regions
scarified its sides, leaving
bald spots white and
lava-blocks cumbered
seemed in winter to
Now, however, and found
to have been dry, for

of the ravine huge roots of the once lordly timber were bared, and presented fantastically curved and knotted arches. Betwixt some these intervals were hollowed, and proved the entrance to caverns, which had been excavated for cement-stones, much of which was of old, and is still, exported from these regions to other countries. The workmen, however, had long since exhausted or deserted this valley, and for the present we found that one of the caverns had been taken possession of by the comrades of Fritz.

It was too hot, and too short a time past noon, for idlers at least to have been sauntering; and we heard the voices of the collected band bursting in unison from the cavern mouth, as we approached it, singing Schiller's well-known song in the Robbers :

Ein freyes leben fuehren wir,
Ein leben voller wonne,
Der wald ist unser Nachtquartier,
Bey sturm und wind hantieren wir,
Der mond ist unsre Sonne, &c.

A fine light
Our home is 'neath
By storm and night
The moon of our day

"Fritz, my knave, friends
were the different salu
panion received from him
They all embraced him
pressed their gladness
many extravagant show
expressions; carrying
him in the latter occa
all my powers of comp
concerned me; and, at
the object of welcome

What is a German
out feasting? The rep
spread forth, nor sca

adorned the yesterday's dinner of the castle table. The pocket-knives and fingers of the company made speedy work with the Count's viands; and conversation languished, or else was limited to ejaculations, until the company, wiping their knives upon the remnants of their black bread, produced, and commenced pouring libations from bladders full of Rhenish. The vessel or its name are neither of them elegant—however 'tis classic, being the decanter used by Homer's heroes; although Mr. Pope could no more permit the word into his couplets, than a French poet dare think of admitting that of *pistolet* into his.

The drinking glasses were peculiarly Rhenish—of coarse gray glass, double, or two united by a stem, one serving as a stand to the other, and stamped as due measure by the eagle of Prussia or the rampant lion of Hesse.

“ Here is welcome to you, Fritz, and joy to

'twas spoken in a dialect or an accent beyond my comprehension.

"None touches De Laach whilst I have a rapier," cried Fritz, "nor Schrueber either for that matter—we will not stain ourselves in his base blood."

"One's blood is too base—t'other's too noble—how squeamish the air of yon castle has rendered Fritz. The blow was in his hands when he o'ermastered the boar, and he had not the courage to strike—he has betrayed the cause."

"A false knave and a traitor saith so," cried Fritz, forgetting in his rage the more polite formulæ which alone a student should make use of in insult. Swords were of course instantly out, and save one, who seemed the youngest of the band, all seemed to have taken a view of the question unfavourable to Fritz. He had deserted their principles, their peculiar bond of union.

He had so. And before Fritz went forth to

determination, in an ha
and heat. He professed
attached to German freed
triotic; but that he had
that cause, or any other th
suffer more than it wou
crime. At any rate, tha
and body in such an ac
demanded a mightier, a so
power and existence ab
millions and their rights.
and the student of Schoer
as a noble victim of self-de
was a useless crime.

I cannot follow or set do
ments of his enthusiasm,
vain to mark as just and
expedient, the middle path

dissuading voice. I was a mere cipher, ignorant even of the high and fierce sounds poured forth and imprecated round me. They drove in mortal combat at each other's breasts. But after a little it became evident, that the skill of both was so great, as to render any fatal consequence unlikely. The antagonist of Fritz at length received a wound, and not a trifling, though at the same time not a dangerous one. The circumstance excited neither commiseration nor anxiety—it was of too frequent occurrence. And Fritz, recommending his friends to remove to a more distant place of refuge, if they could not return safely to Heidelberg, took, with me, his course across the hill.

“Chance decides every thing,” said he, as we surmounted the hill; “I should never have worked myself up to the resolution to forswear my false ideas, and deny them before my comrades, but that my blood was stirred to it by that fool’s taunt.”

solution, without analyzing
tive ; 'tis what few would

“ And if you knew all
case, you would give
credit.”

“ A nearer view of the
Helena have wrought up

Fritz sighed and smil
other dream of enthusia
awakened. Fortune ha
visions at once—well—
am her child—and must

We were about to des
the ridge we had surmo
of Friar Guy advanced
pointed out his uncle to
that moment in no pat

thought, at claiming no higher kin nor stock, than that of an humble friar.

"Well met—we sought you," said Fritz.

"And I have been watching your motions, boy. You have followed my counsel in breaking with that band of unholy youths?"

"It has so happened, that I have."

"And for the rest of my bidding—"

"Bidding!"

"Ay, bidding, mine haughty son—look you, that the favour of the Count of yon castle hath not turned your head, or his daughter's glance set you too high. You seem to scorn my garb—'tis old, 'tis true—but if it is thread-bare, boy, 't has been with carrying thee an infant in its folds."

There was something about the friar that I did not at all like, something sinister in the countenance, selfish in demeanour, and of that falsity calculated to blind the person it addresses, but which always lies open to a third person or spectator. This feeling could alone

seasonable remark, which
that—"These were susp
ness in a gowned friar."

The monk's brow kind
—the word surpassed his
Fritz looked as if with a

"Throw no arrows in
Fritz, "the wit, if there
the wound it may ch
mistake me, uncle. I a
I fell into below, and yo
subsided flush and flurry
for pride. You know, I
must be so," and the wo
peculiar expression, b
irony.

"You had best in tru

"shew yourself a youth amenable to the wisdom of age. But, have you spoken to the Count touching our Convent, or made the promise——"

"So far from arriving at stipulation, I have not yet been able to command his attention to the subject. I touched upon it once or twice, and he thought that I alluded to Sand's affair, and plunged the conversation into it—another time he cut me short by the declaration, that he had utterly forgotten every event of the last century, and for that matter so had Europe too."

"The wily old diplomatist."

"Therefore I come to warn you, that you must speak yourself. He baffles me, and, strange to say, awes me by his grave demeanour."

"'Tis natural. But is he really kind?"

"I have every reason to feel that he is warmly so."

"Well, we will see. But why, think you, I

“He, doubtless, if the thing were possible.”

“Then he is the man—beware Jost, the confidential valet. Trust those who are out of the world for knowing what passes in it.”

CHAPTER

THE Count's confinement of the castle very much to the amusement of the ladies. Madam Fritz seemed to make use of the opportunity to knit his intimacy with Helene. The Count's permission of the Count's permission of liberty that boded a flagrant violation of a solemn promise. Madam Fritz, against whose frowns and permission of the Count was pleaded, postulated with the old noble

anxious to have his title reflected in the style and person of a helpmate, and that for this reason he had cast the eyes of a suitor upon Mrs. Milberghausen. The story however was but one. The good lady was merely anxious to preserve her neice from a low alliance, and in thus communicating with Schrueber, she found that the Baron looked with an equally hostile eye upon the student, from other causes.

Secure in the friendship of the Count, and in the good opinions of the latter, confirmed by what he had heard of Fritz's late conduct and abjuration of his old principles and associates, the student seemed to defy the enmity of the seniors. His time and converse were devoted to Helena, who on her part seemed to favour him without reserve. They did not even scruple to take together moonlight walks upon the battlements. And with my lattice open, after having retired to rest, I could not avoid hearing both their steps and communings.

Helena, gazing no doubt, at
the reflection of Heaven,
and its bright moon, in the
far brink cast a dark shadow
more strongly the pellucid
times the objects were stirred
breath, waving each fixed
streak. The reflex of a
through the depths at the
hanging woods were all
convent was in shade, the
ridge, its chimneys, and
was castellated in part, the
ray. And of the bright
itself far over dim and
horizon, the imagination
what scene it would, for

"He insists on the restoration of the Convent. It is in vain to urge to him the impracticability of his scheme. The old man's heart is set upon it."

What obstinate folly—in the present unbelieving day, when even his gown is a mockery—and in the states of a Lutheran Prince. Surely he will defer it.

"He says, with truth, that he is too old. That he must see the wish of his heart fulfilled, or will allow ours to remain unaccomplished."

"Is that in his power?"

"In great part."

"We must then entreat my father."

"Will he listen? For as to making, or venturing to hint at the stipulation which the friar proposes, it would be impossible—the quick sense of the old statesman would catch at once what was implied, would esteem the whole to be an interested plot, in which he was merely to be deceived for the benefit of

others, and would
and on me perhaps, who u

"Why not confess all to
him deal, as best he must
with the Friar."

"My good uncle might
country altogether in that
easily foresee that circum
prepared to baffle it—be
mise to him—that I must

"And your promise to

There was a pause, du
dent passed his arm round
way of reply.

"I have received this
a joint letter from my fellow
rades, craving reconciliation
wronged me, and must s

"In this case you must see them indeed, and persuade them to begone. Something will be laid to their charge, and you will be implicated."

"They assert, that Schrueber dispatched a courier from Bröl to Mayence."

"Nothing more likely. But what can be feared in my father's castle."

"I at least fear nothing."

"And I, every breath."

"Well, a little anxiety becomes you, as none doth me. I will watch the Baron. You think the friar's suspicions of Jost are unjust?"

"Am certain, my father has trusted him from boyhood. But we must part, Fritz—the night advances, and Milberghausen will find some pretext to intrude upon my chamber."

"Good night, then, dear Helena."

It was the afternoon of the following day, when I prepared to take one of my accus-

tomed strolls. I left
intent, and sauntered round
the lake. I heard my name
and looking round, saw
me from the Basse Cour
summons.

"Now, once more for
said he. And he ascended
hidden staircase, up which
ing his caution. After
tigue, we arrived at the
which the student stole
me look through the
door. And there I beheld
the *escrutoire*, where lay
papers, open before him
Bramah, my portmanteau
Paniers, how

made me signs to descend, and thus after having ocular demonstration of Jost's treason to his master's guests at least, if not to his master, we left him undisturbed to his researches.

"Shall we not go to the Count instantly?" said I.

"Nay, nay—that would be starting the game, before stretching the net. Join me here in the evening. Master Jost has his errand to Bröl. I have discovered his den, and by St. Benedict, we will rifle it."

I found Fritz at the appointed hour. Jost he had watched on his errand towards the Rhine. The student had provided the means of access to Jost's cabinet, which, upon first entering it, seemed more to belong to a secretary than to a *valet de chambre*. All the rascal's security seemed to have been founded on the utter improbability of his being suspected, for no pains whatever were taken to secrete the objects of his spoil and treason. Some

Amongst other scraps I p
diary, which I myself wa
keeping; and certainly th
copying of it made a stran
not well make it out—but
on German characters, G
German cookery, looked r
the strokes of Jost's penm
as a proof; Fritz said, it v
something more conclusiv
something treasonable agai
Such I despaired of finding
the spy could have been
rascal.

Fritz prosecuted his sea
mutterings avowed, to disc
paper of Helena's had fall

hands lit upon a roll of manuscript, differing in appearance, in the hand-writing, and in the care with which it was enveloped, from the rest. I opened it. It seemed a sort of narrative. What could have brought such there? I shewed it to Fritz, who looked over it.

“Psha!” said he, “the *brouillon* of some cursed romance or tale-writer, on whose acquaintance the Count happened to light.”

If the student, whilst he uttered this, had looked in my countenance, he would have seen strange signs of guilt and wonder. It made me look again at the manuscript, in some doubt if I were not to find it an *Historiette*—rather a difficult matter, even for Jost’s ingenuity, as the post conveys these very loose sheets of mine as soon as scribbled. Foregad, however, it was very like one. Fritz cast his sharp eye over it again. “The *Comte de L—*, the *Comte de L—*,” read he, and repeated—“What’s this? where did you

inform us."

Copy there was none
seemed to have belonged

"This will do," said
the paper endorsed with
Count's Memoir to the
rest either never written
tained."

"'Tis what we seek for
"a paper from the Count
see. I have a letter of
them. It is, it is the Co
hand-writing. This men
stolen by Jost, the copy
to his employers.—Co
And we have rummaged
been laid by. Place th

Fritz acceded to my request, to grant me the possession and perusal of the few papers for that night. The brief memoir, which it had amused the Comte De Laach to draw up of his own early adventures, in the third person however, I present, as I read it, to my readers.

THE MEN

OF THE

COMTE DE

THE people of the three
torates had for some time
tranquillity. Whilst the
colonies of England kept
in agitation, and the
threatened to have the
east, the little German
always tasted of the earl
on for the first time un-
reels of others. The

for having ushered him into life at so dull an epoch. The Count wished to travel; but his relative and sovereign, the Elector of Treves, expressly forbade him to quit his court, saying that it behoved not the subjects of the church to wander or war.

The old prelate had truth in asserting, that in his territory there was all that might content a reasonable man. It is, or was, throughout its whole extent, certainly the most picturesque and beautiful little realm in Europe. With the banks of the Rhine, with those of the Moselle, what region will compare? All it wanted even then to complete its charm, was the liberty of leaving it for a short space.

The Electorate was not without other attractions. The court resided chiefly at Coblenz. Although it was against discipline and rule for female charms to display themselves within its precincts, the daughters of the Rhine were too lovely not to overcome mo-

nastic etiquette ; and with
intrusion, joined with the
joyous character of the
Europe could not boast a

The youthful heart refused
unsown with the serious
at least of busy amusement
up. It did so in the
De L—, who, had he been
a time into the world, visited
and its distinguished man
plied his young head with
lightful experience, after
recurred in riper age to
and mature affection.
ordered it otherwise, and
with bitterness.

— of Isabel

'Twas at the period when troubles thickened in France, threatening the nobility and the throne. Rumour upon rumour came. Some amongst the Trevites were secretly pleased, some alarmed, the greater part careless. Our sage elector saw clearly the commencement of the war against altar and throne; and strong in his expression of commiseration for the French monarch, and indignation against his oppressors, those who meditated flight, looked toward his territory as a point of rallyment. The emigration began. It was a torrent, and in a short month, our little town of Coblenz was filled with fugitive nobles, families, prelates, and princes. Flight was the mode—and fashionable example so lorded over the better classes in France, that persons of *ton* were afraid to linger behind, lest they should lose their *caste*. The duty to their sovereign that bade them rally round him, that to their country, which bade them adhere to it and preserve it, were silenced by the edicts of the ruling

petits maitres, who declared
devoir à la mode. And the
nobility of France, nowise
sacrificed their rank and
braced voluntary exile, rare
singular in remaining beh

Amongst the most distinguished
grants was the Prince De
an escape, since he was
After passing the utmost
our frontiers, bringing with
to swell the court of Tr
came the most splendid,
most needy in the world
had left all property in t
mies, or else had sold
sums so trifling, that it
but for a brief space

in his worldly knowledge, his habitual converse with the court and society of Paris, which was a world in itself. He was gay, had wit, address, the power of mockery, the talent of raillery, to perfection, and the Count could not preserve his independence sufficiently to prevent him from taking the Prince as a model, and from allowing to him, both in public and private, the *pas* over him, which perhaps the Frenchman merited. The simplicity, the confidence of character, which were the result of a retired life, betrayed the Comte De L—— into this weakness. And when mortification had taught him to perceive it, and pride prompted him to correct it, the Count found it was too late. Like all other kinds of dominion, the once allowed holds good its place against the strongest endeavours to shake it off. And short of a downright quarrel, in which resentment would infallibly have assumed the appearance of petulance, the true equality of friendly inter-

course became
twixt the friends.

In short, they became
beauty, perhaps her rank
the homage of the Prince
the Count's alienation from
dent, while some of the
Prince, the latter seized
supersede a rival in a less
weak girl, could not
plished courtier and not
rustic attendant on a
a corner; and her smile
drawn from the Comte
and almost received love

Coblentz became in
of more important in
individual friends or

and as the hopes of the emigrés became more ardent and more founded, their credit revived, and funds were again forthcoming to support magnificence and fashion.

The Prince De R—— espoused Isabella——. The Comte was piqued and envious more than despairing; a state of feeling, that informed him that his affection had been one of those, which chance kindles prematurely, when the young breast is too impatient to tarry cool for its true passion.

Against her the Comte De L—— felt no resentment. Every feeling of that kind was cherished against the stranger, the intruder, the false friend, the successful rival. To gratify this resentment in the only honourable way, the Comte De L—— did every thing that was possible, but found his purposes always baffled. This was not owing to the unwillingness of the Prince, at least not to any want of courage on his part, for the emigré was as chevalresque in courage as in manner.

at full a score of times and
vous fixed for the decision
or other either never found
in despite of obstacles the
purpose was marred by the
and interference, now of
the Comte D'Artois, of
court or emigration, or of
Treves, which was never
this occasion, before or since.
It perplexed both, but
especially, to discover what
rested in their fates:—and
not be, for his care of
could not extend to the
him from meeting a foe.
The Bourbon prince

and patronage passed through its hands, and not abating one jot of the pride and etiquette, which is considered necessary for one of the first courts of Europe. Contrasted with this was its poverty and daily expedients to borrow sufficient for the food of the household. To this indeed our Rhenish nobles with generous confidence contributed—the chief of them, the Prince of Neuwied, for example, still remain creditors to a great amount, to the newly-restored house of Bourbon. If funds were conveyed to them from Paris, it was always with melancholy feelings that the emigré princes thus found themselves relieved, for republican vigilance soon doomed the generous remitters to the guillotine. Such was the fate of the venerable Magon De La Ballue, who, for having remitted a sum to Coblenz at this epoch, perished with all his family of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, wives, daughters, and infants, filling with his own offspring one of

victims to the guillotine.

Many of the powers of the fugitive princes. They marched to the Rhine, his little army of emigrés were as ready to hazard exhaust their treasure royalty. The Comte D. a band of followers, whiment; and full of ardor nately took the field, court of Schönbornlust plans of campaigning: the excuse for the society, at times a p his quarrel with the Pr It was with the latt

they built upon it however, and with reason, since it was veritably a plank of safety to their shipwrecked cause, the aristocratic council long hesitated ere they could bring themselves to promise rank or honours towards one elevated from the ranks of the people. They even threw a damp upon the zeal of the renegade, and compromised the success of his treason, by refusing him the title of General, as not derived from competent authority. So much does high and exclusive breeding narrow the intellects of men, and thus is the pride of birth and place made to entail its own punishment, by rendering its heritors incapacitated from defending their own privileges.

The Comte D'Artois in secret did the Comte De L—— the honour to communicate to him these tidings, and expressed his hopes of a speedy termination of the misfortunes of France.

“But you, Count,” concluded he, “have

are meditating vengeance
best supporters, and yet
friend." In vain did t
reply in excuse. "You
enmity," continued the
Princesse De R——
should turn your affect
Prince bears you no en
nay, speaks with warm
friendship, and regret
cause. May I place my
to forget this silly quar
—Besides you see, ye
tate it hostilely—Fate
you shall not."

"If your Highness
or *who* that fate may

"I will be secret."

"It is a lady."

"I guessed as much. But who can be so interested in my fate, the spurned of one of my own country damsels."

"By them alone could the Comte De L—— be so—for women love variety even more than merit."

"It must be a fair one possessed both of your Highness's friendship, and of the Elector's, for you both interfere—"

"I have no time for idling, the lady is, in fact, Helena De R——, the Prince De R——'s sister. Remember your promise."

The Comte was astonished by so unexpected a piece of information. To him, however, whose wounded vanity had chiefly affected him, the balm was of the most soothing kind. Helena De R—— was lovely, but delicate, in seeming, apathetic and disdainful, one that none could ever have suspected of unsought love, and active, unwearied, secret

the Comte De L—
a warmer, a truer affect
one which he had experie
His pride, to be so distin
to enthusiasm, and gr
his love. Joyous and
reconciliation betwixt
Prince De R—, be
Isabella. And the C
the Prince's sister, wa
looked upon as arrar
Schönbornlust.

A very grave, very l
time, a very whimsic
man who had joined t
foible, or rather *forte*
of

riage. Both the advice and person would have been forgotten by the Comte, had not after circumstances forcibly recalled them, and with them the adage, that from the mouth of the fool may drop wisdom.

His objections, or rather warnings, went to hint an extraordinary and persevering ill fate attending the house of R——, well known in France, so well known as to prevent many from seeking or receiving so dangerous an alliance. No member of it had been known in memory or tradition, to exist without being visited by some signal disaster; and the blood seemed to be perpetuated by miracle, for the purpose of keeping up the ban that hung upon them. The warning excited but the smile of the Comte. On consulting others, however, it was corroborated; yet did it make little impression upon him, save to bind him stronger to one of a race, which was deemed by fate worthy of being distinguished from all others.

husband as happy as

To this state a year
no change nor alloy: t
and intimacy reigned
families of the De R—
And whilst the Comte
loved her as a sister,
her sister-in-law beca
woman, warmer still.

Fortune in the mea
the sanguine hopes of t
obstinacy and hardi
zeal of the royalists.
but lukewarm in the
cuted the war with
pedantry of the last
the London

tached, struggled with chivalrous and despairing valour against the superior forces and indeed superior skill of their enemies.

The Comte De L—— placed his wife in his castle, situated in a remote valley, not distant from the bank of the Rhine, which he hoped, from its remoteness, might escape the devastations of the republicans. The Princesse was often her companion, but more often she would persist in following her husband to the army, that she might tend him wounded, or perform a wife's more melancholy duty. It was in vain to dissuade her from such acts of devotion. The example of the females of La Vendée, whose enduring reached our ears, buoyed her up to emulate their example, and, alas! their misfortunes. She was *enceinte*, and for the first time; yet even this could not remove her a day's journey from the action and the camp. The Comtesse De L—— was, at that period, in a similar situation, having

the Comte named H
mother.

In one of the many
about this period, betw
cans and their enem
hard-contested comba
ing and pursuing the
that valiant resistance
affair the little army
stood out the field b
allies, found, towards
retreat cut off. The
the enemy had in th
them and the Rhine.
captive. The direful
Rhine, and soon res
R—, who did not

their counsels, even had there been, would have been disregarded.

Under cover of the night Isabella approached those passes guarded by the republicans, and which in her assumed disguise she hoped to traverse under cover of the darkness. But they were too vigilant; the devotion of the wives of the emigrés was known; and as all communication was sought to be cut off between the intercepted body and their friends, a close watch was kept. The *Princesse De R*— was arrested in the attempt to pass, recognized by some traitorous Trevites, in the Republican service, and detained. She was not the only female whose courageous attachment met with a similar ill-fate; and with some others in her predicament, she was confined for the night, and guarded in a cabin within the lines of the army.

She afterward conveyed to her friends an account of the anxiety and pain, in which she passed this sleepless night, and of the mingled



She was at length relieved from continued suspense, and by how dreadful a process ! A kind officer of the republicans informed her, that the emigrés had with desperate valour succeeded in cutting their way through, but that full three-fourths of their number had fallen in the attempt. He gave her the permission to go, guarded by a soldier, and seek amongst the slain, to discover if the Prince, her husband, had there fallen.

With gratitude she accepted the terrible favour, and commenced her search with a sinking heart. Many of her sex were busied like her, some seeking for friendly faces, glazed in the paleness of death, whilst others merely plied the trade of stripping and rifling the dead. How many a noble form did she gaze on in doubt,—how many a casque uplift from the pale forehead it covered, in terror,—how many a well known countenance did she mark clotted, effaced, the pride of the lip and nostril still there, but in death, and all this without a

The Prince had not fa
been found amongst th
No—he had scaped.
to her prison.

The republicans
success of the Roy
excessive loss whic
the little land. Th
which the armies o
and indeed in gene
unhappy compatriot
mies, and towards
happened to be take
was, to their hon
armies of La Vend
suspended. All th
stantly ordered by

The Prince De R——, free but wounded, soon learned the circumstances of his wife's captivity. He joined the Count and Countess De L——, and every plan that invention could devise, was thought and meditated betwixt the friends for the liberation of Isabella. They even feared for her life; although she was not a native of France, and could not by marrying have transgressed its laws, still the savage Court was known to be merely actuated by vengeance, and by a wish to rival the sanguinary verdicts of the capital. In this the fears of the Count and Prince were justified. Every plan failed for her liberation, and the last emissary returned with tidings, that the prisoners *en masse* had been condemned to the guillotine, without the judges having taken the trouble to examine any particular case, and distinguish betwixt the different degrees of the several captives' culpability.

The Prince De R—— no sooner learned the truth than he rushed to the frontiers, or

as his wound still
litter. The Comte
him in a journey, the
his destruction. The
fortunately stopped
cess had been respit
enceinte; and this not
her present safety,
the authorities of the
never have the bar
guinary a decree ag

The moment that
the Prince made his
rounded by perils
gered, unable to pe
his wife, although
from her.

the double event, which in other circumstances would have been productive of the extreme of happiness.

When the child of Isabella was born, the revolutionary judges, who always affected to garnish and cover their cannibalism with the show of humanity, decreed, that as they had respited her life in order that she might produce a citizen to the republic, on the same principle they would still allow her to live, in order to nourish the little citizen. One would be shocked to see the pedantry of law ingrafted on so inhuman a code, were it not in favour of mercy. Indeed the very judges themselves were perhaps inclined to pity, but dared not, consistent with their own safety, indulge in it, unless by some such affectation as the present, such an adoption in their verdict of the revolutionary cant of the period. By their decision, six months' further respite was given to the mother, who after that time was to be consigned to the guillotine. As six months was

a term beyond
could be supposed
considered as abs
one fearful provis
fate took it from
excuse for still ex
wretch that had f
wife of an emigré.

Isabella was in
the grace extend
as she looked u
thought that wer
it could be no pa

This mixture
filled the Prince,
the deepest anx
anomalous times
increased by lea

Isabella's, since the thread of her precious life depends upon her child's survival."

A parent's and a husband's anxiety placed a hundred emissaries and messengers to bring daily tidings of the Princess and of her child. Every day too, it was hoped, would bring accounts of a change in the party uppermost in Paris, and a consequent relaxation of rigidity in the provinces. But no—all was adverse—terrorism still spread its sable wings over the land. And the health of Isabella's child decayed. She thought not for herself; she watched her pining infant unconscious, in her anxiety for it, that the spark of her own life at the same time languished—and the last sands of both were running. If she did think on this, it was with a melancholy pleasure.

The Prince heard every day of the gradual decay of his child and of all his hopes. He hurried to the Count. He had gained the gaolers,—not to favour the prisoner's escape—to that they could not be won—but to admit

a healthy child to
princess's dying babe.
Countess Helena im-
mense wealth, favour, all en-
mised to whosoever w
No one could be foun
despair. "She shall b
taking her infant from
Count heard her in ho
too was *his* heir, his
gainsay the generosit

To a trusty emissar
and Comtesse De L—
cuted his undertaking
cess. The dead chi
from before her, an
Her life was saved.

disorder

She tended it with equal care ; but, owing to her insensibility which at first rendered her incapable of receiving tidings or directions, she was spared the agony of then knowing that her friends had sacrificed their child for her.

It perished too, the lovely babe of Helena. Alas ! ————— The Princesse De R—— survived her prison, and was restored to the arms of her husband, while he himself was, after a time, restored to those of his country. The Castle De L—— was in mourning ; and her little daughter, Helena, alone remained to cheer her drooping mother.

Time was not allowed to the De L——'s to indulge in sorrow. An army of French at the very period invaded the Electorate. The Austrians opposed them. It was a grievous campaign for the Rhine ; the French, irritated by the loss of a young hero, who commanded them, committed every cruelty and devastation. The Count De L—— obeyed his sovereign in joining the troops of Austria. A detachment



CHAPTER VII.

FRITZ too perused the Count's memoir, and was equally interested with myself in its contents. "How it will delight her, whom it concerns most," said he, as he folded it for the purpose of conveying it to Helena. "There can be no treason surely in having thus acquired a knowledge of the misfortunes and generosity of our host's family." I felt some qualms, nevertheless, upon this score, and proposed going with it to the Count, to state the way in which we had procured it. But Fritz said that he had especial and paramount reasons for making Helena acquainted with its contents.

once that the traitor had been alarmed without becoming aware of his discoverer.

Other enemies were plotting to harm the student, and at least turn him forth from the predilections of the Count. As, however, more than a slight cause would be necessary to make the latter forget the debt of gratitude he lay under to the youth, it was determined by Schrueber and Madam Milberghausen, who talked together over this important point, to leave Helena and the youth uncontrolled, and seemingly unwatched, to their free converse and devices; and that thus thrown off their guard, some opportunity would unfailingly occur, to afford the Count proofs that a greater intimacy, than was consistent with the promise of the student to him, existed between the student and Helena.

The imprudence of the lovers seemed indeed unaccountable, and to pass all bounds. They deemed perhaps the ancients, as they termed Schrueber and Milberghausen, similarly ab-

into his hands, and called me to witness the truth of his assertions. The Count was with difficulty convinced, but he was at length, or seemed so. After some moments of thought, of vexation, thought terminating in an angry smile, which was easily construed into a fresh conviction of the worthlessness and trustlessness of men, he desired that no mention of the circumstance might be allowed to escape, or to reach the ears of Jost above all others.

"You have read this?" said the Count to Helena.

She said, she had. "It was for your perusal, but—" the Count seemed so struck and absorbed by the unexpected discovery he had made concerning Jost, that he had not strength or inclination to speak upon the subject which had brought him to surprise his daughter and Fritz. The first rush of his anger had been turned aside, and he was too distracted to collect his passion afresh. He therefore left them abruptly, and retired. While they experienced

prieve, than if the torre
been poured upon the

Schrueber and Mad
in great disappointmen
ceive that no scene wh
covery which they had
and troubled demeano
fathomable to them.

plans of vengeance fa
clared, that the com
days in Mayence, an
the morrow was nece
formed a similar deter

On the morrow the
his daughter to him,
specting her own cor
dent. She denied a
but simply, all her p

To her however,

cel all the gratitude that the Count owed him. The student was equally indignant in repelling the charge, but with little reason on his side, the lack of which, as in most cases, he endeavoured to make up by warmth.

"I deemed, young man," said the Count, "that if your ways were wild, extravagant, beyond, in short, all proportion of reason, your honour was strained also to the same enthusiastic pitch; and that I should not have to reproach you at once for a superfluity of patriotism and public spirit, and a want of honesty and self-respect."

"You are wrong, Comte De Laach," replied the student, "and from no other breathing man would I suffer, much less answer, the reproach. I have not o'erstepped my word given——"

"Not to marry Helena De Laach forsooth, —I now call to mind those words of impertinence, that at the time of utterance I passed over, looking more to the tenor than the exact

words of what I require
Sir, to throw mock
and cheat them of their
fuge?"

"I sought to keep
my promise."

"Account then for

"I cannot."

"Our acquaintance
your university. My
powers you have
hoped to screen you

"I despise their
crime, and will not
need, pardon."

"You have made
societies, nay, been
were boys, your age
those of most have

his ways, of which however the Count profited, it must have been in ignorance of the manner in which documents and information were procured.

"I had broken with my old comrades," said Fritz, somewhat angered, "and now may re-join them."

"Beware, young man. I do not say, that I have withdrawn all protection."

"I am no criminal," continued the student, "I seek your good opinion, not protection."

"Well, we need use no more words. What ever has been said by me, is far too much, considering that I may find myself your judge, in my capacity of president, ere long; 'tis what I would have rejoiced to avoid."

Jost at the moment rushed in, with looks of terrified innocence, to whisper in the ear of his master.

"Speak out your tidings," said the Count, shrinking from the traitor.

"A body of Prussia
the castle."

Helena, affrighted,
words.

"They come with
Count.

"They are over-m
couriers."

"Young man, you

"The toils have
said the student: "
your safe-guard."

"There has been
cried the Count, loo
imperturbable count
ed innocence, and in

"M. the Baron

from their first meeting in the unfortunate boar-chase, that the Baron had conceived a grudge against the youth.

"Let us descend," said he.

And the Gendarmerie were met in the hall by most of the inhabitants of the chateau, collected. When the mission of the officer was demanded, he replied, that he came to arrest and conduct to Mayence, Frederic Lufer, student of the university of Heidelberg, and a fugitive thence; accused of having been a leading member of societies, formed for the troubling of the public peace in the confederate states of Germany, and for getting rid of the leading men of these states by assassination.

The Count wished to learn, who had been the informant, and who had signed the warrant. Schrueber's name appeared to the latter; himself had signed it. The Comte De Laach crimsoned with anger, and with something more. He asked to see the Baron, ignorant

number, a force great for peaceful regions, set forth with their captive, and took their way towards the Rhine, through the valley of the Bröl. The castle was abandoned to silence, but not the less to trouble and anxiety. It was no longer the fit place for strangers, and those who were so, immediately took their departure—I myself, among the rest, after a brief conversation with the Comte, who hoped to meet me at Mayence. He dispatched Jost on the instant, to make preparations for their reception. The Count had, it seemed, taken no notice of the deceitful practices of his valet, perhaps for the wisest of reasons. I observed Jost accoutring his steed for the journey, with haste, and saw him set forth with alacrity on his mission.

Fritz, in the mean time, and his guard, rounded the Veitsberg, and wound along the valley, in the several moods that may be supposed to befit the mind of a lover separated from his mistress, and policemen in the land

Now, however, it was shattered, broken down, an utter ruin. The rider, when his horse's pause directed his attention to this impediment, was much amazed to account for it. The river, though in winter well qualified for such a feat, was now shrunk considerably lower than the stone whence the arch had sprung. No piece of artillery, or overloaded wain appeared sunk, bespeaking itself the cause of the crash. Either gunpowder, or many active hands must have been employed so effectually to destroy the means of passage.

Germans, especially with pipes in their mouths, are not very speedy at coming to a resolution, and ere the guards of Fritz Lufen had arrived at any such point, they were attacked on a sudden by a party of students and young peasants, who—for the satellites of the Prussian police as little expected such a feat, as they expected the falling of the sky—succeeded at the first onset, in precipitating the Gendarmes into the torrent's bed, and



perhaps, for some time, the station of a detachment from Coblenz, and perhaps, a troop of Prussians from Saar Louis, the billeting and approvisionment of which would prove a serious burden to the little community.

The wise heads of Bröl were accordingly put together to avert the dreaded calamity, or at least to render it as slight and of as short a duration as possible. And this, it was soon agreed, was best to be done by affording every possible aid and information to the discomfited powers of the *haute police*, in re-capturing the rescued prisoner, and securing the audacious band that had liberated him.

This I gathered in my passage through Bröl, where my arrival was somewhat retarded by the obstacle which had facilitated the rescue of the student. My old acquaintance, the innkeeper, and more especially his lady, was full of the misfortune, as she called it.

And I could not see
and safety of Fritz and
from the zeal and acc
Brölites declared ag

CHAPTER VIII.

THE gorge of the Rhine valley, after presenting some of its wildest and noblest scenery, opens at Andernach, a most interesting town, of Roman origin, and still bearing in its walls and towers and many other relics the marks of its immortal founders. On both sides of the river the hills recede, a bounded plain extending some distance on through which the Rhine winds from Coblenz, where, or at least a little past which, it is again enclosed by steep hills. The road traverses the left bank; on its right is seen the beautiful palace and village of Neuwied, famed, and to its misfortune, as the most practicable spot for a military passage of the Rhine. Here Cæsar

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Childe Harold, whic
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and chivalrous region
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and the throng of boats and rafts on the two rivers, have a most lively effect. Its numerous and beautiful steeples, two of which rise from every church together, give it the appearance, which is afterward found to be but the appearance, of a large and populous town. On the opposite bank of the Rhine, to which it is connected by a bridge of boats, rises the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

"Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height,
Yet shews of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light ;
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain :
But Peace destroyed what war could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to summer rain—
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain."

It no longer answers to the description. The effects of mine and shot are no longer visible. The face of the precipice is white with warlike masonry, and will, when finished, bristle no doubt with artillery. Prussia has rendered it stronger than ever. Its name bespeaks at the



flooring having been withdrawn, in order to leave an open space in the midst. I looked for the cause, and saw it in the shape of an immense raft, which came slowly down the stream. It resembled a floating village. Houses of various dimensions, formed of planks, were scattered on its surface, whilst a crowd of the inhabitants, so they might be called, were busied to and fro. There were three immense oars plied before, each by six men, as many by as many behind, and by the means of them they steered their unwieldy vessel toward the aperture of the bridge. The raft had been cut most probably from the Black Forest at the extremity of the Rhine near its falls; there put together, launched and manned; it had floated down the king of streams, its destination one of the Dutch ports on the ocean. A native of America would smile at the interest thus attached to a long river-voyage, his own country affording so much more magnificent; but to an European



tacit anathemas against warfare and its followers by hearing a chorus of martial voices at a distance. They neared by degrees. It was a battalion of perhaps five hundred men, young conscripts or recruits apparently, for they were without fire-arms, returning from drill, and as they pursued the zig-zag path up the fortress, they all thundered out in passable accord a splendid national hymn, the words of which I could scarcely catch ; but their spirit and effect will ever dwell with me. Musical taste is the romantic side of the German character. I thought of five hundred raw English recruits, and what an attempt at any enjoyment in common, any such solace, returning from the fatigues of a sunny day's drill.—Somehow or another I have had a respect for Prussian soldiers ever since,—a respect that all the exploits of Blucher had not previously inspired me with.

Arriving the next day early at Boppard, a little town on the Rhine, southward of Coblenz, I



horses, it was rather tedious. About two or three miles' distance from Coblenz the river makes a considerable circuit, which may be shortened by pursuing a by-path over a mountain and through a forest to Boppard. This path was often taken on foot by the passengers in the Jagdschiff, and having been unfortunately undertaken alone by the individual in question, he had been robbed and murdered by the way. The *Coche* had continued its voyage, and this very probable conjecture remained yet to be confirmed. The body, however, had been found upon the by-path in question, the pockets of its habits rifled, and its death-wound apparently inflicted by several thrusts of a rapier or rapiers.

Every traveller, as he entered the town, was brought to view the dead body, in hopes of some one thus recognizing it. As I however declared myself a stranger and an Englishman, I was spared that ceremony, a circumstance I afterward rejoiced at. Some one from Mayence



But I had deemed his avowal of such diabolical principles as the right of assassination, to be the mere supporting of a paradox for argument and address-sake, somewhat like our own schoolboy themes upon the death of Cæsar, and as remote from being drawn into precedent as example. The present crime, if what seemed but too probable should prove true, was an illustration of the doctrine quite to the letter. Schrueber was a partizan and an *employé* of despotism, mean, selfish, intriguing, and had played falsely with Fritz, and the Comte De Laach, his protector. And to cut him off thus summarily, might have been prompted and palliated, both as an act of vengeance, and one of duty.

Escape o'er a continent so rigidly guarded and secured by passports and police, seemed not to be possible. And a disgraceful fate apparel likely to close the career of my acquaintance, and of the lover of Helena.



fifteen of my paces to measure it in shadow—are as perfect, glass excepted, as when the building held the feudal lord of the neighbouring castle, and all his vassals, bowed before its altar.

At Bingen, a few miles farther, the closed or narrow valley of the Rhine begins. Betwixt it and Mayence, mounting its course, its banks assume, but by beautiful degrees, that flat and level character, which they retain as far up as Bâle. The gradations which mark the space betwixt the flat banks and the mountain ones, are beautiful. It is the region betwixt Bingen and Mayence, and is called the Rheingau. There the hills no longer rise in precipices from the river's brink, but raise themselves at intervals, with gentle slopes and intervening plain betwixt each other, and between them and the stream. Each hill is covered with the most precious vines. Rüderheim is opposite to Bingen. Johannisberg, or the mountain of St. John,



terminated to await some farther circumstances of Fritz Lufen's fate. The Comte De Laach and Helena, I learned, had already, so long did I tarry on the lovely road, arrived at their residence in the *Grosse Bleiche*. They were greatly shocked to hear, as they passed Boppard, of their late guest's fate. It was melancholy, in spite of the mean and intriguing character of the victim. The Count entertained the same suspicions with myself, and they filled him with pain and regret. Helena, notwithstanding appearances, would not listen to such a supposition, and declared it impossible; yet she too had her doubts and terrors. The Count said, that Fritz and his comrades would probably be in Mayence that very evening, as a force had been sent to apprehend them, which it was not likely they could escape, especially as they had been tracked by the inhabitants of Bröl southward, and were supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Bingen. Jost even had deposed before the authorities



amenable to, public opinion. The examinations and all proceedings were secret, principally in writing; and curiosity was compelled to await the judge's final verdict, ere it could be gratified respecting any case.

Ten days of awful silence past. A muscle of the Comte's face could not be imagined to betray a hint or symptom of what was passing at the Commission, which now sate daily, resolved to sift closely the crime, to which one of their members had fallen a victim. Helena's anguish was truly pitiable; and she could scarcely look at her parent, who considered her as the cause of his having come in contact with the student, and who had not yet pardoned her that and other imprudences.

The situation of the Comte was sufficient, indeed, to sour his temper. By the mean, underhand meddling of Schruieber, who sought to ingratiate himself with the great ruling powers of Germany by conveying to

servant Jost, who, for
been induced to be
copies of his papers
gate of a great sor
somewhat suspected
having met and ha
dent student in his
accident, most cap
vantage of. And a
Commission, of wh
President, yet it c
members, who bot
him; and who, if t
so, were ready, no
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or even affect, hos

being far safer to suspect in the wrong, than to confide where there was the smallest shadow of appearance against the soundness of the person to be trusted.

These considerations, which did not fail to strike the sagacious courtier and statesman, rendered his conduct difficult and delicate. To betray no suspicion, till the present affair had passed, was his first resolve; and Jost, accordingly, retained all his master's wonted benevolence and confidence.

With respect to Fritz and his comrades, the Commission at length closed its labours as to what seemed to them the principal point to be cleared, viz. how far the present crime was produced by the secret societies, and the system of affiliation to them, which prevailed in the German universities. Of this, though it may have remained the decided opinion of the inquisitors, they were able to extricate little satisfactory proof, that is, little that could be conclusive enough to allow of



other's evidence* to prove their absence from the fatal spot. Fritz could say little, beyond an indignant disavowal of enmity against Schrueber, a declaration of little weight. It was, however, proved, that he had not worn a sword when captured, and that it had, consequently, been left at the castle of the Comte De Laach. This latter part might be doubted; and, even were it true, one accustomed to enter the castle by secret passages (that had been brought forward) might have easily regained possession of his weapon, subsequently upon his rescue.

Then why had they abandoned their university? Had they not defended the conduct of Sand, and avowed the right to commit the very crime, which they now seemed to shrink from? Very many similar questions were put, without receiving any thing like a satisfactory answer. And the judgment was no longer doubtful.

It was in this state of things, while haunted,

Having succeeded after some time in shaking off the attendance of him and his halberd of a mace, I stood gazing at the monument of Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, when a votary in the act of supplication at one of the little side chapels or shrines, struck my attention, as, it seemed, my figure struck his. He was meanly clad, in the coarse blue linen dress of the peasantry, and it was not till the third or fourth glance, that I recognised him to be Fritz's uncle, the Friar Guy.

The old man had not only quitted the dress of his order, which he had lately assumed, but was in disguise. For, although he was of middling life, his garb bespoke one of the lowest condition. The cause that brought him to Mayence, was intelligible. He approached me in the act, and under the pretext, of asking alms, and said,

"I have been seeking you, Herr stranger."

"For what possible purpose, good friar?"

to the Count."

"Why not yourself?"

"They consider my
supposed crime of I
ways; and I dare not
known. You will
right innocence."

"Well!"

"Inform the Count
save Fritz Lufen—"

"A likely, or a
obeyed!"

"Nay, more; the
guilt."

"If I could at
how to do this, my
excuse or success."

"Even that may be something. How shall I apprise him of this necessity?"

"He is implicated, tell him, with that student, whom he took up, harboured, suspected, yet did not betray. The morrow of Fritz's condemnation will bring his own discharge from the office of President of the Commission."

"This on the mere word of a friar, to a man of rank, the confidant of monarchs?"

"The more blind, the more near the sun. Besides, his own sagacity, his own fears will corroborate what you will declare."

"Perhaps so, sufficiently to astonish him, trouble him momentarily,—but they are not based so as to induce the experienced man of affairs to act upon them."

The friar mused, and saw the necessity of farther confidence.

"I have seen the declaration of what I assert, and that in the hand-writing of Prince M——."

"Where? how?" replied I, incredulous.

tinued the friar. "old, the idle, and the *espieglerie*—"

"A stronger word

"No, not in the have ever suspected since Fritz informed made it my task to v set forth too sud Lake for my vigil discovered his depe surpassed mine; st barges and friend him at a little inn night. You know t valet slept in the friar had his straw

taken for a robber, I extracted the portefeuille, which he had cautiously placed beneath his pillow. Ten minutes allowed me to peruse its contents, which astonished and terrified me. They chiefly concerned the Comte and Schrueber—had I known then all that had just happened, I had certainly ventured, despite of risk, to have retained what I then read.”

“You have a copy or summary of these writings?”

“No more than an unfailing recollection. One was a letter from Prince M—— to Schrueber, obtained whilst the Baron was visiting the castle, in the way that the valet rifled every corner, in answer to Schrueber’s information respecting the fugitive student, and the Comte’s predilection for him. It ordered the arrest that afterward took place, that thus Schrueber was forced to by superior authority, and which, being unable to excuse to the Comte, he took that abrupt departure

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of President which
Schrueber's self. 8
of the Baron."

We paced up and

"This may well
self," said I, "and
prudence and sagac
But the attempt to s

this information, this warning, prompt him so to exert himself."

"It may. But taking the will for granted, the power will be wanting, utterly wanting, notwithstanding your idea of a statesman's finesse. How prove the guilty innocent, when every proof is there to convict him."

"No proof, I tell you, Fritz is as innocent as I am."

"Who then is guilty?"

"Heaven knows—some one perhaps we least suspect. The Count at any rate must preserve Fritz, at his own life's peril!" said Guy, with vehemence.

I could not but smile.

"And here," continued he, producing a diminutive velvet bag, less even than a purse could be, "you must convey this to Helena De Laach—but no—there cannot yet be such haste requisite. I will myself deliver it. What church does she frequent at vespers?"

I could not inform him.

Farewell. You will

I nodded, and led
with it to the Court
promenade along the
daughter, or rather
lovely prospect, than
yond the nobly-flowing
except with pain and

We chatted, after
divers topics of the
converse in English
tidings I had to con-
ing the crowd and
port, however, soon
carriage, and in a
fortifications, I full
Friar Guy.

very residence struck him—"he is right. I know from other sources, that what he tells is not without foundation. You see, Sir Englishman, what public life is in the lands of despotism. Office, character, consideration, are all held on the oriental tenure of being accompanied with good fortune and success. The merits of a man, his past character, his talent, are never weighed, when by accident he trips."

"Yet the character I have heard, even from you yourself, of your monarch—"

"Nay, talk not of the liberal inclinings of despots; they do but coquet with freedom, like Alexander of Russia. A thorough, honest tyrant were better far than their capricious fits of acting Trajan. They are sick of the sweet power, at times, and would flavour it with that agreeable bitter, popularity. They are the amiable in their morning-frocks, and not the less despots the next hour in their robes and sceptres. Besides, they always

"I am willing to do my utmost for the youth,—but the Friar is mad—what has his safety to do with mine? Myself first secure, I can best aid him, if aid indeed of any kind be not long since out of the question."

"Is that all the hope?"

"I have none for him, save in some miracle."

"And Jost, what think you of him?"

"I will give the scoundrel tether, and he will surely strangle himself at the last."

"If the Friar seek of me an answer."

"I am grateful. I see no hope of saving his nephew, even if innocent, as he asserts, unless the Friar can come forward to prove that innocence. The student may appeal from us, and time at least will be gained by the new trial,"

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which might, more effectually than cunning, enable him to cope with one of the master-geniuses of policy and intrigue.

Although he arrived early, the Count found the great minister's levee, for such he did not dispense with even in retirement, already filled with far-travelled courtiers and minor diplomatists from the diet at Frankfort. Not mingling with the crowd, lest he should seem to be paying a mere visit of complaisance, he strolled through the grounds and gardens of the chateau, until the roll of departing carriage wheels became less frequent, and then entered to seek an interview with the great diplomatist. This was not easily obtained. And notwithstanding the rank, place, and consideration of the Comte De Laach, he had to fight his way through an army of lacqueys, some as diplomatic in manner and cunning as their master, who held the shield of seven-fold excuse before the door of the minister's cabinet. The Count, however, was patient,

poeta Cesareo, or poet-laureate of the Austrian empire, who, having had every opportunity of studying Aulic ministers and counsellors, had sketched the chief of them at length, in his portrait of the Dog,

“ Er egli, per esempio, un po' mordace,
Un po' burbero, un po' provocativo,
Un po' avido, un po' falso, un po' vorace,
Un po' arrogante, un po' vendicativo;
Ma questi difettuzzi non li conto
De' suoi massimi meriti in confronto,” &c.

Such was the personage, who greeted the Comte De Laach with affected dignity and deep dissimulation. The Count, though liable to be disgraced by the Prince's influence, was yet neither Austrian subject nor *employé*, and it required some finesse to crush him. The Comte too had spirit and talent, and might retort. We do not press the heel upon the serpent's head, even when we have caught him, without consideration. Such was the reflection of M——, as he brightened up his false smile to falser intensity.

"Indeed. I had not heard this latter circumstance."

"Its having been omitted speaks little goodwill towards me in the friend who acquainted you with the other details."

"Eh—what, how, whom do you allude to?" said the minister, with the most blank of astonished countenances.

"I allude to the unfortunate Baron Schrueber himself."

The minister made no answer. And the Comte related to him the circumstances of the hunt.

"You are aware then, Sir," said M——, "that Schrueber corresponded with me."

"I conjectured it," replied the Count.

The minister smiled, but not at ease. He knew, that Schrueber possessed letters of his, nay, that he most likely had them about him when way-laid. The student had become possessed of them, and through the student the

fabricated falsehoods. On these grounds, and scarcely on these, I can forgive the insult you have just insinuated."

"You mistake, you mistake me altogether," said M—— hurriedly. He saw, that he might as well take the credit of being frank, as the Comte seemed acquainted with all. "How is a minister, situated like me, to refuse information when it comes?" He rose, and retiring to a little bureau of *cartons*, he drew a packet of papers forth, and flung them on the table. "There, Comte, are your valet's reports. I expect something in return for such an act of confidence."

The Comte De Laach loosed the string, and turned over the papers, while the Prince called a secretary, and affected to dictate, or probably did dictate a letter on some important Hungarian affair of state. This done, he turned to his visiter.

"I have looked over these, and sincerely thank your Excellency," said the Comte De

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papers. He look

"Jost."

"Must have become possessed of this paper, and sent it to me in mistake with others."

"That he was possessed of it on the Rhine, I have proof," said the Count, and he related the Friar's account to me.

"On the Rhine!—did he not accompany you to Mayence?"

"No, preceded."

"What day?"

"Such a one."

"Jost then must be the assassin of Schrueber."

"I rejoice, Prince, that you yourself have struck out this conclusion."

"Yet it is inconvenient, when one's own rogues so over-act roguery, as to bring themselves into the traps they lay.—Yet what could induce this fellow to destroy Schrueber? In your service he did not want for gold."

"Of late his false ways and treachery were

not a little satisfied with the success of his interview.

The first act of his return to Mayence, was to put Jost under arrest, a sudden trick of fortune that appalled the traitor.

Meantime the report spread, that the Comte De Laach had been disgraced and degraded from his place of President, owing to some complicity having appeared betwixt him and the student. The first seeds for such a rumour had been long sown, and the Count's visit to Johannisberg, the motive of which was easily divined, made those who delight in the mischances of others, take the Count's disgrace for granted. Mayence, like all towns not metropolises, is a huge village, in respect of scandal; and the report had already settled into an allowed fact, ere the object of it had quitted Johannisberg.

Chance too, which had fixed for that day the taking place of a great military ceremony, rendered the crowd of whisperers, of ejacu-

Laach greater and more
nary. The ceremony
the colours of a Prussian
baptism all the prin-
ciples round made it their
attend. There was
his Kron-Printz,
splendid white horse
with a rubicund
Nassau, Baden,

" With many
Exceedingly re-
And not at all

A tent was erected
square, containing
paraphernalia of
though the King

vinces, which are for the most part Catholic, the Catholic form and ceremony were wisely and liberally chosen to hallow their banners in the eyes of the soldiery. What made this the more remarkable, was the fact that most of the officers, dignitaries, and princes assisting, were themselves Lutheran. I was myself present at the scene, and felt it an imposing one. Finer troops never stood in line, officered, 'tis true, by mere boys, yet discipline seemed to be perfect. The custom too, which the subaltern officers are obliged to conform to, of carrying knapsacks, even on parade, was an anti-aristocratic and levelling regulation, that surprised me in despotic Prussia, more even than her monarch's principles of toleration.

The benediction of its colours, however, was but a pretext to the prince-folk to assemble, to chat over their mutual affairs and interests without exciting talk or suspicion—in short, a species of ducal and military con-

at least perceive the symptoms of what kind of success had attended the Count's journey. More than usual gaiety prevailed in his residence. The Prince and Princess De R——, the Count's ancient rival, friend, and mistress, had arrived from Paris. The former was travelling on some mission from the court of France, to that of one of the northern powers, but consented to tarry a few days at Mayence. I was anxious to behold in the Prince De R—— and Isabella, the personages of the Count's memoir. The age of hero and heroine were, however, past for both. Their joy at meeting with the Count was extreme, and every immediate interest and object of anxiety were forgotten in recollections of old times. Helena was admired by the Princess, declared to be the image of her mother, and every mark of womanly endearment was lavished in order to flatter and win the affections of the daughter of her lost friend.

Poor Helena, however, was too pre-occupied

stances of the student's story, which interested them not a little.

"For my part, however," said the Prince, "I think justice never errs. And even if she had taken the life of this mad youth for a crime which he did not commit, he at least merited it for the principles which he dared to avow."

"Nay, but a boy, a student, an enthusiast, so easily led astray by mistaken patriotism, preached in midnight conciliabules."

"As soon as the young hand is strong enough to strike a poignard, the tender age of the criminal should not protect him. We have seen so many examples, the fanatic of Schoenbrunn, and Sand of late. If these young enthusiasts are not kept under, we know not what may come of it."

"It is indeed fearful," said the Count, "but there are hallucinations, that the scaffold and its examples will but confirm, by giving dignity and importance to them. Some little

had that day beheld to make him abjure them for ever, if his better reason had not before prompted him so to do.—I myself then bore witness to his having broken with his comrades. But the Court was prepossessed with his guilt, attributed his recantation to fear, and my evidence to prejudice in his favour.”

“Do you know, Count,” said the Princess De R——, “I have been thinking it extremely fortunate that this hero did not save Helena’s life instead of yours.”

“Why?” asked the Count, whilst Helena’s cheek glowed.

“Seeing that gratitude, which I may call your family failing, towards him hath placed your political existence in jeopardy, in that case *her* gratitude might have placed her warm and noble heart in equal peril.”

“They are merely old friends and acquaintances,” said the Count.

“So much the worse.”

“Nay, I rely upon Helena De Laach.”

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A Parisian sh

minated the conve

CHAPTER XI.

ON the morrow, the members of the Commission were summoned for the examination of Jost, and the reconsideration of all the facts and evidence relative to the death of Schroeber. They entered their council-room with countenances expressive of weariness of the question, and of doubt that any new circumstance could appear to exculpate either the student from crime, or the Count from having bestowed his patronage upon a subject so suspected. The perusal, however, of a dispatch freshly arrived from Johannisberg, changed suddenly and materially both the sentiments and countenances of the members. They attempted at once to

and their late apathy
be equalled by their

When Jost was
amined, he confessed
the habit of betraying
and took no small crea
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amenable to authority
much as he loved, a
his master, he could n
mands of the police
obeyed them in cons
of your excellencies,"
a forcible sort of elo
few in his favour, "co
or entreaties of the g
his bidding, be that t

merely to explain how a letter from Prince M—— to the Baron Schrueber fell into his possession?

He had obtained it, he averred, as he had done others, from the apartment of the Baron. This, however, had been delivered into Schrueber's hands by a messenger, who had never lost sight of him, till he quitted the castle. Jost, however, insisted.

Friar Guy appeared to bear witness to his own act of espionage, which proved little more than did the letter itself, and the manner of its being procured. The damning circumstance of the very sword of Fritz having been found in the path from Reinse to Boppard, in which Schrueber had fallen, still remained an unshaken evidence against the student. The weapon too having been freshly re-pointed, bore witness to malignity of purpose. The latter, 'tis true, averred, that he had left his weapon at the castle, and his comrades, as well some of the peasants, testified the same cir-

Each had their schemes and dreams to ponder on and further. So had Helena : but hers were wound up in Fritz's fate, in anxiety and doubt respecting him. The Princess De R——, was as interested for Helena, as the latter for the student. She perceived the symptoms, the unworthy predilection of the girl, pitied the blindness and incapacity of fathers in leaving the happiness of daughters uncared for, and dreaded lest Helena, abandoned to herself—for Madam Milberghausen had retired in despair to Mannheim, after learning the fatal accident that had befallen the Baron Schrueber—might carry her sympathy for the student to the extreme of throwing herself away, in the case of his liberation.

Like a careful matron, the Princess began to meditate a preventive ; and as the most effectual and conclusive was certainly to select a fitting husband for the daughter of the Count De Laach, the Frenchwoman, for such in habit as here evinced, she had long since become,

convert them into ignoble money at the first opportunity. But then the cause, the danger was imminent; and the Count had neither time nor inclination to look around through his young Rhenish acquaintance, even if such had been the mode. Then the Princess had written, she declared. How headlong! But she might speak to Helena.

She did so after some consideration, and with all the delicacy and management, that she deemed to be required. Helena listened sorrowfully, but calmly, declined the honour of wedding a person whom she had never seen, but did not, though the Princess had expected no less, give way to any passionate expostulations or deprecations. In short, bating the denial, which was mere matter of course, the Princess deemed her most reasonable, and reported her as such to the Count. And in despite of his lukewarmness, the letter to Paris was in reality dispatched. In the midst of these *menées*, Friar Guy made his way to the

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ready impudence of the friars and ecclesiastics in demanding their own, what indignant answers, and worse than words for answers, might we not expect?"

The Count informed the friar that his demand was absurd, and not to be listened to in the present century, wondering how he could be so mad as to entertain the thought, or make the request.

"Do not despise me, Count De Laach, or deem me mad, as I deserve in sooth, were I to ask ought for religion-sake of one of this century, as you say, without being otherwise emboldened to dare it. I had hopes that you would grant *me* what I ask for special kindness-sake."

"I have proved myself grateful enough to Fritz Lufen, old man, without extending more, as you now ask, towards his relatives."

"It is not altogether on his account," replied Guy. "If your excellency cannot re-

"I trust then to your honour, Count. What I have to say is this, the infant that the Countess gave me to my trust, to convey to Nancy, never went thither."

"I would to Heaven," said the Princess, "that it were so, that it had never reached my ill-fated arms."

"It never did."

"Beware," cried the Comte, "how you trifle with a parent's feelings, and call up hopes but to crush them anew. By heaven, if you mock me, the most loathsome dungeon in Europe shall be your abode."

"And if I speak the most welcome of tidings to the Comte De Laach, the Convent of the Lake shall be my abode."

"It shall."

"Then, verily, it was my own nephew, Lufen, that these hands conveyed to this lady, in the prison of Nancy."

"And why, old man, didst thou sacrifice a brother's or a sister's son, for love of



Where are we to search? Were it in the uttermost ends of the earth—”

“It is this hour in the prisons of Mayence.”

“Ha! after purloining my offspring, thou hast bred him in the ways of villany.”

“Nay, he is not guilty. Fritz is innocent.”

“Fritz Lufen then, the student, is he?”

“The same, Fritz De Laach.”

“Heaven send, Comte,” said the Prince, “this romance be not a mere one.”

“Unaccountable the interest I took in him, a youth every way repelling, and dangerous in me to have protected. But proofs of this are requisite.”

“I cannot fail to know Helena’s son,” said the Princess. “A letter of hers, her last, that I have ever preserved, marks it past a doubt. The infant, that perished in my prison, wanted that distinguishing mark. I observed it even in my grief, but forbore to speak to no end upon so painful a subject.”

“An amulet too, in a velvet bag, escaped

"Demand not too much of me," said the Friar; "'twas fear for him, that drove me to make this confession, that I so long kept in dread to disclose. Circumstance must aid. You have sent to the castle to search the cabinet of Jost."

"Long since. Little is to be hoped from that. But come—I will to the prison instantly. Shall we not all?"

"Willingly," exclaimed the Prince and the Princess De R——. And a carriage soon bore them to the walls which immured Fritz.

But he had none, save of Bröl and of the Friar's cabin, until the old man, conscience-stricken for the wrong he had done the child, sacrificed all his little store of wealth, to enable his supposed nephew to pursue his studies at Heidelberg, and thus be fitted for the station, to which his birth entitled him, and to which it was ever the Friar's purpose to restore him. Fear and selfish hopes had long retarded this act, on the part of Guy, till at length the danger of the youth overcame all fear and reluctance, and forced the Friar to avowal.

Fritz had been for some time aware of his rights, but he obeyed the Friar in delaying to make the disclosure, which indeed, without the aid of that personage, could not have gained belief. Latterly, accused of a crime, of which he now felt all the baseness, and of which, though innocent, there seemed little probability of his being declared guiltless, he had resolved to suffer its punishment in silence, rather than bring disgrace upon a name that he not

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the subject. Meantime, the family were sanguine, and some proofs of the youth's innocence were now confidently expected.

The answer of the gallant French Vicomte, which it seems he had not tarried long in resolving and dispatching, that day arrived too—it had been fated to be one of events. He felt himself so highly honoured to be so distinguished, and destined for a near relative, by a lady of such rank, beauty, accomplishments (et ceteras not spared in the epistle), that he, in his own handwriting, conveyed his heart to the Princess De R——, to be disposed of, as she thought most fitting. This blind devotion on the part of the Frenchman, amused the Comte extremely, was not altogether pleasing to Helena, but was praised by the Prince and Princess, as an act and offer every way *comme il faut*. The Vicomte hinted, that could he procure leave, which it was very probable he should be able to do, he would betake himself

posing the valet's suspicions of being fathomed and betrayed by the Baron, have taken him by surprise. His urgent demands to be allowed to depart instantly for Mayence, in order to make preparations for receiving his master and family there, were recollected and borne witness to by the Count. But the convincing evidence was found in the fragment of a sword, broken off from its point, and which was found lying in a corner of the valet's chamber. At Fritz's former examinations before the Commission, he had confessed frankly the rapier found in the fatal path to be his, but at the same time remarked it to be shorter than when he had worn it. The conclusion was, than Jost had secreted it, for the purpose to which it had been employed, to effect the crime of making away with one of his enemies, Schrueber, and of throwing the guilt on another of his enemies, the student. As the weapon however had been used by its original owner, as much in play and pastime as in earnest, it required

descending its precipitate termination, as it sinks again to the Rhine bank within view of Boppart. In short, the guilt of Jost was established to the perfect satisfaction of the Commission, and Fritz, or, as we may now call him, Frederick De Laach, was restored to his new found parent, sister, and friends.

His birth was then immediately avowed. And although slander and calumny, with such ample materials to work upon, were in this, as in every possible case, not idle, congratulations poured in upon the Comte De Laach from every quarter, even from Prince M—— himself. Fritz's comrades too were liberated, and the youth entreated of them to *humanize* for a space, as he said, and accompany him once more, though with the mere views of social pleasure, to the Castle of the Convent Lake. But they answered by abjuring the friendship of a scion of feudality, and by returning once more, the freedom and security thereto being obtained, to Heidelberg.

Castle of the Convent Lake, the Comte with the intention no longer of rendering it habitable for a moment, but of restoring it to all its feudal splendour. The little town of Bröl was immediately in a fever of joy, and all the region of the old Electorate felt its dignity restored in the line of one of its oldest families. Friar Guy, and five surviving brethren of his gown, were duly installed in their ancient convent, "all a world too wide" for their shrunk numbers and importance. But amidst the penance and mortifications voluntarily undertaken by the brotherhood, the suppression of the vanity of their order was not one. They regained their ancient abode, their ancient habits, but not their ancient happiness:—the old respect borne towards them was departed, the charm was gone. And Guy was soon as disconsolate an inhabitant of a cloister, as he had been a discontented citizen of Bröl. But this was beyond the Count's power or gratitude to amend.

Jost was condemned, such is the lenience of

L' ENVOI.

HAVING in a manner formed a sort of personal acquaintance with my reader—the more agreeable and durable, in that we are each unknown to the other—let me entreat his company a few miles farther, as I have some excuses to offer, and he no doubt some demurs, or, perhaps, disgusts to vent, touching the three volumes of narrative and peregrination, that we have both accomplished.

If he have no objection, we will take the road from Mayence to Frankfort. The journey is short, a good omen for this "*post-liminary preface*" of mine; moreover, not abounding in the

“Veracity, Sir! *your* veracity, a romancer—”

“Fu quel ch' io dico, e non v'aggiungo un pelo,
Io 'l vidi, io 'l so——”

“Bah! But touching egotism, it is worth no writer's while to indulge in it, unless he does it frankly and fully—he should either be or feign himself a character, or else sink the first person altogether. It is only the egotism of the cipher I, of which the world is weary.”

“*Grand merci* for the hint—I shall be either more impertinent the next time, or as modest as a story of past days and the third person can make me.—What next?”

“Why, Sir, that I do not approve of short stories, or tales, as ye are pleased to call them. For sketches of the day, and of its life, whether fashionable or not, for those written by the witty, the comic, the satiric, they are certainly the best vehicle; for there the interest of the story is its least attraction, there characters, such as we see every day, and are not

characters less familiar
either by time or
reign ; these, if they
worth developing.
scene, and dismiss
begins to take an interest
to annoy him."

"But when the object
pict the habits, the nature
and education prevail
the characters of individuals
subordinate considerations

"He has then the excuse
uninteresting. But let
behalf, not in mine.
tive, and at the same time
and tear of imagination

in shadows, that you conjure up for an instant, to endow them with that dramatic life which is the breath in the nostrils of ideal characters."

"If a writer, however, has neither dramatic power nor intent, why accuse him of not attempting the impracticable?"

"You are then obstinate in your opinion, I see, and in your resolve to continue this sketching, fitful, come and go, species of writing. *A la bonne heure.* But in that case, I repeat, stick to the present times, to existing follies, to virtues *à la mode* (if there be any); and, as in the 'English in Italy,' let your contemporaries and countrymen figure on your familiar canvas."

"I shall be accused then of personality."

"*Eh bien! vous y gagnerez.*"

"In sale perhaps, not in character."

"Bah! have you ever broken bread with a man, and made use of the insight into his cha-



"The more close the mask, the more should I be unwilling to take advantage of it."

"Right conscientious truly, and whom may I have the honour of conversing with?"

"It would afford me this moment the greatest pleasure, to be able to tell you, that I might contradict one or two reports, that I should wish to contradict. But I am absolutely tongue-tied—sillily so, perhaps, but not the less firmly."

"It is not one hair's consequence."

Frankfort soon appeared in view, o'er a lovely region of vineyard and villas, the Maine winding through to the right beneath us, laden with myriad barks, bearing travellers and merchandize betwixt the Rhine and the commercial city. The night both made my companion forget me, and me forget my portefeuille, in which these last remarks had just been scratched. It is enough, said I. This last sheet shall be dispatched, thus terminated, to my worthy publishers, to whose shoulders and

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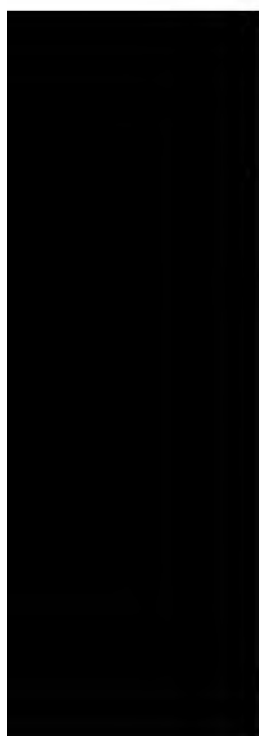
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